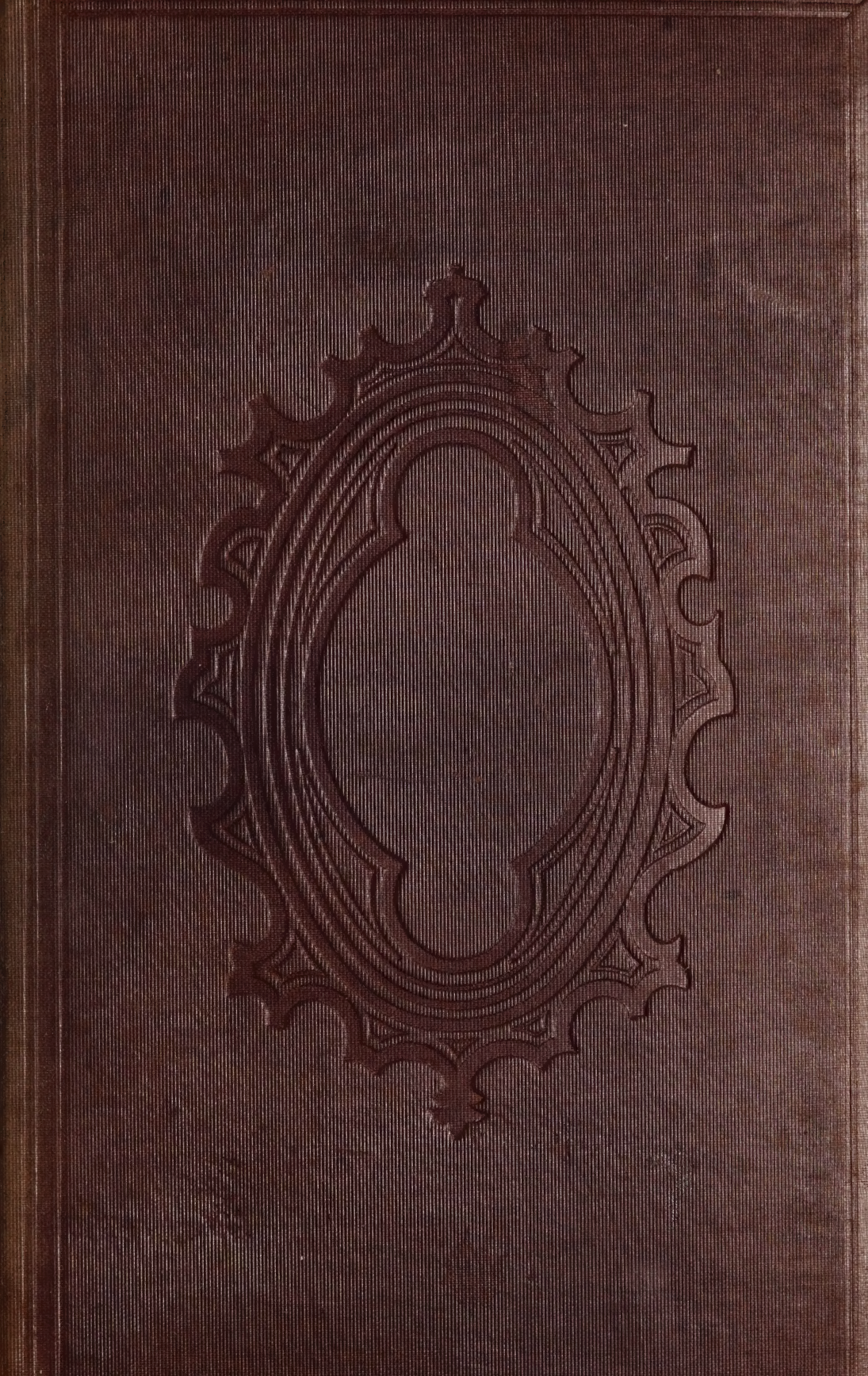

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THE

SPECTATOR;

A NEW EDITION, CAREFULLY REVISED,

IN SIX VOLUMES;

WITH

PREFACES HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. IV.

NEW-YORK:
D. APPLETON & COMPANY,
200 BROADWAY.
1853.

DEDICATION*

TO THE RIGHT HON.

THOMAS EARL OF WHARTON.[a]

MY LORD, [1712–13.]

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the name of some great persons to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim

* This dedication includes Nos. 322–394.

[a] Thomas Wharton was appointed by King William Comptroller of the Household, Justice in Eyre South of Trent, and Lord-lieutenant of Oxfordshire; created Viscount Winchendon and Earl of Wharton Dec. 23, 1706; appointed Lord-lieutenant of Ireland Nov. 25, 1708 (when Mr. Addison became his Secretary); Lord Privy-seal, Sept. 24, 1714; and, Dec. 24, Marquis of Wharton and Malmesbury, in England, and Earl of Rathfarnham, and Marquis Catherlough, in Ireland. He died April 12, 1715, in the 76th year of his age. He was succeeded by his son Philip, whom King GEO. I. in 1718, created Duke of Wharton, purely in consideration of the merits of his noble father, as appears from the patent of his creation, which mentions 'King William's obligations to Lord Wharton for his constant and vigorous defence of the public liberty, and the Protestant religion;' and states, 'how vigorously he supported the interest of King George, by the weight of his counsels, the force of his wit, and the firmness of his mind, when his said Majesty's title to the succession to this realm was in danger.' An eminent historian says, 'he had as many friends as the constitution, and that only its enemies were his; that he made no merit of his zeal for his country; and that he expended above 80,000l. for its service in elec-

to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalized yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for their dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them in execution. It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your

tions,' &c. There is in the British Museum a transcript, by Dr. Birch, of a most curious letter of Lord Wharton to King William, blaming his Majesty's administration, and copied, it is said, from an original communicated to that indefatigable transcriber by Mr. Astle, which the Annotator does not recollect to have seen in print, though it well deserves publication. See MSS. Birch, 4107.

country in so uniform a manner, that even those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good, cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient, humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

DEDICATION*

TO THE RIGHT HON.

CHARLES EARL OF SUNDERLAND.[a]

MY LORD, [1712–13.]

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exacts the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who execu-

* This dedication includes Nos. 395–473.

[a] Charles Spencer earl of Sunderland, who succeeded to that title, Sept. 21, 1702, on the death of his father Robert. He was made secretary of state Dec. 5, 1706; and dismissed June 14, 1710. Sept. 1, 1715, he had a pension of 1200*l.* *per annum* settled on him. April 16, 1717, was again appointed secretary of state; March 16, 1717–18, lord president of the council; Feb. 6, 1718–19, groom of the stole; and died April 19, 1722. He married lady Anne Churchill, second daughter of John, duke of Marlborough; to whose titles her eldest surviving son, Charles, succeeded in 1733.

ted it under you, at the same time that it heightened her majesty's favour to all who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A secretary of state, in the interest of mankind, joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign and country are in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your Lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages; but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your Lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books[b] and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them; who is, with the greatest truth and respect,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's obliged,

Obedient, and humble Servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

[b] His lordship was the founder of the splendid and truly valuable library at Althorp.

THE SPECTATOR.

No. 304. MONDAY, February 18, 1711-14.

Vulnus alit venis et cæco carpitur igni.
Virg. Æn. iv. 2.
A latent fire preys on his feverish veins.

The circumstances of my correspondent, whose letter I now insert, are so frequent, that I cannot want compassion so much as to forbear laying it before the town. There is something so mean and inhuman in a direct Smithfield bargain for children, that if this lover carries his point, and observes the rules he pretends to follow, I do not only wish him success, but also that it may animate others to follow his example. I know not one motive relating to this life which could produce so many honourable and worthy actions, as the hopes of obtaining a woman of merit. There would ten thousand ways of industry and honest ambition be pursued by young men, who believed that the persons admired had value enough for their passion, to attend the event of their good fortune in all their applications, in order to make their circumstances fall in with the duties they owe to themselves, their families, and their country. All these relations a man should think of who intends to go into the state of marriage, and expects to make it a state of pleasure and satisfaction.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE for some years indulged a passion for a young lady of age and quality suitable to my own, but very much superior in fortune. It is the fashion with parents (how justly I leave you to judge) to make all regards give way to the article of wealth. From this one consideration it is, that I have concealed the ardent love I have for her; but I am beholden to the force of my love for many advantages which I reaped from it towards the better conduct of my life. A certain complacency to all the world, a strong desire to oblige wherever it lay in my power, and a circumspect behaviour in all my words and actions, have rendered me more particularly acceptable to all my friends and acquaintance. Love has had the same good effect upon my fortune; and I have increased in riches, in proportion to my advancement in those arts which make a man agreeable and amiable. There is a certain sympathy which will tell my mistress, from these circumstances, that it is I who writ this for her reading, if you will please to insert it. There is not a downright enmity but a great coldness between our parents; so that if either of us declared any kind sentiments for each other, her friends would be very backward to lay an obligation upon our family, and mine to receive it from hers. Under these delicate circumstances it is no easy matter to act with safety. I have no reason to fancy my mistress has any regard for me, but from a very disinterested value which I have for her. If from any hint in any future paper of yours she gives me the least encouragement, I doubt not but I shall surmount all other difficulties; and inspired by so noble a motive for the care of my fortune, as the belief she is to be concerned in it,

I will not despair of receiving her one day from her father's own hand,

'I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'CLYTANDER.'

'TO HIS WORSHIP THE SPECTATOR.

'The humble petition of Anthony Title-page, stationer, in the center of Lincoln's-inn-fields,

'Showeth,

'THAT your petitioner and his forefathers have been sellers of books for time immemorial: that your petitioner's ancestor, Crouch-back Title-Page, was the first of that vocation in Britain; who keeping his station (in fair weather) at the corner of Lothbury, was, by way of eminency, called "The Stationer," a name which from him all succeeding booksellers have affected to bear: that the station of your petitioner and his father has been in the place of his present settlement ever since that square has been built: that your petitioner has formerly had the honour of your worship's custom, and hopes you never had reason to complain of your penny-worths: that particularly he sold you your first Lilly's Grammar, and at the same time a Wit's Commonwealth, almost as good as new: moreover, that your first rudimental essays in spectatorship were made in your petitioner's shop, where you often practised for hours together, sometimes on his books upon the rails, sometimes on the little hieroglyphics, either gilt, silvered, or plain, which the Egyptian woman on the other side of the shop had wrought in ginger-bread, and sometimes on the English youth, who in sundry

places there were exercising themselves in the traditional sports of the field.

'From these considerations it is, that your petitioner is encouraged to apply himself to you, and to proceed humbly to acquaint your worship, that he has certain intelligence that you receive great numbers of defamatory letters designed by their authors to be published, which you throw aside and totally neglect: Your petitioner therefore prays, that you will please to bestow on him those refuse letters, and he hopes by printing them to get a more plentiful provision for his family; or, at the worst, he may be allowed to sell them by the pound weight to his good customers the pastry-cooks of London and Westminster.

'And your petitioner shall ever pray, &c.'

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'The humble petition of Bartholomew Ladylove, of Round-court, in the parish of St. Martin's in the Fields, in behalf of himself and neighbours,

'Showeth,

'THAT your petitioners have, with great industry and application, arrived at the most exact art of invitation or entreaty: that by a beseeching air and persuasive address, they have for many years last past peaceably drawn in every tenth passenger, whether they intended or not to call at their shops, to come in and buy; and from that softness of behaviour, have arrived, among tradesmen, at the gentle appellation of "The Fawners:"

That there have of late set up amongst us certain persons from Monmouth-street and Long-lane, who

by the strength of their arms, and loudness of their throats, draw off the regard of all passengers from your said petitioners; from which violence they are distinguished by the name of "The Worriers:"

'That while your petitioners stand ready to receive passengers with a submissive bow, and repeat with a gentle voice, "Ladies, what do you want? pray look in here;" the worriers reach out their hands at pistol-shot, and seize the customers at arms-length:

'That while the fawners strain and relax the muscles of their faces, in making distinction between a spinster in a coloured scarf and an handmaid in a straw hat, the worriers use the same roughness to both, and prevail upon the easiness of the passengers, to the impoverishment of your petitioners:

'Your petitioners therefore most humbly pray, that the worriers may not be permitted to inhabit the politer parts of the town; and that Round-court may remain a receptacle for buyers of a more soft education.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

*** The petition of the New-Exchange, concerning the arts of buying and selling, and particularly valuing goods by the complexion of the seller, will be considered on another occasion. T.[a]

[a] By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box.—See Spect. Nos. 271, 324, and Dr. Johnson's Lives of English poets, vol. II. p. 380, 8vo. 1781.

No. 305. TUESDAY, February 19, 1711–12.

Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget. ——
Virg. Æn. ii. 521.

These times want other aids.
Dryden.

Our late newspapers being full of the project now on foot in the court of France for establishing a political academy, and I myself having received letters from several virtuosos among my foreign correspondents, which give some light into that affair, I intend to make it the subject of this day's speculation. A general account of this project may be met with in the Daily Courant of last Friday, in the following words, translated from the Gazette of Amsterdam:

Paris, February 12. 'It is confirmed that the king has resolved to establish a new academy for politics, of which the marquis de Torcy, minister and secretary of state, is to be protector. Six academicians are to be chosen, endowed with proper talents, for beginning to form this academy, into which no person is to be admitted under twenty-five years of age; they must likewise have each an estate of two thousand livres a-year, either in possession, or to come to them by inheritance. The king will allow to each a pension of a thousand livres. They are likewise to have able masters to teach them the necessary sciences, and to instruct them in all the treaties of peace, alliance, and others, which have been made in several ages past. These members are to meet twice a-week at the Louvre. From this seminary are to be chosen secretaries to embassies,

who by degrees may advance to higher employments.'

Cardinal Richelieu's politics made France the terror of Europe. The statesmen who have appeared in that nation of late years have, on the contrary, rendered it either the pity or contempt of its neighbours. The cardinal erected that famous academy which has carried all the parts of polite learning to the greatest height. His chief design in that institution was to divert the men of genius from meddling with politics, a province in which he did not care to have any one else to interfere with him. On the contrary, the marquis de Torcy seems resolved to make several young men in France as wise as himself, and is therefore taken up at present in estab lishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of madam de Maintenon, and to be despatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state; but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no farther notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors; but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war has, it seems, brought so little honour and advantage to their great monarch, that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in

possession, or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres per annum, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not to mention newspapers, pen and ink, wax and wafers, with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five-and-twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy, though there is no question but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted them.

The first is to instruct the students in state legerdemain; as how to take off the impression of a seal, to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again, with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor, who is a kind of posture-master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and, in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language-master, who is to instruct them in the style proper for a foreign minister

in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political style, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn off the question. If he is desired to change a louis-d'or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it be inquired of him whether the king is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he be asked the news of the last Gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw his brow up in wrinkles, or elevate the left shoulder.

The fourth professor is to teach the whole art of political characters and hieroglyphics; and to the end that they may be perfect also in this practice, they are not to send a note to one another (though it be but to borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel) which is not written in cipher.

Their fifth professor, it is thought, will be chosen out of the society of Jesuits, and is to be well read in the controversies of probable doctrines, mental reservations, and the rights of princes. This learned man is to instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and construing part of Treaty Latin; how to distinguish between the spirit and the letter, and likewise demonstrate how the same form of words may lay an obligation upon any prince in Europe, different from that which it lays upon his most christian majesty. He is likewise to teach them the art of finding flaws, loop-holes, and evasions, in the most solemn compacts, and particularly a great rabbinical secret,

revived of late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, namely, that contradictory interpretations of the same article, may both of them be true and valid.

When our statesmen are sufficiently improved by these several instructors, they are to receive their last polishing from one who is to act among them as master of the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give them lectures upon those important points of the elbow-chair, and the stair-head, to instruct them in the different situations of the right hand, and to furnish them with bows and inclinations of all sizes, measures, and proportions. In short, this professor is to give the society their stiffening, and infuse into their manners that beautiful political starch, which may qualify them for levees, conferences, visits, and make them shine in what vulgar minds are apt to look upon as trifles.

I have not yet heard any further particulars, which are to be observed in this society of unfledged statesmen; but I must confess, had I a son of five-and-twenty, that should take it into his head at that age to set up for a politician, I think I should go near to disinherit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should be apprehensive lest the same arts which are to enable him to negociate between potentates, might a little infect his ordinary behaviour between man and man. There is no question but these young Machiavels will in a little time turn their college upside down with plots and stratagems, and lay as many schemes to circumvent one another in a frog or a salad, as they may hereafter put in practice to over-reach a neighbouring prince or state.

We are told that the Spartans, though they punished theft in their young men when it was discovered, looked upon it as honourable if it succeeded.

Provided the conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a youth might afterwards boast of it. This, say the historians, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder them from being imposed upon, either in their public or private negociations. Whether any such relaxations of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought not to be allowed in this intended seminary of politicians, I shall leave to the wisdom of their founder.

In the mean time we have fair warning given us by this doughty body of statesmen; and as Sylla saw many Marii in Cæsar, so I think we may discover many Torcys in this college of academicians. Whatever we think of ourselves, I am afraid neither our Smyrna or St. James's will be a match for it. Our coffee-houses are, indeed, very good institutions, but whether or no these our British schools of politics may furnish out as able envoys and secretaries as an academy that is set apart for that purpose, will deserve our serious consideration, especially if we remember that our country is more famous for producing men of integrity than statesmen: and that, on the contrary, French truth and British policy make a conspicuous figure in Nothing, as the earl of Rochester has very well observed in his admirable poem upon that barren subject. L.[a]

[a] By Addison, dated, it seems, from his house in London.

No. 306. WEDNESDAY, February 20, 1711-12.

—Quæ forma, ut se tibi semper
Imputet?—

Juv. Sat. vi. 177.

What beauty or what chastity can bear
So great a price, if stately and severe
She still insults?

Dryden.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WRITE this to communicate to you a misfortune which frequently happens, and therefore deserves a consolatory discourse on this subject. I was within this half year in the possession of as much beauty and as many lovers as any young lady in England. But my admirers have left me, and I cannot complain of their behaviour. I have within that time had the small-pox: and this face, which (according to many amorous epistles which I have by me) was the seat of all that is beautiful in woman, is now disfigured with scars. It goes to the very soul of me to speak what I really think of my face; and though I think I did not overrate my beauty while I had it, it has extremely advanced in its value with me, now it is lost. There is one circumstance which makes my case very particular; the ugliest fellow that ever pretended to me was and is most in my favour, and he treats me at present the most unreasonably. If you could make him return an obligation which he owes me, in liking a person that is not amiable—but there is, I fear, no possibility of making passion move by the rules of reason and gratitude. But say what you can to one who has survived herself, and knows not how to act in a new being. My lovers are at the feet of my rivals: my rivals are every day bewailing me, and I cannot

enjoy what I am, by reason of the distracting reflection upon what I was. Consider the woman I was did not die of old age, but I was taken off in the prime of my youth; and, according to the course of nature, may have forty years after-life to come. I have nothing of myself left, which I like, but that I am,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'PARTHENISSA.'[c]

When Lewis of France had lost the battle of Ramilies, the addresses to him at that time were full of his fortitude, and they turned his misfortunes to his glory—in that, during his prosperity, he could never have manifested his heroic constancy under distresses, and so the world had lost the most eminent part of his character. Parthenissa's condition gives her the same opportunity; and to resign conquests is a task as difficult in a beauty as an hero. In the very entrance upon this work she must burn all her love-letters; or since she is so candid as not to call her lovers, who followed her no longer, unfaithful, it would be a very good beginning in a new life from that of a beauty, to send them back to those who writ them, with this honest inscription, 'Articles of a marriage treaty broken off by the small-pox.' I have known but one instance where a matter of this kind went on after a like misfortune, where the lady, who was a woman of spirit, writ this billet to her lover:

[c] Mr. John Duncombe ascribes this letter to his relative, Mr. John Hughes, and says, that the real person alluded to under the fictitious name of Parthenissa, was a Miss Rotherham, sister to the second lady of the sixth lord Effingham, and afterwards married to the Rev. Mr. Wyatt, master of Felsted-school in Essex.—Gent. Mag. 1780.

'SIR,

'IF you flattered me before I had this terrible malady, pray come and see me now; but, if you sincerely liked me, stay away, for I am not the same 'CORINNA.'

The lover thought there was something so sprightly in her behaviour, that he answered:

'MADAM,

'I AM not obliged, since you are not the same woman, to let you know whether I flattered you or not; but I assure you I do not, when I tell you, I now like you above all your sex, and hope you will bear what may befal me when we are both one, as well as you do what happens to yourself now you are single; therefore I am ready to take such a spirit for my companion as soon as you please.

'AMILCAR.'

If Parthenissa can now possess her own mind, and think as little of her beauty as she ought to have done when she had it, there will be no great diminution of her charms; and if she was formerly affected too much with them, an easy behaviour will more than make up for the loss of them. Take the whole sex together, and you find those who have the strongest possession of men's hearts are not eminent for their beauty. You see it often happen that those who engage men to the greatest violence, are such as those, who are strangers to them, would take to be remarkably defective for that end. The fondest lover I know, said to me one day in a crowd of women at an entertainment of music, 'You have often heard me talk of my beloved: that woman

there,' continued he, smiling, when he had fixed my eye, 'is her very picture.' The lady he showed me was by much the least remarkable for beauty of any in the whole assembly; but having my curiosity extremely raised, I could not keep my eyes off of her. Her eyes at last met mine, and with a sudden surprise she looked round her to see who near her was remarkably handsome that I was gazing at. This little act explained the secret. She did not understand herself for the object of love, and therefore she was so. The lover is a very honest plain man; and what charmed him was, a person that goes along with him in the cares and joys of life, not taken up with herself, but sincerely attentive, with a ready and cheerful mind, to accompany him in either.

I can tell Parthenissa for her comfort, that the beauties, generally speaking, are the most impertinent and disagreeable of women. An apparent desire of admiration, a reflection upon their own merit, and a precise behaviour in their general conduct, are almost inseparable accidents in beauties. All you obtain of them, is granted to importunity and[d] solicitation for what did not deserve so much of your time, and you recover from the possession of it, as out of a dream.

You are ashamed of the vagaries of fancy which so strangely misled you, and your admiration of a beauty, merely as such, is inconsistent with a tolerable reflection upon yourself. The cheerful good-humoured creatures, into whose heads it never entered that they could make any man unhappy, are the persons formed for making men happy. There

[d] See Steele's Letters to Mrs. M. Scurlock, and afterwards to lady Steele, *passim*, vol. i.

is Miss Liddy can dance a jig, raise paste, write a good hand, keep an account, give a reasonable answer, and do as she is bid; while her eldest sister, Madam Martha, is out of humour, has the spleen, learns by reports of people of higher quality new ways of being uneasy and displeased. And this happens for no reason in the world, but that poor Liddy knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence that is so becoming: that there is I know not what in her air; and that, if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, 'Well! I know not what it is, but every thing pleases when she speaks it.'

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties, and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them, that they are encumbered with their charms in all they say or do. They pray at public devotions as they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask Belinda what it is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great a beauty should answer you. In a word, I think, instead of offering to administer consolation to Parthenissa, I should congratulate her metamorphosis; and however she thinks she was not in the least insolent in the prosperity of her charms, she was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve; for in this case assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

P. S.

'MADAM, 'February 18.

'I HAVE yours of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you, but you must explain yourself farther, before I know what to do.

'Your most obedient servant,

T° 'THE SPECTATOR.'

No. 307. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1711-12.

—Versate diu, quid ferre recusent,
Quid valeant humeri—
HOR. Ars Poet. 39.

—Often try what weight you can support,
And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.
ROSCOMMON.

I AM so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the public.

'SIR,

'THOUGH I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left unfinished.

'I have a long time expected with great impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would one time or other resume this considera-

° By Steele, from the letter-box. See No. 324, note on signature T.

tion, because you tell us that the 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

'I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics, namely, that the loss which the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the public sustain from a wrong education of children is an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons, who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in their respective posts of life.

'I have seen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spanish physician, intitled Examen de Ingenios[f], wherein he lays it down as one of his first positions, that nothing but nature can qualify a man for learning; and that without a proper temperament for the particular art or science which he studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

'He illustrates this by the example of Tully's son Marcus.[g]

'Cicero, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens, the most celebrated academy at that time

[f] The best edition of this book, published at Cologne in 12mo. an. 1710, was probably not much known here at the date of this paper.

[g] See Tat. in cr. 8vo. ed. 1786, Vol. IV. No. 159, p. 344. Latin note. '*Ex paterno ingenio nihil habuit præter urbanitatem, nam huic natura memoriam dempserat, et si quid ex ea supererat, ebrietas subducebat.*

in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations, could not but furnish the young gentleman with a multitude of great examples and accidents that might insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies. He placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest philosophers of the age; and as if all the books which were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him; notwithstanding all this, history informs us that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens. This author therefore proposes, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the state, to inspect the genius of every particular boy, and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

'Plato in one of his dialogues tells us, that Socrates, who was the son of a midwife, used to say, that as his mother, though she was very skilful in her profession, could not deliver a woman unless she was first with child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out of a mind where nature had not planted it.

'Accordingly, the method this philosopher took, of instructing his scholars by several interrogatories or questions, was only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

'The Spanish doctor above-mentioned, as his speculations grew more refined, asserts that every kind of wit has a particular science corresponding to it, and in which alone it can be truly excellent. As to

those geniuses, which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of nature wrought off in haste.

'There are indeed but very few to whom nature has been so unkind that they are not capable of shining in some science or other. There is a certain bias towards knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened and improved by proper applications.

'The story of Clavius [h] is very well known. He was entered in a college of Jesuits, and, after having been tried at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being dismissed as an hopeless blockhead, till one of the fathers took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in geometry, which, it seems, hit his genius so luckily, that he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity of these fathers, in discovering the talent of a young student, has not a little contributed to the figure which their order has made in the world.

'How different from this manner of education is that which prevails in our own country! where nothing is more usual than to see forty or fifty boys of several ages, tempers, and inclinations, ranged together in the same class, employed upon the same authors, and enjoined the same tasks! Whatever their natural genius may be, they are all to be made poets, historians, and orators alike. They are all obliged to have the same capacity, to bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out the same portion of prose.

[h] Christopher Clavius, a geometrician and astronomer, author of five volumes in folio, who died at Rome in 1612, aged 75.

Every boy is bound to have as good a memory as the captain of the form. To be brief, instead of adapting studies to the particular genius of a youth, we expect from the young man that he should adapt his genius to his studies. This, I must confess, is not so much to be imputed to the instructor as to the parent, who will never be brought to believe that his son is not capable of performing as much as his neighbour's, and that he may not make him whatever he has a mind to.

'If the present age is more laudable than those which have gone before it in any single particular, it is in that generous care which several well-disposed persons have taken in the education of poor children; and as in these charity schools there is no place left for the overweening fondness of a parent, the directors of them would make them beneficial to the public, if they considered the precept which I have been thus long inculcating. They might easily, by well examining the parts of those under their inspection, make a just distribution of them into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them this or that particular study, as their genius qualifies them for professions, trades, handicrafts, or service, by sea or land.

'How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three great professions!

'Dr. South, complaining of persons who took upon them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs his head against a pulpit, who might have done his country excellent service at the plough-tail.

'In like manner, many a lawyer, who makes but an indifferent figure at the bar, might have made a

very elegant waterman, and have shined at the Temple stairs, though he can get no business in the house.

'I have known a corn-cutter, who with a right education would have been an excellent physician.

'To descend lower, are not our streets filled with sagacious draymen, and politicians in liveries? We have several tailors of six foot high, and meet with many a broad pair of shoulders that are thrown away upon a barber, when perhaps at the same time we see a pigmy porter reeling under a burden, who might have managed a needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his fingers with great ease to himself and advantage to the public.

'The Spartans, though they acted with the spirit which I am here speaking of, carried it much farther than what I propose. Among them it was not lawful for the father himself to bring up his children after his own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old, they were all listed in several companies, and disciplined by the public. The old men were spectators of their performances, who often raised quarrels among them, and set them at strife with one another, that by those early discoveries they might see how their several talents lay, and, without any regard to their quality, disposed of them accordingly for the service of the commonwealth. By this means Sparta soon became the mistress of Greece, and famous through the whole world for her civil and military discipline.

'If you think this letter deserves a place among your speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other thoughts on the same subject.

X.[1] 'I am, &c.'

[1] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555. See his other thoughts

No. 308. FRIDAY, February 22, 1711-12.

—Jam protervâ
Fronte petet Lalage maritum.
Hor. Od. 5, lib. ii. ver. 15.

—Lalage will soon proclaim
Her love, nor blush to own her flame.
Creech.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

I GIVE you this trouble in order to propose myself to you as an assistant in the weighty cares which you have thought fit to undergo for the public good. I am a very great lover of women, that is to say, honestly; and as it is natural to study what one likes, I have industriously applied myself to understand them. The present circumstance relating to them is, that I think there wants under you, as Spectator, a person to be distinguished and vested in the power and quality of a censor on marriages.[k] I lodge at the Temple, and know, by seeing women come hither, and afterwards observing them conducted by their counsel to judges' chambers, that there is a custom in case of making conveyance of a wife's estate, that she is carried to a judge's apartment, and left alone with him, to be examined in private whether she has not been frightened or sweetened by her spouse into the act she is going to do, or whether it is of her own free will. Now if this be a method founded upon reason and equity, why should there not be also a proper officer for examining such as are entering into the state of matrimony, whether they are forced by pa-

on the same subject, Nos. 313, and 337; and papers of the same author, Nos. 277, 283, 301, and 319.

[k] See No. 310, let. 4.

rents on one side, or moved by interest only on the other, to come together, and bring forth such awkward heirs as are the product of half love and constrained compliances? There is nobody, though I say it myself, would be fitter for this office than I am: for I am an ugly fellow, of great wit and sagacity. My father was an hale country squire, my mother a witty beauty of no fortune. The match was made by consent of my mother's parents against her own, and I am the child of the rape on the wedding night; so that I am as healthy and as homely as my father, but as sprightly and agreeable as my mother. It would be of great ease to you, if you would use me under you, that matches might be better regulated for the future, and we might have no more children of squabbles. I shall not reveal all my pretensions till I receive your answer; and am,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'MULES PALFREY.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of those unfortunate men within the city-walls, who am married to a woman of quality, but her temper is something different from that of lady Anvil.[1] My lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her: and by our marriage-articles she was to have her apartment new furnished as often as she lay-in. Nothing in our house is useful but that which is fashionable; my pewter holds

[1] See No. 299.

out generally half a year, my plate a full twelve-month; chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two years since, nor beds fit for any thing but to sleep in, that have stood above that time. My dear is of opinion that an old-fashioned grate consumes coals, but gives no heat. If she drinks out of glasses of last year she cannot distinguish wine from small-beer. Oh, dear Sir, you may guess all the rest. 'Yours.

'P. S. I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also to eat fashionably. I have a plain stomach, and have a constant loathing of whatever comes to my own table; for which reason I dine at the chop-house three days in a week; where the good company wonders they never see you of late. I am sure, by your unprejudiced discourses, you love broth better than soup.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Will's, Feb. 19.

'You may believe you are a person as much talked of as any man in town. I am one of your best friends in this house, and have laid a wager, you are so candid a man, and so honest a fellow, that you will print this letter, though it is in recommendation of a new paper called The Historian. I have read it carefully, and find it written with skill, good sense, modesty, and fire.[m] You must allow the town is kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have so much sense of the world's change of humour, and instability of all human things, as to understand, that the only way to preserve favour is to communicate it to others with

[m] See Tat. in cr. 8vo. ed. 1786. Vol. vi. No. 229. p. 117, note.

good-nature and judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of will be read. This with men of sense and taste is all that is wanting to recommend The Historian.

'I am, SIR,

'Your daily advocate,

'READER GENTLE.'

I was very much surprised this morning, that any one should find out my lodging, and know it so well as to come directly to my closet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw, by a very strong pair of shoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walked all the way to bring it me, though dated from York. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed, a polite discerning, hid under a shrewd rusticity. He delivered the paper with a Yorkshire tone and a town leer.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'York, Feb. 16.

'THE privilege you have indulged John Trot[n] has proved of very bad consequence to our illustrious assembly, which, besides the many excellent maxims it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary decorum always observed in it. One instance of which is, that the carders (who are always of the first quality) never begin to play till the French dances are finished and the country dances begin; but John Trot having now got your commission in his pocket, (which every one here

[n] See Spect. No. 296, let. 5 and 6; Nos. 314, 316, and 376, let. 2.

has a profound respect for,) has the assurance to set up for a minuet-dancer. Not only so, but he has brought down upon us the whole body of the Trots, which are very numerous, with their auxiliaries the hobblers and the skippers, by which means the time is so much wasted, that, unless we break all rules of government, it must redound to the utter subversion of the brag table, the discreet members of which value time, as Fribble's wife does her pin-money.[o] We are pretty well assured that your indulgence to Trot was only in relation to country-dances; however we have deferred the issuing an order of council upon the premises, hoping to get you to join with us, that Trot, nor any of his clan, presume for the future to dance any but country-dances, unless a horn-pipe upon a festival day. If you will do this, you will oblige a great many ladies, and particularly

'Your most humble servant,
ELIZ. SWEEPSTAKES.'

London, Feb. 21.

'I NEVER meant any other than that Mr. Trot should confine himself to country dances. And I further direct, that he shall take out none but his own relations according to their nearness of blood, but any gentlewoman may take out him.

T.[p] 'THE SPECTATOR.'

[o] See No. 295.

[p] By Steele, from the letter-box. See Spect. No. 271. This paper has no signature in the editions of 1712. See No. 324, note on signature T.

No. 309. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1711.

Dî, quibus imperium est Animarum, Umbræque silentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro
Pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas.
VIRG. Æn. vi. ver. 264.

Ye realms yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state.
DRYDEN.

* *
*

I HAVE before observed in general, that the persons whom Milton introduces into his poem always discover such sentiments and behaviour as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their respective characters. Every circumstance in their speeches and action, is with great justice and delicacy adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very much excels in this consistency of his characters, I shall beg leave to consider several passages of the second book in this light. That superior greatness and mock-majesty which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing the debate; his taking on himself that great enterprise at the thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are instances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook submission, even to Omnipotence:

'Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
The monster moving onward came as fast

*** Continuation of the Comment on Paradise Lost. By Addison.

Part viii. On the 2d book of that poem. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

> With horrid strides, hell trembled as he strode;
> Th' undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd,
> Admir'd, not fear'd—'

The same boldness and intrepidity of behaviour discovers itself in the several adventures which he meets with during his passage through the regions of unformed matter, and particularly in his address to those tremendous powers who are described as presiding over it.

The part of Moloch is likewise, in all its circumstances, full of that fire and fury, which distinguish this spirit from the rest of the fallen angels. He is described in the first book as besmeared with the blood of human sacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents, and the cries of children. In the second book he is marked out as the fiercest spirit that fought in heaven: and if we consider the figure which he makes in the sixth book, where the battle of the angels is described, we find it every way answerable to the same furious, enraged character:

> —' Where the might of Gabriel fought,
> And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
> Of Moloch, furious king, who him defy'd,
> And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
> Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
> Refrain'd his tongue blasphemous; but anon
> Down cloven to the waist, with shatter'd arms
> And uncouth pain fled bellowing—'

It may be worth while to observe, that Milton has represented this violent impetuous spirit, who is hurried on by such precipitate passions, as the first that rises in the assembly to give his opinion upon their present posture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himself abruptly for war, and appears incensed at his companions for losing so much time as even to

deliberate upon it. All his sentiments are rash, audacious, and desperate. Such is that of arming themselves with tortures, and turning their punishments upon him who inflicted them :

—'No, let us rather choose,
Arm'd with hell flames and fury, all at once
O'er heaven's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the tort'rer; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for lightning see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels; and his throne itself
Mixt with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments—'

His preferring annihilation to shame or misery, is also highly suitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their disturbing the peace of heaven, that if it be not victory, it is revenge, is a sentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterness of this implacable spirit.

Belial is described in the first book as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the second book, pursuant to that description, characterised as timorous and slothful; and if we look into the sixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of angels for nothing but that scoffing speech which he makes to Satan on their supposed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in these three several views, we find his sentiments in the infernal assembly every way conformable to his character: such are, his apprehensions of a second battle, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miserable rather than 'not to be.' I need not observe, that the contrast of thought in this

speech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.[q]

Mammon's character is so fully drawn in the first book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the second. We were before told, that he was the first who taught mankind to ransack the earth for gold and silver, and that he was the architect of Pandæmonium, or the infernal palace, where the evil spirits were to meet in council. His speech in this book is every way suitable to so depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taste the happiness of heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in heaven, is said to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement than on the beatific vision. I shall also leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following sentiments are to the same character:

—'This deep world
Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth heav'n's all-ruling sire
Choose to reside, his glory unobscured,
And with the majesty of darkness round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Mustering their rage, and heav'n resembles hell!
As he our darkness, cannot we his light
Imitate when we please? This desart soil
Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence; and what can heav'n show more?'

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the second in dig-

q The fine contrast which Addison observes there is betwixt the character of Moloch and Belial, might be first suggested to Milton, by a contrast of the same kind between Argentes and Aletes, in the 2d canto of Tasso's Gierusaleme Liberato. THYER.

nity that fell, and is in the first book the second that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan upon the situation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majesty described in his rising up to speak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two opposite parties, and proposes a third undertaking, which the whole assembly gives in to. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in search of a new world is grounded upon a project devised by Satan, and cursorily proposed by him in the following lines of the first book:

> 'Space may produce new worlds, whereof so rife
> There went a fame in heav'n, that he ere long
> Intended to create, and therein plant
> A generation, whom his choice regard
> Should favour equal to the sons of heav'n;
> Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
> Our first eruption, thither or elsewhere:
> For this infernal pit shall never hold
> Celestial spirits in bondage, nor th' abyss
> Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
> Full counsel must mature.'

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his proposal:

> —'What if we find
> Some easier enterprise? There is a place
> (If ancient and prophetic fame in heav'n
> Err not), another world, the happy seat
> Of some new race call'd man, about this time
> To be created like to us, though less
> In pow'r and excellence, but favour'd more
> Of him who rules above; so was his will
> Pronounc'd among the gods, and by an oath,
> That shook heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.'

The reader may observe how just it was, not to omit in the first book the project upon which the

whole poem turns; as also that the prince of the fallen angels was the only proper person to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fittest to second and support it.

There is besides, I think, something wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination in this ancient prophecy or report in heaven, concerning the creation of man. Nothing could show more the dignity of the species, than this tradition which ran of them before their existence. They are represented to have been the talk of heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their state of pre-existence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpse of them even before they are in being.

The rising of this great assembly is described in a very sublime and poetical manner:

> 'Their rising all at once was as the sound
> Of thunder heard remote—'

The diversions of the fallen angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are described with great pregnancy of thought, and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainment in the following lines:

> 'Others with vast Typhœan rage more fell
> Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
> In whirlwind, hell scarce holds the wild uproar.'[r]

[r] See Hom. Il. ii. 774; Virg. Æn. vi. 642; and Newton's ed. of Milton's Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 130.

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, freewill, and foreknowledge.

The several circumstances in the description of hell are very finely imagined; as the four rivers which disgorge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them than a much longer description would have done:

> '—Nature breeds,
> Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
> Abominable, unutterable, and worse
> Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
> Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire.'

This episode of the fallen spirits and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out so many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imagined.

I have already [8] declared my opinion of the allegory concerning Sin and Death, which is however a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring

[8] See No. 273.

of Sin. The incestuous mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of Death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin, where, complaining of this her dreadful issue, she adds,

> 'Before mine eyes in opposition sits
> Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,
> And me his parent would full soon devour
> For want of other prey, but that he knows
> His end with mine involv'd—'

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by one common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be past over in silence, and extremely suitable to this king of terrors. I need not mention the justness of thought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that sin was produced upon the first revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this

place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of Milton's spirit: [t]

—'On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a banner'd host
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;
So wide they stood, and, like a furnace mouth,
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.'

In Satan's voyage through the chaos there are several imaginary persons described as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those critics who are pleased with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward in his voyage; his springing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements which the poet calls

'The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave.'

The glimmering light which shot into the chaos from the utmost verge of the creation, with the dis-

[t] See Newton's ed. of Milton's Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 142, &c.

tant discovery of the earth that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.[u]

L.[w]

No. 310. MONDAY, February 25, 1711–12.

Connubio jungum stabili—
Virg. Æn. i. 77.
I'll tie the indissoluble marriage-knot.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I am a certain young woman that love a certain young man very heartily; and my father and mother were for it a great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me love him, and I cannot unlove him. What must I do? Speak quickly.

'Biddy Dowbake.'

Dear Spec, February 19, 1712.

'I have loved a lady entirely for this year and half, though for a great part of the time (which has contributed not a little to my pain), I have been debarred the liberty of conversing with her. The grounds of our difference was this; that when we had inquired into each other's circumstances, we found that, at our first setting out into the world, we should owe five hundred pounds more than her fortune would pay off. My estate is seven hundred pounds a-year, besides the benefit of tin mines. Now, dear Spec, upon this state of the case, and the

[u] See Newton's ed. of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 178, &c.

[w] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See Nos. 334, 221, notes on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O.

lady's positive declaration that there is still no other objection, I beg you will not fail to insert this, with your opinion, as soon as possible, whether this ought to be esteemed a just cause or impediment why we should not be joined, and you will for ever oblige

'Yours sincerely,

DICK LOVESICK.

'P. S. Sir, if I marry this lady by the assistance of your opinion, you may expect a favor for it.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE the misfortune to be one of those unhappy men who are distinguished by the name of discarded lovers; but I am the less mortified at my disgrace, because the young lady is one of those creatures who set up for negligence of men, are forsooth the most rigidly virtuous in the world, and yet their nicety will permit them, at the command of parents, to go to bed to the most utter stranger that can be proposed to them. As to me myself, I was introduced by the father of my mistress; but find I owe my being at first received, to a comparison of my estate with that of a former lover, and that I am now in like manner turned off to give way to an humble servant still richer than I am. What makes this treatment the more extravagant is, that the young lady is in the management of this way of fraud, and obeys her father's orders on these occasions without any manner of reluctance, but does it with the same air that one of your men of the world would signify the necessity of affairs for turning another out of office. When I came home last night, I found this letter from my mistress:

"SIR,

"I HOPE you will not think it is any manner of disrespect to your person or merit, that the intended nuptials between us are interrupted. My father says he has a much better offer for me than you can make, and has ordered me to break off the treaty between us. If it had proceeded, I should have behaved myself with all suitable regard to you; but as it is, I beg we may be strangers for the future. Adieu, "LYDIA."

'This great indifference on this subject, and the mercenary motives for making alliances, is what I think lies naturally before you, and I beg of you to give me your thoughts upon it. My answer to Lydia was as follows, which I hope you will approve; for you are to know the woman's family affect a wonderful ease on these occasions, though they expect it should be painfully received on the man's side.

"MADAM,

"I HAVE received yours, and knew the prudence of your house so well, that I always took care to be ready to obey your commands, though they should be to see you no more. Pray give my service to all the good family. Adieu,

"CLITOPHON.

"The opera subscription is full."

Memorandum.—The censor of marriages to consider this letter, and report the common usages on such treaties, with how many pounds or acres are generally esteemed sufficient reason for preferring a

new to an old pretender; with his opinion what is proper to be determined in such cases for the future. (See No. 308, let. i.)

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is an elderly person lately left off business and settled in our town, in order, as he thinks, to retire from the world; but he has brought with him such an inclination to tale-bearing, that he disturbs both himself and all our neighbourhood. Notwithstanding this frailty, the honest gentleman is so happy as to have no enemy: at the same time he has not one friend who will venture to acquaint him with his weakness. It is not to be doubted, but if this failing were set in a proper light, he would quickly perceive the indecency and evil consequences of it. Now, Sir, this being an infirmity which I hope may be corrected, and knowing that he pays much deference to you, I beg that when you are at leisure to give us a speculation on gossiping, you would think of my neighbour: you will hereby oblige several who will be glad to find a reformation in their gray-haired friend. And how becoming will it be for him, instead of pouring forth words at all adventures, to set a watch before the door of his mouth, to refrain his tongue, to check its impetuosity, and guard against the sallies of that little pert, forward, busy person, which, under a sober conduct, might prove a useful member of society! In compliance with those intimations, I have taken the liberty to make this address to you. 'I am, SIR,

'Your most obscure servant,

'PHILANTHROPOS.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, Feb. 16, 1712.

'THIS is to petition you in behalf of myself and many more of your gentle readers, that at any time when you may have private reasons against letting us know what you think yourself, you would be pleased to pardon us such letters of your correspondents as seem to be of no use but to the printer.[x]

'It is farther our humble request, that you would substitute advertisements in the place of such epistles: and that in order hereunto Mr. Buckley may be authorised to take up of your zealous friend, Mr. Charles Lillie, any quantity of words he shall from time to time have occasion for.

'The many useful parts of knowledge which may be communicated to the public this way, will, we hope, be a consideration in favor of your petitioners.

'And your petitioners, &c.'

Note—That particular regard be had to this petition; and the papers marked letter R may be carefully examined for the future.[y] T.[z]

[x] In consequence of this letter, perhaps, and the consideration it occasioned, a paper composed or communicated from the letter-box, was entirely withdrawn when the Spectator was first published in volumes, anno 1712. An account of the paper here referred to has been given, and the curious may still see the original paper itself in the course of this edition. The present paper for Monday, March 17, No. 328, by Addison, was substituted in the room of the paper against which the complaint lay.—See Spect. *ut supra.*

[y] See Spect. No. 330, note on the last letter.

[z] By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box. See No. 324, final note on the signature T, which seems to have likewise been employed as a distinguishing mark for Mr. Tickkell's papers, &c. See No. 410, note, of the propriety of which the note on this paper seems to be a satisfactory proof.

No. 311. TUESDAY, February 26, 1711–12.

Nec Veneris pharetris macer est, aut lampade fervet:
Inde faces ardent, veniunt à dote sagittæ.
Juv. Sat. vi. 137.

He sighs, adores, and courts her ev'ry hour:
Who would not do as much for such a dower?
Dryden.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I am amazed that among all the variety of characters with which you have enriched your speculations, you have never given us a picture of those audacious young fellows among us, who commonly go by the name of fortune-stealers. You must know, Sir, I am one who live in a continual apprehension of this sort of people, that lie in wait, day and night, for our children, and may be considered as a kind of kidnappers within the law. I am the father of a young heiress, whom I begin to look upon as marriageable, and who has looked upon herself as such for above these six years. She is now in the eighteenth year of her age. The fortune-hunters have already cast their eyes upon her, and take care to plant themselves in her view whenever she appears in any public assembly. I have myself caught a young jackanapes, with a pair of silver-fringed gloves, in the very fact. You must know, Sir, I have kept her as a prisoner of state ever since she was in her teens. Her chamber-windows are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of the house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink for this twelvemonth last past, and do not suffer a bandbox to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wits end, for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago,

some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irishman that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately despatched a hue and cry after her to the Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young ladies that visit her; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation, who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch when my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion, is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner by going to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be speedy in your thoughts on this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

'TIM WATCHWELL.'[a]

[a] This letter was written, it is said, by Mr. John Hughes. See Letters by John Hughes, Esq. &c. vol. iii. p. 8.

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied that he should prefer a man without an estate, to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has likewise been practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but every woman that falls in his way will do him as much justice as he does himself. When an heiress sees a man throwing particular graces into his ogle, or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impregnable. The force of a man with these qualifications is so well known, that I am credibly informed there are several female undertakers about the Change, who, upon the arrival of a likely man out of a neighbouring kingdom, will furnish him with a proper dress from head to foot, to be paid for at a double price on the day of marriage.

We must, however, distinguish between fortune-hunters and fortune-stealers. The first are those assiduous gentlemen who employ their whole lives in the chase, without ever coming at the quarry. Suffenus has combed and powdered at the ladies for thirty years together; and taken his stand in a side-box, until he is grown wrinkled under their eyes. He is now laying the same snares for the present generation of beauties, which he practised on their mothers. Cottilus, after having made his applications to more than you meet with in Mr. Cowley's ballad of mistresses, was at last smitten with a city lady of 20,000*l.* sterling; but died of old age before he could bring matters to bear. Nor must I here omit my worthy friend Mr. Honeycomb, who has often told us in the club, that for twenty years successively, upon the death of a childless rich man, he immediately drew on his boots, called for his horse, and made up to the widow. When he is rallied upon his ill success, Will with his usual gaiety tells us that he always found her pre-engaged.

Widows are indeed the great game of your fortune-hunters. There is scarce a young fellow in the town, of six foot high, that has not passed in review before one or other of these wealthy relics. Hudibras's Cupid, who

> —'took his stand
> Upon a widow's [b] jointure land,'

is daily employed in throwing darts, and kindling flames. But as for widows, they are such a subtle generation of people, that they may be left to their

[b] The name of the widow here alluded to was Tomson. See Grey's edit. of Hudibras, vol. i. part. i. canto iii. pp. 212, 213

own conduct; or if they make a false step in it, they are answerable for it to no body but themselves. The young innocent creatures who have no knowledge and experience of the world, are those whose safety I would principally consult in this speculation. The stealing of such an one should, in my opinion, be as punishable as a rape. Where there is no judgment, there is no choice; and why the inveigling a woman before she is come to years of discretion should not be as criminal as the seducing of her before she is ten years old, I am at a loss to comprehend. L.[c]

No. 312. WEDNESDAY, February 27, 1711–12.

Quod huic officium, quæ laus, quod decus erit tanti, quod adipisci cum dolore corporis velit, qui dolorem summum malum sibi persuaserit? Quam porrò quis ignominiam, quam turpitudinem non pertulerit, ut effugiat dolorem, si id summum malum esse decreverit? Tull.

What duty, what praise, or what honour will he think worth enduring bodily pain for, who has persuaded himself that pain is the chief evil? Nay, to what ignominy, to what baseness, will he not stoop, to avoid pain, if he has determined it to be the chief evil?

It is a very melancholy reflection, that men are usually so weak, that it is absolutely necessary for them to know sorrow and pain, to be in their right senses. Prosperous people (for happy there are none) are hurried away with a fond sense of their present condition, and thoughtless of the mutability of fortune. Fortune is a term which we must use in such discourses as these, for what is wrought by the unseen hand of the Disposer of all things. But methinks the disposition of a mind which is truly great,

[c] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See No. 334, note on the signature L, and No. 221, note on Addison's distinguishing marks.

is that which makes misfortunes and sorrows little when they befal ourselves, great and lamentable when they befal other men. The most unpardonable malefactor in the world going to his death, and bearing it with composure, would win the pity of those who should behold him; and this, not because his calamity is deplorable, but because he seems himself not to deplore it. We suffer for him who is less sensible of his own misery, and are inclined to despise him who sinks under the weight of his distresses. On the other hand, without any touch of envy, a temperate and well governed mind looks down on such as are exalted with success, with a certain shame for the imbecility of human nature, that can so far forget how liable it is to calamity, as to grow giddy with only the suspense of sorrow which is the portion of all men. He therefore who turns his face from the unhappy man, who will not look again when his eye is cast upon modest sorrow, who shuns affliction like a contagion, does but pamper himself up for a sacrifice, and contract in himself a greater aptitude to misery by attempting to escape it. A gentleman, where I happened to be last night, fell into a discourse which I thought showed a good discerning in him. He took notice, that whenever men have looked into their heart for the idea of true excellence in human nature, they have found it to consist in suffering after a right manner, and with a good grace. Heroes are always drawn bearing sorrows, struggling with adversities, undergoing all kinds of hardships, and having in the service of mankind a kind of appetite to difficulties and dangers. The gentleman went on to observe, that it is from this secret sense of the high merit which there is in patience under calamities, that the writers of romances, when

they attempt to furnish out characters of the highest excellence, ransack nature for things terrible; they raise a new creation of monsters, dragons, and giants; where the danger ends, the hero ceases: when he won an empire, or gained his mistress, the rest of his story is not worth relating. My friend carried his discourse so far as to say, that it was for higher beings than men to join happiness and greatness in the same idea; but that in our condition we have no conception of superlative excellence, or heroism, but as it is surrounded with a shade of distress.

It is certainly the proper education we should give ourselves, to be prepared for the ill events and accidents we are to meet with in a life sentenced to be a scene of sorrow: but, instead of this expectation, we soften ourselves with prospects of constant delight, and destroy in our minds the seeds of fortitude and virtue, which should support us in hours of anguish. The constant pursuit of pleasure has in it something insolent and improper for our being. There is a pretty sober liveliness in the ode of Horace to Delius, where he tells him, loud mirth or immoderate sorrow, inequality of behaviour either in prosperity or adversity, are alike ungraceful in man that is born to die. Moderation in both circumstances is peculiar to generous minds. Men of that sort ever taste the gratifications of health, and all other advantages of life, as if they were liable to part with them; and, when bereft of them, resign them with a greatness of mind which shows they know their value and duration. The contempt of pleasure is a certain preparatory for the contempt of pain. Without this, the mind is, as it were, taken suddenly by any unforeseen event; but he that has always during health and prosperity been abstinent in his satis-

faction, enjoys in the worst of difficulties the reflection, that his anguish is not aggravated with the comparison of past pleasures which upbraid his present condition. Tully tells us a story after Pompey, which gives us a good taste of the pleasant manner the men of wit and philosophy had in old times, of alleviating the distresses of life by the force of reason and philosophy. Pompey, when he came to Rhodes, had a curiosity to visit the famous philosopher Possidonius; but finding him in his sick bed, he bewailed the misfortune that he should not hear a discourse from him: 'But you may,' answered Possidonius; and immediately entered into the point of stoical philosophy, which says pain is not an evil. During the discourse, upon every puncture he felt from his distemper, he smiled and cried out, 'Pain, Pain, be as impertinent and troublesome as you please, I shall never own thou art an evil.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING seen in several of your papers, a concern for the honour of the clergy, and their doing every thing as becomes their character, and particularly performing the public service with a due zeal and devotion; I am the more encouraged to lay before them, by your means, several expressions used by some of them in their prayers before sermon, which I am not well satisfied in: as, their giving some titles and epithets to great men, which are indeed due to them in their several ranks and stations, but not properly used, I think, in our prayers. Is it not contradiction to say, illustrious, right reverend, and right honourable poor sinners? These distinctions are suited only to our state here, and have no place in heaven: we see they are omitted

in the Liturgy; which, I think, the clergy should take for their pattern in their own forms of devotion.[d] There is another expression which I would not mention, but that I have heard it several times before a learned congregation, to bring in the last petition of the prayer in these words, "O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once;" as if there was no difference between Abraham's interceding for Sodom, for which he had no warrant, as we can find, and our asking those things which we are required to pray for; they would therefore have much more reason to fear his anger, if they did not make such petitions to him. There is another pretty fancy. When a young man has a mind to let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty, "Bless, as I am in duty bound to pray, the right honourable the countess;" is not that as much as to say, "Bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain?"

'Your humble servant, 'J. O.'

T.[e]

[d] In the original publication of this paper in folio, there was the following passage, left out when the papers were printed in volumes in 1712.

[Another expression which I take to be improper, is this, 'the whole race of mankind,' when they pray for all men; for race signifies lineage or descent; and if the race of mankind may be used for the present generation, (though, I think, not very fitly,) the whole race takes in all from the beginning to the end of the world. I don't remember to have met with that expression, in their sense, any where but in the old version of Psalm xiv. which those men, I suppose, have but little esteem for. And some, when they have prayed for all schools and nurseries of good learning and true religion, especially the two universities, add these words, 'Grant that from them, and all other places dedicated to thy worship and service, may come forth such persons, &c.' But what do they mean by all other places? It seems to me, that this is either a tautology, as being the same with all schools and nurseries before expressed, or else it runs too far; for there are several places dedicated to divine service, which cannot properly be intended here.] Spectator in Folio.

[e] By Steele, composed or communicated from the letter-box. See No. 324, note on letter T.

No. 313. THURSDAY, February 28, 1711-12.

Exigite ut mores teneros seu pollice ducat,
Ut si quis cerâ vultum facit —
Juv. Sat. vii. 237.

Bid him besides his daily pains employ,
To form the tender manners of the boy,
And work him like a waxen babe, with art,
To perfect symmetry in every part.
Ch. Dryden.

I shall give the following letter no other recommendation than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

* *
*

'Sir,

'I send you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intend to discuss that famous question, "Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?"

'As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterwards leave every person to determine for himself.

'It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that, as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer no body to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

*** See Nos. 307, and 337; on the same subject of education, and by the same author, Mr. E. Budgell.

'On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

'A private education promises, in the first place, virtue and good-breeding; a public school manly assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

'Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses, that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides; "If," says he, "I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad." However, as this learned author asserts, that virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than a knowledge of the world, and that vice is a much more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end, he advises parents to accustom their sons to whatever strange faces come to the house: to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

'It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary; but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in some measure their equals in parts and years, there can be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which,

without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

'One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. Osborne, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secresy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

'In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education, for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic; the latter, a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

'It must, however, be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of a liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

'In our great schools, indeed, this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that, for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have

many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

'I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts—though none of the weakest—could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad at this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's gray pad. I scorned to compound for my faults by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

'I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

'I shall give you, under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain.

The severity of the master[f] was too well known for the criminal to expect any pardon for such a fault; so that the boy, who was of a meek temper, was terrified to death at the thoughts of his appearance, when his friend, who sat next to him, bade him be of good cheer, for that he would take the fault on himself. He kept his word accordingly. As soon as they were grown up to be men, the civil war broke out, in which our two friends took the opposite sides; one of them followed the parliament, the other the royal party.

'As their tempers were different, the youth who had torn the curtain endeavoured to raise himself on the civil list, and the other who had borne the blame of it, on the military. The first succeeded so well, that he was in a short time made a judge under the Protector. The other was engaged in the unhappy enterprise of Penruddock and Groves in the west. I suppose, Sir, I need not acquaint you with the event of that undertaking. Every one knows that the royal party was routed, and all the heads of them, among whom was the curtain champion, imprisoned at Exeter. It happened to be his friend's lot at that time to go the western circuit. The trial of the rebels, as they were then called, was very short, and nothing now remained but to pass sentence on them; when the judge hearing the name of his old friend, and observing his face more attentively, which he had not seen for many years, asked him if he was not formerly a Westminster-scholar? By the answer, he was soon convinced that it was his former generous friend; and, without saying any thing more at the time, made the best of his way to Lon-

[f] Busby.

don, where employing all his power and interest with the Protector, he saved his friend from the fate of his unhappy associates.

'The gentleman whose life was thus preserved by the gratitude of his school-fellow, was afterwards the father of a son, whom he lived to see promoted in the church, and who still deservedly fills one of the highest stations in it.[g]'

X.[h]

No. 314. FRIDAY, February 29, 1711-12.

Tandem desine matrem
Tempestiva sequi viro.
Hor. 1. Od. xxiii. 11.

Attend thy mother's heels no more,
Now grown mature for man and ripe for joy.
Creech.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Feb. 7, 1711-12.

'I am a young man about eighteen years of age, and have been in love with a young woman of the same age about this half-year. I go to see her six days in the week, but never could have the happiness of being with her alone. If any of her friends are at home, she will see me in their company; but if they be not in the way, she flies to her chamber. I can discover no signs of her aversion: but either a fear of falling into the toils of matrimony, or a childish timidity, deprives us of an interview apart, and

[g] The gentleman here alluded to was colonel Wake, father to Dr. Wake, bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards archbishop of Canterbury. As Penruddock in the course of the trial takes occasion to say, 'he sees judge Nicholas on the bench,' it is most likely that he was the judge of the assize, who tried this cavalier. See Dr. Z. Grey's Hudibras, vol. i. p. 392, note. State Trials, vol. ii. p. 260. Sir J. Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. ii. b. ii. c. 8. p. 252, &c. note; and Tat. with notes, vol. iii. No. 92, p. 181, *& seq.* note.

[h] By Mr. E. Budgell. See No. 555, and note on the letter X.

drives us upon the difficulty of languishing out our lives in fruitless expectation. Now, Mr. Spectator, if you think us ripe for economy, persuade the dear creature, that to pine away into barrenness and deformity under a mother's shade, is not so honourable, nor does she appear so amiable, as she would in full bloom.

[There is a great deal left out before he concludes.]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Your humble servant, 'BOB HARMLESS.'

IF this gentleman be really no more than eighteen, I must do him the justice to say he is the most knowing infant I have yet met with. He does not, I fear, yet understand, that all he thinks of is another woman; therefore, till he has given a farther account of himself, the young lady is hereby directed to keep close to her mother.

THE SPECTATOR.

I cannot comply with the request in Mr. Trott's letter; but let it go just as it came to my hands for being so familiar with the old gentleman, as rough as he is to him. Since Mr. Trott has an ambition to make him his father-in-law, he ought to treat him with more respect; besides, his style to me might have been more distant than he has thought fit to afford me: moreover, his mistress shall continue in her confinement till he has found out which word in his letter is not rightly[i] spelt.

'MR. SPECTATOR,[k]

'I SHALL ever own myself your obliged humble servant, for the advice you gave me con-

[i] In the original publication in folio, it is printed 'wrightly,' the misspelt word, probably, in Mr. Trott's letter.

[k] See Nos. 296, let. 5, 6; 308, let. 3, 4; 316, let. 1; and 376, let. 2.

cerning my dancing; which, unluckily, came too late: for, as I said, I would not leave off capering till I had your opinion of the matter. Was at our famous assembly the day before I received your papers, and there was observed by an old gentleman, who was informed I had a respect for his daughter: he told me I was an insignificant little fellow, and said that for the future he would take care of his child; so that he did not doubt but to cross my amorous inclinations. The lady is confined to her chamber, and for my part I am ready to hang myself with the thoughts that I have danced myself out of favour with her father. I hope you will pardon the trouble I give: but shall take it for a mighty favour, if you will give me a little more of your advice to put me in a write way to cheat the old dragon and obtain my mistress. I am, once more, SIR,

'Your obliged humble servant,

"York, Feb. 23, 1711--12. 'JOHN TROTT.

'Let me desire you to make what alterations you please, and insert this as soon as possible. Pardon mistakes by haste.'

I NEVER do pardon mistakes by haste.

THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR, 'Feb. 27, 1711-12.

'PRAY be so kind as to let me know what you esteem to be the chief qualification of a good poet, especially of one who writes plays; and you will very much oblige, SIR,

'Your very humble servant, 'N. B.'

To be a very well bred man.

THE SPECTATOR.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You are to know that I am naturally brave, and love fighting as well as any man in England. This gallant temper of mine makes me extremely delighted with battles on the stage. I give you this trouble to complain to you, that Nicolini refused to gratify me in that part of the opera for which I have most taste. I observe it is become a custom, that whenever any gentlemen are particularly pleased with a song, at their crying out "Encore," or "*Altro Volto*," the performer is so obliging as to sing it over again. I was at the opera the last time Hydaspes was performed. At that part of it where the hero engages with the lion, the graceful manner with which he put that terrible monster to death, gave me so great a pleasure, and at the same time so just a sense of that gentleman's intrepidity and conduct, that I could not forbear desiring a repetition of it, by crying out "*Altro Volto*" in a very audible voice; and my friends flatter me that I pronounced those words with a tolerable good accent, considering that was but the third opera I had ever seen in my life. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there was so little regard had to me, that the lion was carried off, and went to bed, without being killed any more that night. Now, Sir, pray consider that I did not understand a word of what Mr. Nicolini said to this cruel creature; besides, I have no ear for music; so that during the long dispute between them, the whole entertainment I had was from my eye. Why then have not I as much right to have a graceful action repeated as another has a pleasing sound, since he only hears, as I only see, and we neither of us know that there is any reasonable thing a doing? pray, Sir, settle the business of this claim in the audience,

and let us know when we may cry "*Altro Volto*," *Anglice* "Again, Again," for the future. I am an Englishman, and expect some reason or other to be given me, and perhaps an ordinary one may serve; but I expect your answer.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

'TOBY RENTFREE.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Nov. 29.

'You must give me leave, amongst the rest of your female correspondents, to address you about an affair which has already given you many a speculation; and which, I know, I need not tell you has had a very happy influence over the adult part of our sex; but as many of us are either too old to learn, or too obstinate in the pursuit of the vanities which have been bred up with us from our infancy, and all of us quitting the stage whilst you are prompting us to act our part well; you ought, methinks, rather to turn your instructions for the benefit of that part of our sex who are yet in their native innocence, and ignorant of the vices and that variety of unhappinesses that reign amongst us.

'I must tell you, Mr. Spectator, that it is as much a part of your office to oversee the education of the female part of the nation as well as of the male; and to convince the world you are not partial, pray proceed to detect the mal-administration of governesses as successfully as you have exposed that of pedagogues; and rescue our sex from the prejudice and tyranny of education, as well as that of your own, who, without your seasonable interposition, are like to improve upon the vices that are now in vogue.

'I who know the dignity of your post as Spec-

tator, and the authority a skilful eye ought to bear in the female world, could not forbear consulting you, and beg your advice in so critical a point as is that of the education of young gentlewomen. Having already provided myself with a very convenient house in a good air, I am not without hope but that you will promote this generous design. I must farther tell you, Sir, that all who shall be committed to my conduct, besides the usual accomplishments of the needle, dancing, and the French tongue, shall not fail to be your constant readers. It is therefore my humble petition, that you will entertain the town on this important subject, and so far oblige a stranger as to raise a curiosity and inquiry in my behalf, by publishing the following advertisement.

'I am, SIR, your constant admirer,

'M. W.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Boarding-School for young Gentlewomen, which was formerly kept on Mile-End-Green, being laid down, there is now one set up almost opposite to it, at the Two Golden Balls, and much more convenient in every respect; where, besides the common instructions given to young gentlewomen, they will be taught the whole art of pastry and preserving, with whatever may render them accomplished. Those who please to make trial of the vigilance and ability of the persons concerned, may inquire at the Two Golden Balls on Mile-End-Green, near Stepney, where they will receive farther satisfaction.

This is to give notice that the Spectator has taken upon him to be visitant of all boarding-schools where

young women are educated; and designs to proceed in the said office after the same manner that the visitants of colleges do in the two famous universities of this land.

All lovers who write to the Spectator are desired to forbear one expression which is in most of the letters to him, either out of laziness or want of invention, and is true of not above two thousand women in the whole world, viz. 'She has in her all that is valuable in woman.' T.[1]

No. 315. SATURDAY, March 1, 1711–12.

Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—
Hor. Ars Poet. 191.

Never presume to make a god appear,
But for a business worthy of a god.
Roscommon.

* *
*

Horace advises a poet to consider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton seems to have known perfectly well wherein his strength lay, and has therefore chosen a subject entirely conformable to those talents of which he was master. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the sublime, his subject is the noblest that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great and astonishing has a place in it. The whole

[1] By Steele, probably transcribed. See No. 324, final note on signature T.

*** Continuation of Addison's critique on Paradise Lost, part ix. On the 3d book of that poem. See Bishop Newton's notes. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

system of the intellectual world; the chaos, and the creation; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the constitution of his poem.

Having in the first and second books represented the infernal world with all its horrors, the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the opposite regions of bliss and glory.

If Milton's majesty forsakes him any where, it is in those parts of his poem where the divine persons are introduced as speakers. One may, I think, observe that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling whilst he describes the sentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooses to confine himself to such thoughts as are drawn from the books of the most orthodox divines, and to such expressions as may be met with in scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in these speeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor so proper to fill the mind with sentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The passions, which they are designed to raise, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the speeches in the third book consists in that shortness and perspicuity of style, in which the poet has couched the greatest mysteries of Christianity, and drawn together, in a regular scheme, the whole dispensation of Providence with respect to man. He has represented all the abstruse doctrines of predestination, free-will, and grace, as also the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a poem that treats of the fall of man,) with great energy of expression, and in a clearer and stronger light than ever I met with in any other writer. As these points are dry in themselves to the generality of readers, the concise and clear

manner in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired, as is likewise that particular art which he has made use of in the interspersing of all those graces of poetry, which the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is transacted in it, is a prospect worthy of Omniscience; and as much above that in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Christian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and sublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is described to have cast his eye, are represented in the most beautiful and lively maner:[m]

'Now had th' Almighty Father from above
(From the pure Empyrean where he sits
High thron'd above all height) bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the sanctities of heav'n
Stood thick as stars, and from his sight receiv'd
Beatitude past utt'rance. On his right
The radiant image of his glory sat,
His only Son. On earth he first beheld
Our two first parents, yet the only two
Of mankind, in the happy garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love;
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In blissful solitude. He then survey'd
Hell and the gulph between, and Satan there
Coasting the wall of heav'n on this side night,
In the dun air sublime; and ready now
To stoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outside of this world, that seem'd
Firm land embosom'd without firmament;
Uncertain which, in ocean, or in air.
Him God beholding from his prospect high,
Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son forseeing spake.'

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation

[m] This picture is given much in the same way as Tasso has given it, canto i. stanza 7.

is finely imaged in the beginning of the speech which immediately follows. The effects of this speech in the blessed spirits, and in the divine person to whom it was addressed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a secret pleasure and complacency:

'Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
All heav'n, and in the blessed spirits elect
Sense of the new joy ineffable diffus'd.
Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
Most glorious; in him all his Father shone
Substantially express'd; and in his face
Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure grace.'

I need not point out the beauty of that circumstance, wherein the whole host of Angels are represented as standing mute; nor show how proper the occasion was to produce such a silence in heaven. The close of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of angels that follows upon it, are so wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I should not forbear inserting the whole passage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave:

'No sooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all
The multitude of angels with a shout,
(Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
As from blest voices,) utt'ring joy, heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd
Th' eternal regions, &c. &c.——'

Satan's walk upon the outside of the universe, which at a distance appeared to him of a globular form, but upon his nearer approach looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation between that mass of matter which was wrought into a world,

and that shapeless unformed heap of materials which still lay in chaos and confusion, strikes the imagination with something astonishingly great and wild. I have before spoken of the Limbo of Vanity, which the poet places upon this outermost surface of the universe, and shall here explain myself more at large on that and other parts of the poem which are of the same shadowy nature.

Aristotle observes, that the fable in an epic poem should abound in circumstances that are both credible and astonishing; or, as the French critics choose to phrase it, the fable should be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and just as any in Aristotle's whole Art of Poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true history; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great secret, therefore, of heroic poetry is to relate such circumstances as may produce in the reader at the same time both belief and astonishment. This is brought to pass in a well chosen fable, by the account of such things as have really happened, or at least of such things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a master-piece of this nature; as the war in heaven, the condition of the fallen angels, the state of innocence, the temptation of the serpent, and the fall of man, though they are very astonishing in themselves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as, in particular, when he introduces agents of a superior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary course of things. Ulysses's ship being

turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a shoal of water-nymphs, though they are very surprising accidents, are nevertheless probable when we are told that they were the gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with such circumstances as are wonderful but not impossible, and so frequently produce in the reader the most pleasing passion that can rise in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any instance in the Æneid liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is represented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumstance, Polydorus tells a story from the root of the myrtle, that the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with spears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumstance seems to have the marvellous without the probable, because it is represented as proceeding from natural causes, without the interposition of any god, or other supernatural power capable of producing it. The spears and arrows grow of themselves without so much as the modern help of enchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full of surprising incidents, they are generally suited to our notions of the things and persons described, and tempered with a due measure of probability. I must only make an exception to the Limbo of Vanity, with his episode of Sin and Death, and some of his imaginary persons in his chaos. These passages are astonishing, but not credible; the reader cannot so far impose upon himself as to see a possibility in them; they are the description

of dreams and shadows, not of things or persons. I know that many critics look upon the stories of Circe, Polypheme, the Sirens, nay the whole Odyssey and Iliad, to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are fables, which, considering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might possibly have been according to the letter. The persons are such as might have acted what is ascribed to them, as the circumstances in which they are represented might possibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is so absolutely requisite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Aristotle observes the ancient tragic writers made use of the names of such great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpose to make the subject more credible. In a word, besides the hidden meaning of an epic allegory, the plain literal sense ought to appear probable. The story should be such as an ordinary reader may acquiesce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be discovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the surface or outermost wall of the universe, discovers at last a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is described as the opening through which the angels pass to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His sitting upon the brink of this passage, and taking a survey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and fresh in all its beauties, with the simile illustrating this circumstance, fills the mind of the reader with as surprising and glorious an idea as any that arises in the whole poem. He looks down into that vast

hollow of the universe with the eye, or (as Milton calls it in his first book), with the ken of an angel. He surveys all the wonders in this immense amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the several worlds that shined on every side of him, with the particular description of the sun, are set forth in all the wantonness of a luxuriant imagination. His shape, speech, and behaviour upon his transforming himself into an angel of light, are touched with exquisite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the sun, which, in the vulgar opinion of mankind, is the most conspicuous part of the creation, and the placing in it an angel, is a circumstance very finely contrived, and the more adjusted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the most famous philosophers, that every orb had its intelligence; and as an apostle in sacred writ is said to have seen such an angel in the sun. In the answer which this angel returns to the disguised evil spirit, there is such a becoming majesty as is altogether suitable to a superior being. The part of it in which he represents himself as present at the creation, is very noble in itself, and not only proper where it is introduced, but requisite to prepare the reader for what follows in the seventh book:

> 'I saw when at his word the formless mass,
> This world's material mould, came to a heap:
> Confusion heard his voice, and wild Uproar
> Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd;
> Till at his second bidding Darkness fled,
> Light shone,' &c.

In the following part of the speech he points out

the earth with such circumstances, that the reader can scarce forbear fancying himself employed on the same distant view of it:

> 'Look downward on the globe whose hither side
> With light from hence, though but reflected, shines;
> That place is earth, the seat of man, that light
> His day,' &c.

I must not conclude my reflections upon this third book of Paradise Lost, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deserves all the praises that have been given it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excrescence, than as an essential part of the poem. The same observation might be applied to that beautiful digression upon hypocrisy in the same book. L.[n]

No. 316. MONDAY, March 3, 1711–12.

> Libertas; quæ sera tamen respexit inertem.
> VIRG. Ecl. i. 28.
>
> Freedom, which came at length, though slow to come.
> DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'If you ever read a letter which is sent with the more pleasure for the reality of its complaints, this may have reason to hope for a favourable acceptance; and if time be the most irretrievable loss, the regrets which follow will be thought, I hope, the most justifiable. The regaining of my

[n] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, London. See Nos. 334 and 221, notes on Addison's signatures in the Spectator, C, L, I, O.

liberty from a long state of indolence and inactivity, and the desire of resisting the farther encroachments of idleness, make me apply to you; and the uneasiness with which I recollect the past years, and the apprehensions with which I expect the future, soon determined me to it. Idleness is so general a distemper, that I cannot but imagine a speculation on this subject will be of universal use. There is hardly any one person without some allay of it; and thousands beside myself spend more time in an idle uncertainty which to begin first of two affairs, than would have been sufficient to have ended them both. The occasion of this seems to be the want of some necessary employment, to put the spirits in motion, and awaken them out of their lethargy. If I had less leisure, I should have more; for I should then find my time distinguished into portions, some for business, and others for the indulging of pleasures; but now one face of indolence overspreads the whole, and I have no land-mark to direct myself by. Were one's time a little straitened by business, like water enclosed in its banks, it would have some determined course; but unless it be put into some channel it has no current, but becomes a deluge without either use or motion.

'When Scanderbeg, prince of Epirus, was dead, the Turks, who had but too often felt the force of his arm in the battles he had won from them, imagined, that by wearing a piece of his bones near their heart he should be animated with a vigour and force like to that which inspired him when living. As I am like to be but of little use whilst I live, I am resolved to do what good I can after my decease; and have accordingly ordered my bones to be dis-

posed of in this manner for the good of my countrymen, who are troubled with too exorbitant a degree of fire. All fox-hunters, upon wearing me, would in a short time be brought to endure their beds in a morning, and perhaps even quit them with regret at ten. Instead of hurrying away to teaze a poor animal, and run away from their own thoughts, a chair or a chariot would be thought the most desirable means of performing a remove from one place to another. I should be a cure for the unnatural desire of John Trott for dancing, and a specific to lessen the inclination Fidget has to motion, and cause her always to give her approbation to the present place she is in. In fine, no Egyptian mummy was ever half so useful in physic, as I should be to these feverish constitutions, to repress the violent sallies of youths and give each action its proper weight and repose.

'I can stifle any violent inclination, and oppose a torrent of anger, or the solicitations of revenge, with success. Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be tost in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed: and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want the vigour and resolution necessary for the exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding. A faculty of doing things remark-

ably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more use to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.

'To-morrow is still the fatal time when all is to be rectified. To-morrow comes, it goes, and still I please myself with the shadow, whilst I lose the reality: unmindful that the present time alone is ours; the future is yet unborn, and the past is dead, and can only live (as parents in their children) in the actions it has produced.

'The time we live ought not to be computed by the number of years, but by the use that has been made of it; thus, 'tis not the extent of ground, but the yearly rent which gives the value to the estate. Wretched and thoughtless creatures, in the only place where covetousness were a virtue, we turn prodigals! Nothing lies upon our hands with such uneasiness, nor has there been so many devices for any one thing, as to make it slide away imperceptibly and to no purpose. A shilling shall be hoarded up with care, whilst that which is above the price of an estate is flung away with disregard and contempt. There is nothing now-a-days so much avoided, as a solicitous improvement of every part of time; 'tis a report must be shunned, as one tenders the name of a wit and a fine genius, and as one fears the dreadful character of a laborious plodder: but notwithstanding this, the greatest wits any age has produced thought far otherwise; for who can think either Socrates or Demosthenes lost any reputation, by their continual pains both in overcoming the defects and improving the gifts of nature. All are acquainted with the labour and assiduity with which Tully acquired his eloquence. Seneca in his letters to Lucilius assures him, there

was not a day in which he did not either write something, or read and epitomize some good author; and I remember Pliny in one of his letters, where he gives an account of the various methods he used to fill up every vacancy of time, after several employments which he enumerates: "sometimes," says he, "I hunt: but even then I carry with me a pocket-book, that whilst my servants are busied in disposing of the nets and other matters, I may be employed in something that may be useful to me in my studies; and that, if I miss of my game, I may at the least bring home some of my own thoughts with me, and not have the mortification of having caught nothing all day."

'Thus, Sir, you see, how many examples I recal to mind, and what arguments I use with myself, to regain my liberty: but as I am afraid 'tis no ordinary persuasion that will be of service, I shall expect your thoughts on this subject, with the greatest impatience, especially since the good will not be confined to me alone, but will be of universal use. For there is no hope of amendment where men are pleased with their ruin, and whilst they think laziness is a desirable character: whether it be that they like the state itself, or that they think it gives them a new lustre when they do exert themselves, seemingly to be able to do that without labour and application which others attain to but with the greatest diligence.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most obliged humble servant,

'Samuel Slack.'

'CLYTANDER TO CLEONE.

'MADAM,

'PERMISSION to love you is all that I desire, to conquer all the difficulties those about you place in my way, to surmount and acquire all those qualifications you expect in him who pretends to the honour of being,

'MADAM,

'Your most devoted humble servant,

Z.° 'CLYTANDER.'

No. 317. TUESDAY, MARCH 4, 1711-12.

—Fruges consumere nati.
HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 27.

—Born to drink and eat.
CREECH.

AUGUSTUS, a few moments before his death, asked his friends who stood about him, if they thought he had acted his part well; and upon receiving such an answer as was due to his extraordinary merit, 'Let me then,' says he, 'go off the stage with your applause;' using the expression with which the Roman actors made their exit at the conclusion of a dramatic piece.[P] I could wish that men, while they are in

° The annotator has not been able to learn with certainty who was the author of the papers signed with the signature Z, Nos. 286, 292, and 316. A paragraph in Spec. No. 555, where several contributors are mentioned in the order of their communications, suggests an opinion that this and the two preceding papers, marked Z, might be written by Mr. Carey, of New College in Oxford. Perhaps they might be the production of Mr. Parker, of Merton College, mentioned in the notes on the late edition of the Tatler, *passim*. See also Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, art. Smith Edmond, alias Neal, vol. ii. p. 241, edit. 8vo. 1781.

P Vos valete et plaudite.

health, would consider well the nature of the part they are engaged in, and what figure it will make in the minds of those they leave behind them: whether it was worth coming into the world for: whether it be suitable to a reasonable being; in short, whether it appears graceful in this life, or will turn to an advantage in the next. Let the sycophant or buffoon, the satirist or the good companion, consider with himself, when his body shall be laid in the grave and his soul pass into another state of existence, how much it would redound to his praise to have it said of him, that no man in England eat better, that he had an admirable talent at turning his friend into ridicule, that nobody outdid him at an ill-natured jest, or that he never went to bed before he had dispatched his third bottle. These are, however, very common funeral orations, and eulogiums on deceased persons who have acted among mankind with some figure and reputation.

But if we look into the bulk of our species, they are such as are not likely to be remembered a moment after their disappearance. They leave behind them no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, regretted by the rich, nor celebrated by the learned. They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor lamented by private persons. Their actions are of no significancy to mankind, and might have been performed by creatures of much less dignity than those who are distinguished by the faculty of reason. An eminent French author speaks somewhere to the following purpose: I have often seen from my chamber window two noble creatures, both of them of an erect countenance and endowed with reason. These two intellectual

beings are employed from morning to night, in rubbing two smooth stones one upon another; that is, as the vulgar phrase it, in polishing marble.

My friend, sir Andrew Freeport, as we were sitting in the club last night, gave us an account of a sober citizen who died a few days since. This honest man, being of greater consequence in his own thoughts than in the eye of the world, had for some years past kept a journal of his life. Sir Andrew showed us one week of it. Since the occurrences set down in it mark out such a road of action as that I have been speaking of, I shall present my reader with a faithful copy of it; after having first informed him, that the deceased person had in his youth been bred to trade, but finding himself not so well turned for business, he had for several years last past lived altogether upon a moderate annuity.[q]

Monday, eight o'clock. I put on my clothes, and walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my knee-strings, and washed my hands.

Hours, ten, eleven, and twelve. Smoked three pipes of Virginia. Read the Supplement and Daily Courant. Things go ill in the north. Mr. Nisby's opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. Chid Ralph for mislaying my tobacco-box.

[q] This journal was, it may be, genuine, but certainly published here as a banter on a gentleman who was a member of a congregation of dissenters commonly called Independents, where a Mr. Nesbit officiated at that time as minister. The curious may find information *satis superque* concerning Mr. Nesbit, in John Dunton's account of his Life, Errors, and Opinions. The person who kept this insipid journal, led just such a life as is described and ridiculed here, and was continually asking or quoting his pastor's opinion on every subject.

Two o'clock. Sat down to dinner. Mem. Too many plums and no suet.

From three to four took my afternoon's nap.

From four to six. Walked into the fields. Wind S. S. E.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, slept sound.

Tuesday, being holiday, eight o'clock. Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands and face, shaved, put on my doubled-soaled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a walk to Islington.

One. Took a pot of mother Cob's mild.

Between two and three. Returned, dined on a knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem. sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From four to six. Coffee-house. Read the news. A dish of twist. Grand visier strangled.

From six to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the grand visier. Broken sleep.

Wednesday, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-buckle broke. Hands but not face.

Nine. Paid off the butcher's bill. Mem. to be allowed for the last leg of mutton.

Ten, eleven. At the coffee-house. More work in the north. Stranger in a black wig asked me how stocks went.

From twelve to one. Walked in the fields. Wind to the south.

From one to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a pewter dish. Mem. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.

From four to six. At the coffee-house. Advice from Smyrna that the grand visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the evening. Was half an hour in the club before any body else came. Mr. Nisby of opinion that the grand visier was not strangled the sixth instant.

Ten at night. Went to bed. Slept without waking till nine the next morning.

Thursday, nine o'clock. Staid within till two o'clock for sir Timothy; who did not bring me my annuity according to his promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss of appetite. Small-beer sour. Beef overcorned.

Three. Could not take my nap.

Four and five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear. Turned off my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to sir Timothy. Mem. I did not go to the club to-night. Went to bed at nine o'clock.

Friday. Passed the morning in meditation upon sir Timothy, who was with me a quarter before twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new head to my cane, and a tongue to my buckle. Drank a glass of purl to recover appetite.

Two and three. Dined and slept well.

From four to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met Mr. Nisby there. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby of opinion that laced coffee is bad for the head.

Six o'clock. At the club as steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small-beer with the grand visier.

Saturday. Waked at eleven, walked in the fields, wind N. E.

Twelve. Caught in a shower.

One in the afternoon. Returned home and dried myself.

Two. Mr. Nisby dined with me. First course, marrow-bones; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of Brooks and Hellier.

Three. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the club. Like to have fallen into a gutter. Grand visier certainly dead, &c.

I question not but the reader will be surprised to find the above-mentioned journalist taking so much care of a life that was filled with such inconsiderable actions, and received so very small improvements, and yet if we look into the behaviour of many whom we daily converse with, we shall find that most of their hours are taken up in those three important articles of eating, drinking, and sleeping. I do not suppose that a man loses his time, who is not engaged in public affairs or in an illustrious course of action. On the contrary, I believe our hours may very often be more profitably laid out in such transactions as make no figure in the world, than in such as are apt to draw upon them the attention of mankind. One may become wiser and better by several methods of employing one's self in secrecy and silence, and do what is laudable without noise or ostentation. I would, however, recommend to every one of my readers, the keeping a journal of their lives for one week, and setting down punctually their whole series of employments during that space of time. This kind of self-examination, would give them a true state of themselves, and incline them to

consider seriously what they are about. One would rectify the omissions of another, and make a man weigh all those indifferent actions, which, though they are easily forgotten, must certainly be accounted for.[r] L.[s]

No. 318. WEDNESDAY, March 5, 1711–12.

— non omnia possumus omnes.
VIRG. Ecl. viii. 68.
With different talents form'd, we variously excel.[t]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A CERTAIN vice, which you have lately attacked, has not yet been considered by you as growing so deep in the heart of man, that the affectation outlives the practice of it. You must have observed, that men who have been bred in arms preserve to the most extreme and feeble old age a certain daring in their aspect. In like manner, they who have passed their time in gallantry and adventure, keep up, as well as they can, the appearance of it, and carry a petulant inclination to their last moments. Let this serve for a preface to a relation I am going to give you of an old beau in town, that

[r] See Spec. Nos. 54, 286, 292, and 320.

[s] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, London. See No. 221, note on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O.

This speculation, No. 317, as it stands in connection, appears to have been Addison's reflections on the preceding paper, of which it may be considered as a sequel.

[t] This motto is likewise prefixed to Spect. No. 404. The original motto to this paper in folio was,

'Rideat et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.'
HOR.
'Lascivious age might better play the fool.

has not only been amorous, and a follower of women in general, but also, in spite of the admonition of gray hairs, been from his sixty-third year to his present seventieth, in an actual pursuit of a young lady, the wife of his friend, and a man of merit. The gay old Escalus has wit, good health, and is perfectly well-bred; but, from the fashion and manners of the court when he was in his bloom, has such a natural tendency to amorous adventure, that he thought it would be an endless reproach to him to make no use of a familiarity he was allowed at a gentleman's house, whose good-humour and confidence exposed his wife to the addresses of any who should take it in their head to do him the good office. It is not impossible that Escalus might also resent that the husband was particularly negligent of him; and though he gave many intimations of a passion towards the wife, the husband either did not see them, or put him to the contempt of overlooking them. In the mean time, Isabella—for so we shall call our heroine—saw his passion, and rejoiced in it as a foundation for much diversion, and an opportunity of indulging herself in the dear delight of being admired, addressed to, and flattered, with no ill consequence to her reputation. This lady is of a free and disengaged behaviour, ever in good humour, such as is the image of innocence with those who are innocent, and an encouragement to vice with those who are abandoned. From this kind of carriage, and an apparent approbation of his gallantry, Escalus had frequent opportunities of laying amorous epistles in her way, of fixing his eyes attentively upon her action, of performing a thousand little offices which are neglected by the unconcerned, but are so many approaches towards happiness with

the enamoured. It was now, as is above hinted, almost the end of the seventh year of his passion, when Escalus, from general terms, and the ambiguous respect which criminal lovers retain in their addresses, began to bewail that his passion grew too violent for him to answer any longer for his behaviour towards her, and that he hoped she would have consideration for his long and patient respect, to excuse the emotions of a heart now no longer under the direction of the unhappy owner of it. Such, for some months, had been the language of Escalus, both in his talk and his letters to Isabella; who returned all the profusion of kind of things which had been the collection of fifty years, with "I must not hear you; you will make me forget that you are a gentleman; I would not willingly lose you as a friend;" and the like expressions, which the skilful interpret to their own advantage, as well knowing that a feeble denial is a modest assent. I should have told you, that Isabella, during the whole progress of this amour, communicated it to her husband; and that an account of Escalus's love was their usual entertainment after half a day's absence. Isabella, therefore, upon her lover's late more open assaults, with a smile told her husband she could hold out no longer, but that his fate was now come to a crisis. After she had explained herself a little farther, with her husband's approbation, she proceeded in the following manner. The next time that Escalus was alone with her, and repeated his importunity, the crafty Isabella looked on her fan with an air of great attention, as considering of what importance such a secret was to her; and upon the repetition of a warm expression, she looked at him with an eye of fondness, and told him he

was past that time of life which could make her fear he would boast of a lady's favour; then turned away her head, with a very well acted confusion, which favoured the escape of the aged Escalus. This adventure was matter of great pleasantry to Isabella and her spouse; and they had enjoyed it two days before Escalus could recollect himself enough to form the following letter:

"MADAM,

"WHAT happened the other day, gives me a lively image of the inconsistency of human passions and inclinations. We pursue what we are denied, and place our affections on what is absent, though we neglected it when present. As long as you refused my love, your refusal did so strongly excite my passion, that I had not once the leisure to think of recalling my reason to aid me against the design upon your virtue. But when that virtue began to comply in my favour, my reason made an effort over my love, and let me see the baseness of my behaviour in attempting a woman of honour. I own to you, it was not without the most violent struggle that I gained this victory over myself; nay, I will confess my shame, and acknowledge, I could not have prevailed but by flight. However, Madam, I beg that you will believe a moment's weakness has not destroyed the esteem I had for you, which was confirmed by so many years of obstinate virtue. You have reason to rejoice that this did not happen within the observation of one of the young fellows, who would have exposed your weakness, and gloried in his own brutish inclinations.

"I am, MADAM,

"Your most devoted humble servant."

'Isabella, with the help of her husband, returned the following answer:

"SIR,

"I CANNOT but account myself a very happy woman, in having a man for a lover that can write so well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I ever heard of; on occasions where the most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We are each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent. Does it not yet come into your head to imagine, that I knew my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but if you will leave me and coquet it any where else, may your mistress yield.

T.[u] "ISABELLA."

No. 319. THURSDAY, MARCH, 6, 1711–12.

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?
HOR. 1 Ep. i. 90.

Say while they change on thus, what chains can bind
These varying forms, this Proteus of the mind?
FRANCIS.

I HAVE endeavoured in the course of my papers to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neuter between both

[u] By Steele, transcribed. See No. 334, note on signature T.

sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; but, notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself taxed with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford a more fruitful field for speculation, or whether they run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell, but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter:

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I ALWAYS make one among a company of young females who peruse your speculations every morning. I am at present commissioned by our whole assembly to let you know that we fear you are a little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must however acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us our revenge on the men, and done us justice. We could not easily have forgiven you several strokes in the dissection of the coquette's heart, if you had not, much about the same time, made a sacrifice to us of a beau's skull.[w]

'You may, farther, Sir, please to remember, that not long since you attacked our hoods and commodes[x] in such a manner, as, to use your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to show our heads. We must, therefore, beg leave to represent to you, that we are in hopes, if you would please to make a due inquiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adorning that part than ourselves. The different forms of

[w] See Spect. Nos. 281, 275. [x] See Spect. No. 265.

their wigs, together with the various cocks of their hats, all flatter us in this opinion.

'I had an humble servant last summer who the first time he declared himself was in a full-bottomed wig, but the day after, to my no small surprise, he accosted me in a thin natural one. I received him at this our second interview as a perfect stranger, but was extremely confounded when his speech discovered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my memory for the future; but as I was walking in the Park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of those wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterwards played a couple of black riding wigs upon me with the same success; and, in short, assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

'I observed afterwards that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

'Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must doubtless, Sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows have, for several months last past, taken upon them to wear feathers.

'We hope, therefore, that these may, with as much justice, be called Indian princes, as you have stiled a woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that you will in due time take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

'We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who, after having refused several good estates, and two

titles, was lured from us last week by a mixed feather.

'I am ordered to present you with the respects of our whole company, and am, SIR,

'Your very humble servant,

'DORINDA.'

'NOTE—The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an arrant linen-draper.'[y]

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather; however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

'SIR,

'I PRESUME I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, "Mr. Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;" by which we understand, that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand "whether we will have a plain suit, or strike a bold stroke." I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since; I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which, when I saw the town come readily into, being resolved to strike while the

[y] Only an ensign in the train-bands.—Spect. in folio.

iron was hot, I produced, much about the same time, the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

'A few months after, I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camlet; and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, till at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town, who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned surtout before one of these gentlemen, who was disingenuous enough to steal my thought, and by that means prevented my intended stroke.

'I have a design this spring to make very considerable innovations in the waistcoat; and have already begun with a *coup d'essai* upon the sleeves, which has succeeded very well.

'I must farther inform you, if you will promise to encourage, or at least to connive at me, that it is my design to strike such a stroke the beginning of the next month as shall surprise the whole town.

'I do not think it prudent to acquaint you with all the particulars of my intended dress; but will only tell you as a sample of it, that I shall very speedily appear at White's in a cherry-coloured hat. I took this hint from the ladies' hoods, which I look upon as the boldest stroke that sex has struck for these hundred years last past. I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient, most humble servant,

'WILL SPRIGHTLY.'

I have not time at present to make any reflec-

tions on this letter, but must not, however, omit, that having shown it to Will Honeycomb, he desires to be acquainted with the gentleman who writ it.[z]

X.[a]

No. 320. FRIDAY, March 7, 1711-12.

—non pronuba Juno,
Non Hymenæus adest, non illi Gratia lecto:
Eumenides stravera torum—

Ovid. Met. vi. 428.

Nor Hymen, nor the Graces here preside,
Nor Juno to befriend the blooming bride;
But fiends with fun'ral brands the process led,
And furies waited at the genial bed.

Croxal.

*

'Mr. Spectator,

'You have given many hints in your papers to the disadvantage of persons of your own sex, who lay plots upon women. Among other hard words you have published the term "Male Coquets," and been very severe upon such as give themselves the liberty of a little dalliance of heart, and playing fast and loose between love and indifference, till perhaps an easy young girl is reduced to sighs, dreams, and tears; and languishes away her life for a careless coxcomb, who looks astonished, and wonders at such an effect from what in him was all but common civi-

[z] This last paragraph was not in the original publication in folio.

[a] By Mr. Eustace Budgell, as we are informed by Steele, in Spect. No. 555. Nos. 277, 283, 301, 307, and 313, are distinguished by the signature X, and written by the same hand, who was wont, it is said, to mark his linen with the same signature X.

* The motto to this paper in the original publication in folio, was,

'Hæ sunt quæ tenui sudant in Cyclade.'

Juv.

'How hard they labour in their little sphere.'

lity. Thus you have treated the men who are irresolute in marriage: but if you design to be impartial, pray be so honest as to print the information I now give you, of a certain set of women who never coquet for the matter, but, with an high hand, marry whom they please to whom they please. As for my part, I should not have concerned myself with them, but that I understand I am pitched upon by them to be married, against my will, to one I never saw in my life. It has been my misfortune, Sir, very innocently, to rejoice in a plentiful fortune, of which I am master, to bespeak a fine chariot, to give directions for two or three handsome snuff-boxes, and as many suits of fine clothes; but, before any of these were ready, I heard reports of my being to be married to two or three different young women. Upon my taking notice of it to a young gentleman who is often in my company, he told me smiling, I was in the inquisition. You may believe I was not a little startled at what he meant, and more so when he asked me if I had bespoke any thing of late that was fine. I told him several; upon which he produced a description of my person from the tradesmen whom I had employed, and told me that they had certainly informed against me. Mr. Spectator, whatever the world may think of me, I am more coxcomb than fool, and I grew very inquisitive upon this head, not a little pleased with the novelty. My friend told me there were a certain set of women of fashion, whereof the number of six made a committee, who sat thrice a-week, under the title of "The Inquisition on Maids and Bachelors." It seems, whenever there comes such an unthinking gay thing as myself to town, he must want all manner of necessaries, or be put into the inquisition by the first tradesman he

employs. They have constant intelligence with cane-shops, perfumers, toymen, coach-makers, and china-houses. From these several places, these undertakers for marriages have as constant and regular correspondence, as the funeral-men have with vintners and apothecaries. All bachelors are under their immediate inspection; and my friend produced to me a report given into their board, wherein an old uncle of mine who came to town with me, and myself, were inserted, and we stood thus: the uncle smoky, rotten, poor; the nephew raw, but no fool; sound at present, very rich. My information did not end here, but my friend's advices are so good, that he could show me a copy of the letter sent to the young lady who is to have me, which I enclose to you:

"MADAM,

"THIS is to let you know that you are to be married to a beau that comes out on Thursday, six in the evening. Be at the Park. You cannot but know a virgin fop; they have a mind to look saucy, but are out of contenance. The board has denied him to several good families. I wish you joy.

"CORINNA."

'What makes my correspondent's case the more deplorable is, that, as I find by the report from my censor of marriages, the friend he speaks of is employed by the inquisition to take him in, as the phrase is. After all that is told him, he has information only of one woman that is laid for him, and that the wrong one; for the lady commissioners have devoted him to another than the person against whom they have employed their agent his friend to alarm him. The plot is laid so well about this young gentleman, that

he has no friend to retire to, no place to appear in, or part of the kingdom to fly into, but he must fall into the notice and be subject to the power of the inquisition. They have their emissaries and substitutes in all parts of this united kingdom. The first step they usually take is, to find from a correspondence, by their messengers and whisperers, with some domestic of a bachelor, (who is to be hunted into the toils they have laid for him,) what are his manners, his familiarities, his good qualities, or vices; not as the good in him is a recommendation, or the ill a diminution, but as they affect to contribute to the main inquiry what estate he has in him. When this point is well reported to the board, they can take in a wild roaring fox-hunter, as easily as a soft gentle young fop of the town. The way is to make all places uneasy to him but the scenes in which they have allotted him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle companions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought into the conspiracy against him. Then this matter is not laid in so barefaced a manner before him as to have it intimated Mrs. Such-a-one would make him a very proper wife; but by the force of their correspondence they shall make it (as Mr. Waller said of the marriage of the dwarfs) as impracticable to have any woman besides her they design him, as it would have been in Adam to have refused Eve. The man named by the commission for Mrs. Such-a-one shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever to appear in company, should he attempt to evade their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life; and by this means, when they think fit, they can sow dissensions between the dearest friends, nay, make father and son irreconcileable enemies, in spite of all the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of

protection to be paid on the other. The ladies of the inquisition understand this perfectly well; and where love is not a motive to a man's choosing one whom they allot, they can, with very much art, insinuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, till the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which he every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court; and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past; but they have prevented two successive matches which were of his own inclination; the one, by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding-clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time, by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women, and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess he designs to lead a single life; but the inquisition give out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or reproach; pleasure, honour, and riches are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young; of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary; and that it is impossible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this is spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a certain woman for him, and

they think they all together are better able to judge than he, or any other private person whatsoever.

'SIR, 'Temple, March 3, 1711.

'YOUR speculation this day[b] on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having loitered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spend most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house, where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns, with our stockings about our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our salutation at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and then without more ceremony we take our place at the lolling-table, where our discourse is, what I fear you would not read out, therefore shall not insert. But I assure you, Sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened, by the arguments of Mr. Slack, out of the senseless stupidity that has so long possessed me. And to demonstrate that penitence accompanies my confession, and constancy my resolutions, I have locked my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within.

'I am, with great respect,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient servant,

T.[c] 'N. B.'

[b] See Spect. No. 316, and No. 54.

[c] By Steele, transcribed. See No. 324, note on signature T, &c.

No. 321. SATURDAY, March 8, 1711–12.

Nec satis est pulchra esse poemata, dulcia sunto.
Hor. Ars Poet. 99.

'Tis not enough a poem's finely writ;
It must affect and captivate the soul.

* *
*

Those, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will easily pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The Paradise Lost is looked upon by the best judges as the greatest production, or at least the noblest work of genius in our language, and therefore deserves to be set before an English reader in its full beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections in my six first papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular. The three first books I have already despatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the descriptive parts of his poem, which I have not touched upon, it being my intention to point out those only which appear to me the most exquisite, or those which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the critics who have written upon the Odyssey, the Iliad, and the Æneid, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they

*** Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost, Part x. On the beautiful passages in the fourth book of that poem, under three heads, 1. Pictures of Still-Life; 2. Machines; 3. The conduct of Adam and Eve. See Bishop Newton's notes. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

have nevertheless each of them discovered several master-strokes which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any writer, who shall treat of this subject after me, may find several beauties in Milton which I have not taken notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the greatest masters of critical learning differ among one another as to some particular points in an epic poem, I have not bound myself scrupulously to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty sometimes to join with one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side.

We may consider the beauties of the fourth book under three heads. In the first, are those pictures of still-life, which we meet with in the descriptions of Eden, Paradise, Adam's Bower, &c. In the next, are the machines which comprehend the speeches and behaviour of the good and bad angels. In the last, is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not supported by the beauty of sentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may observe that the expressions are more florid and elaborate in these descriptions, than in most other parts of the poem. I must farther add, that though the drawings of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature are justly censured in a heroic poem, when they run out into an unnecessary length, the description of Paradise would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it, not only as it

is the scene of the principal action, but as it is requisite to give us an idea of that happiness from which our first parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the short sketch which we have of it in holy writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth such a redundancy of ornaments on this seat of happiness and innocence, that it would be endless to point out each particular.

I must not quit this head, without farther observing, that there is scarce a speech of Adam or Eve in the whole poem, wherein the sentiments and allusions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader, during their whole course of action, always finds himself in the walks of Paradise. In short, as the critics have remarked, that in those poems wherein shepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods fields, and rivers; so we may observe, that our first parents seldom lose sight of their happy station in any thing they speak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to use the expression, that their thoughts are always 'paradisiacal.'

We are in the next place to consider the machines of the fourth book. Satan being now within prospect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with sentiments different from those which he discovered whilst he was in hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softened with several transient touches of remorse, and self-accusation: but at length he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing man into his own state of guilt and misery. This conflict of passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the

opening of his speech to the sun is very bold and noble.[d]

> 'O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd,
> Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
> Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
> Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
> But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
> O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
> That bring to my remembrance from what state
> I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.'

This speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to Satan in the whole poem. The evil spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradise: his sitting in the shape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his transforming himself into different shapes in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the poet has engaged this great artificer of fraud.

The thought of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of life, seems raised upon that passage in the Iliad, where

[d] See Newton's edition of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 256. When Milton meant to have made only a tragedy of Paradise Lost, he purposed to begin it with the first ten lines of the following speech, which he showed to his nephew, E. Phillips, and others.

two deities are described as perching on the top of an oak in the shape of vultures.[e]

His planting himself at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumstance of the same nature; as his starting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal description, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His answer upon his being discovered, and demanded to give an account of himself, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character:

> 'Know ye not then,' said Satan, fill'd with scorn,
> 'Know ye not me? Ye knew me once no mate
> For you, there sitting where you durst not soar;
> Not to know me argues yourselves unknown,
> The lowest of your throng'—

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquisitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the chief of the guardian angels who kept watch in Paradise. His disdainful behaviour on this occasion is so remarkable a beauty, that the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it: Gabriel's discovering his approach at a distance, is drawn with great strength and liveliness of imagination:

> 'O friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet
> Hasting this way, and now by glimpse discern
> Ithuriel and Zephon through the shade,
> And with them comes a third of regal port,
> But faded splendour wan; who by his gait
> And fierce demeanour seems the prince of Hell;
> Not likely to part hence without contest;
> Stand firm, for in his look defiance low'rs.'

[e] See Newton's edition of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 269.

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with sentiments proper for the occasion, and suitable to the persons of the two speakers. Satan's clothing himself with terror when he prepares for the combat is truly sublime, and at least equal to Homer's description of Discord, celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds:

> 'While thus he spake, th' angelic squadron bright
> Turn'd fiery red, sharp'ning in mooned horns
> Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
> With ported spears, &c.
> —— On th' other side, Satan alarm'd,
> Collecting all his might dilated stood
> Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremov'd:
> His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
> Sat Horror plum'd;'——

I must here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by itself; because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for English readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the learned.

I must, however, observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden scales in heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The reader may see the whole passage in the 22d Iliad.[f]

[f] See Spect. No. 463.

Virgil, before the last decisive combat, describes Jupiter in the same manner as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the Iliad and Æneid, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriors who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may farther add, that Milton is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble allegory in holy writ, where a wicked prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been 'weighed in the scales, and to have been found wanting.'[g]

I must here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a sun-beam, with the poet's device to make him descend, as well in his return to the sun as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but seems below the genius of Milton.[h] The description of the host of armed angels walking their nightly round in Paradise, is of another spirit:

> 'So saying, on he led his radiant files,
> Dazzling the moon'—

as that account of the hymns which our first parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

We are, in the last place, to consider the parts

[g] See Daniel, &c.

[h] See Newton's edit. of Par. Lost, vol. i. p. 302, and 304.

which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The description of them as they first appeared to Satan, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, and those emotions of envy, in which he is represented:

'Two of far nobler shape erect and tall,
God-like erect! with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem'd lords of all;
And worthy seem'd: for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him.
His fair large front, and eye sublime, declar'd
Absolute rule; and hyacinthin locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clust'ring, but not beneath his shoulders broad,
She, as a veil, down to her slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Dishevell'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So pass'd they naked on, nor shunn'd the sight
Of God or angel, for they thought no ill;
So hand in hand they pass'd, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.'

There is a fine spirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are described as sitting on a bed of flowers by the side of a fountain, amidst a mixed assembly of animals.

The speeches of these two first lovers flow equally from passion and sincerity. The professions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the same time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradise:

—When Adam first, of men—
"Sole partner and sole part of all these joys,

Dearer thyself than all;——
But let us ever praise him, and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs;
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet."
To whom thus Eve reply'd. "O thou for whom,
And from whom I was form'd, flesh of thy flesh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou hast said is just and right,
For we to him indeed all praises owe,
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Pre-eminent by so much odds, while thou
Like consort to thyself canst no where find," &c.

The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader without offending the most severe.

'That day I oft remember, when from sleep,' &c.[i]

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the preroga-

[i] Newton's edit. of Par. Lost, vol. i. p. 293, and for the illustration of the concluding paragraph of this paper, p. 320.

tives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines:

'So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love.'——

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve in particular is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.[k]

I shall close my reflections upon this book, with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines:

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky, ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day," &c.

k See a criticism of Addison on a fine passage in this fourth book, l. 640, &c. in the Tatler, No. 114. See also Spect. No. 285, a criticism on a passage in this book, l. 323, &c. See likewise Spect. No. 325.

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a speech without premising that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus. L.[1]

No. 322. MONDAY, March 10, 1711–12.

Ad humum mœrore gravi deducit et angit.
Hor. Ars Poet. 110.
Grief wings her soul, and bends it down to earth.
Francis.

It is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, 'it is a very good one if it be true;' but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many artless touches of distress in it, that I fear it comes too much from the heart.

'Mr. Spectator,

'Some years ago it happened that I lived in the same house with a young gentleman of merit; with whose good qualities I was so much taken, as to make it my endeavour to show as many as I was able in myself. Familiar converse improved general civilities into an unfeigned passion on both

[1] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See No. 221, note on Addison's signatures.

sides. He watched an opportunity to declare himself to me; and I, who could not expect a man of so great an estate as his, received his addresses in such terms as gave him no reason to believe I was displeased with them, though I did nothing to make him think me more easy than was decent. His father was a very hard worldly man, and proud; so that there was no reason to believe he would easily be brought to think there was any thing in any woman's person, or character, that could balance the disadvantage of an unequal fortune. In the mean time the son continued his application to me, and omitted no occasion of demonstrating the most disinterested passion imaginable to me; and in plain direct terms offered to marry me privately, and keep it so till he should be so happy as to gain his father's approbation, or become possessed of his estate. I passionately loved him, and you will believe I did not deny such a one what was my interest also to grant. However, I was not so young as not to take the precaution of carrying with me a faithful servant, who had been also my mother's maid, to be present at the ceremony. When that was over, I demanded a certificate, signed by the minister, my husband, and the servant I just now spoke of. After our nuptials, we conversed together very familiarly in the same house; but the restraints we were generally under, and the interviews we had being stolen and interrupted, made our behaviour to each other have rather the impatient fondness which is visible in lovers, than the regular and gratified affection which is to be observed in man and wife. This observation made the father very anxious for his son, and press him to a match he had in his eye for him. To relieve my husband from this importunity, and

conceal the secret of our marriage, which I had reason to know would not be long in my power in town, it was resolved that I should retire into a remote place in the country, and converse under feigned names by letter. We long continued this way of commerce; and I with my needle, a few books, and reading over and over my husband's letters, passed my time in a resigned expectation of better days. Be pleased to take notice, that within four months after I left my husband I was delivered of a daughter, who died within a few hours after her birth. This accident, and the retired manner of life I led, gave criminal hopes to a neighbouring brute of a country gentleman, whose folly was the source of all my affliction. This rustic is one of those rich clowns who supply the want of all manner of breeding by the neglect of it, and with noisy mirth, half understanding, and ample fortune, force themselves upon persons and things without any sense of time or place. The poor ignorant people where I lay concealed, and now passed for a widow, wondered I could be so shy and strange, as they called it, to the squire; and were bribed by him to admit him whenever he thought fit. I happened to be sitting in a little parlour which belonged to my own part of the house, and musing over one of the fondest of my husband's letters, in which I always kept the certificate of my marriage, when this rude fellow came in, and with the nauseous familiarity of such unbred brutes, snatched the papers out of my hand. I was immediately under so great a concern, that I threw myself at his feet, and begged of him to return them. He, with the same odious pretence to freedom and gaiety, swore he would read them. I grew more importunate, he more curious; till at

last, with an indignation arising from a passion I then first discovered in him, he threw the papers into the fire, swearing that since he was not to read them, the man who writ them should never be so happy as to have me read them over again. It is insignificant to tell you my tears and reproaches made the boisterous calf leave the room ashamed and out of countenance, when I had leisure to ruminate on this accident with more than ordinary sorrow. However, such was then my confidence in my husband, that I writ to him the misfortune, and desired another paper of the same kind. He deferred writing two or three posts, and at last answered me in general, that he could not then send me what I asked for; but, when he could find a proper conveyance, I should be sure to have it. From this time his letters were more cold every day than other, and, as he grew indifferent, I grew jealous. This has at last brought me to town, where I find both the witnesses of my marriage dead, and that my husband, after three months' cohabitation, has buried a young lady whom he married in obedience to his father. In a word, he shuns and disowns me. Should I come to the house and confront him, the father would join in supporting him against me, though he believed my story; should I talk it to the world, what reparation can I expect for an injury I cannot make out? I believe he means to bring me, through necessity, to resign my pretensions to him for some provision for my life: but I will die first. Pray bid him remember what he said, and how he was charmed when he laughed at the heedless discovery I often made of myself; let him remember how awkward I was in my dissembled indifference towards him before company; ask him how I, who

could never conceal my love for him, at his own request can part with him for ever? Oh, Mr. Spectator, sensible spirits know no indifference in marriage: what then do you think is my piercing affliction?——I leave you to represent my distress your own way, in which I desire you to be speedy, if you have compassion for innocence exposed to infamy.

T.[b] 'OCTAVIA.'

No. 323. TUESDAY, MARCH 11, 1711–12.

—Modò vir, modò fœmina—

VIRG.

Sometimes a man, sometimes a woman.[c]

THE journal, with which I presented my reader on Tuesday last,[d] has brought me in several letters, with accounts of many private lives cast into that form. I have the 'Rake's Journal,' the 'Sot's Journal,' the 'Whoremaster's Journal,' and, among several others, a very curious piece, entitled 'The Journal of a Mohock.' By these instances I find that the intention of my last Tuesday's paper has been mistaken by many of my readers. I did not design so much to expose vice as idleness,[e] and aimed at those persons who passed away their time rather in trifles and impertinence, than in crimes and

[b] By Steele. The signature T seems to signify that he was here only a *Transcriber*.

[c] This motto not to be found in Virgil, was probably quoted from memory, instead of the following lines:

— Et juvenis quondam, nunc fœmina.—

VIRG. Æn. vi. 448.

A man before, now to a woman chang'd.

[d] See Spect. No. 317. [e] See Spect. No. 316.

immoralities. Offences of the latter kind are not to be dallied with, or treated in so ludicrous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blameable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require. She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it: but as it is only the picture of a life filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

'DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

'You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you inclosed. You must know, Mr. Spectator, that I am a maiden lady of good fortune, who have had several matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by 'A Very Pretty fellow.'[f] As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write upon the very day after your Spectator upon that subject.

[f] See Tat. Nos. 21 and 24.

Tuesday night. Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

Wednesday. From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Eat a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea: read the Spectator.

From eleven to one. At my toilette; tried a new head. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed: paid a visit to old lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At Basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

Thursday. From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dream'd that I punted [g] to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe [h] a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play-bills. Received a lettter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my lady Blithe's wash. Broke a tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my lady Hectic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

[g] A term in the game of Basset. [h] Tragedy by J. Dryden, 4to. 1676.

From three to four. Dinner cold before I sat down.

From four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's opinion of Milton. His account of the Mohocks. His fancy for a pin-cushion. Picture in the lid of his snuff-box. Old lady Faddle promises me her woman to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp.

Twelve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

Friday. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read over all Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny.

Ten o'clock. Stayed within all day: not at home.

From ten to twelve. In conference with my mantua-maker. Sorted a suit of ribands. Broke my blue china cup.

From twelve to one shut myself up in my chamber, practised lady Betty Modley's skuttle.[1]

One in the afternoon. Called for my flowered handkerchief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes aked and head out of order. Threw by my work, and read over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

From three to four. Dined.

From four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, went abroad, and played at crimp till midnight. Found Mrs. Spitely at home. Conversation: Mrs. Brilliant's necklace false stones. Old lady Loveday going to be married to a young fellow that is not worth a groat. Miss Prue gone into the country. Tom Townley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. Spitely whispered in my ear that she had something to tell me about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true.

Between twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. Froth lay at my feet, and called me Indamora.

[1] A pace of affected precipitation. J.

Saturday. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. Sat down to my toilette.

From eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an hour before I could determine it. Fixed it above my left eyebrow.

From nine to twelve. Drank my tea, and dressed.

From twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal of good company. Mem. The third air in the new opera. Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

From three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called upon me to go to the opera before I was risen from table.

From dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a footman for being rude to Veny.

Six o'clock went to the opera. I did not see Mr. Froth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. Froth talked to a gentleman in a black wig; bowed to a lady in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend clapped Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried out, 'Ancora.' Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I think he squeezed my hand.

Eleven at night. Went to bed. Melancholy dreams. Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth.

Sunday. Indisposed.

Monday. Eight o'clock. Walked by Miss Kitty, Aurengzebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty repeated without book the eight best lines in the play. Went in our mobbs[k] to the dumb man according to appointment. Told me that my lover's name began with a G. Mem. The conjuror[l] was within a letter of Mr. Froth's name, &c.

[k] A huddled economy of dress so called. See Spect. No. 302.

[l] Duncan Campbell. See New Tat. No. 14, and note.

'Upon looking back into this my journal, I find that I am at a loss to know whether I pass my time well or ill; and indeed never thought of considering how I did it before I perused your speculation upon that subject. I scarce find a single action in these five days that I can thoroughly approve of, except the working upon the violet leaf, which I am resolved to finish the first day I am at leisure. As for Mr. Froth and Veny, I did not think they took up so much of my time and thoughts as I find they do upon my journal. The latter of them I will turn off, if you insist upon it; and if Mr. Froth does not bring matters to a conclusion very suddenly. I will not let my life run away in a dream.

'Your humble servant,

'CLARINDA.'

To resume one of the morals of my first paper, and to confirm Clarinda in her good inclinations, I would have her consider what a pretty figure she would make among posterity, were the history of her whole life published like these five days of it. I shall conclude my paper with an epitaph written by an uncertain author on Sir Philip Sidney's sister, a lady who seems to have been of a temper very much different from that of Clarinda. The last thought of it is so very noble that I dare say my reader will pardon me the quotation.

ON THE

COUNTESS DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE.

'Underneath this marble hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother:
Death, ere thou hast kill'd another,

Fair and learn'd and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.'

L.[m]

No. 324. WEDNESDAY, March 12, 1711-12.

O curvæ in terris animæ, et cælestum inanes!
PERS. Sat. ii. 61.

O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grovelling on the ground![n]
DRYDEN.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE materials you have[o] collected together towards a general history of clubs, make so bright a part of your speculations, that I think it is but a justice we all owe the learned world to furnish you with such assistance as may promote that useful work. For this reason, I could not forbear communicating to you some imperfect informations of a set of men, (if you will allow them a place in that species of being,) who have lately erected themselves into a nocturnal fraternity, under the title of the Mohock club, a name borrowed it seems from a sort of cannibals in India, who subsist by plundering and devouring all the nations about them. The president is styled 'Emperor of the Mohocks;'[p]

[m] By Addison, and written probably in London.

[n] The motto prefixed to this paper in its original form *in folio* was taken from Juvenal.

Sævis inter se convenit ursis.

Even bears with bears agree.

[o] But that the name subscribed is not very suitable to his nature, it might well be supposed that this letter was written by Swift, who had the most dreadful apprehensions of being maimed or murdered by some of this chimerical society, as appears from his journal letters to Stella, *passim*.

[p] The title of one of the four Indian kings who visited England in the reign of Queen Anne. See Tatler, Nos. 171, 175, *note;* and Spect. No. 50.

and his arms are a Turkish crescent, which his imperial majesty bears at present in a very extraordinary manner engraven upon his forehead. Agreeable to their name, the avowed design of their institution is mischief; and upon this foundation all their rules and orders are framed. An outrageous ambition of doing all possible hurt to their fellow creatures, is the great cement of their assembly, and the only qualification required in the members. In order to exert this principle in its full strength and perfection, they take care to drink themselves to a pitch, that is, beyond the possibility of attending to any motions of reason or humanity; then make a general sally, and attack all that are so unfortunate as to walk the streets through which they patrole. Some are knocked down, others stabbed, others cut and carbonaded. To put the watch to a total rout, and mortify some of those inoffensive militia, is reckoned a *coup-d'éclat.* The particular talents by which these misanthropes are distinguished from one another, consist in the various kinds of barbarities which they execute upon their prisoners. Some are celebrated for a happy dexterity in tipping the lion upon them; which is performed by squeezing the nose flat to the face, and boring out the eyes with their fingers. Others are called the dancing-masters, and teach their scholars to cut capers, by running swords through their legs: a new invention, whether originally French I cannot tell. A third sort are the tumblers, whose office is to set women upon their heads, and commit certain indecencies, or rather barbarities, on the limbs which they expose. But these I forbear to mention, because they can't but be very shocking to the reader as well as the Spec-

tator. In this manner they carry on a war against mankind; and, by the standing maxims of their policy, are to enter into no alliances but one, and that is offensive and defensive with all bawdy-houses in general, of which they have declared themselves protectors and guarantees.

'I must own, Sir, these are only broken incoherent memoirs of this wonderful society; but they are the best I have been yet able to procure: for, being but of late established, it is not ripe for a just history; and, to be serious, the chief design of this trouble is to hinder it from ever being so. You have been pleased, out of a concern for the good of your countrymen, to act, under the character of Spectator, not only the part of a looker-on, but an overseer of their actions; and whenever such enormities as this infest the town, we immediately fly to you for redress. I have reason to believe, that some thoughtless youngsters, out of a false notion of bravery, and an immoderate fondness to be distinguished for fellows of fire, are insensibly hurried into this senseless scandalous project. Such will probably stand corrected by your reproofs, especially if you inform them that it is not courage for half a score fellows, mad with wine and lust, to set upon two or three soberer than themselves; and that the manners of Indian savages are not becoming accomplishments to an English fine gentleman. Such of them as have been bullies and scowerers of a long standing, and are grown veterans in this kind of service, are, I fear, too hardened to receive any impressions from your admonitions. But I beg you would recommend to their perusal your ninth speculation. They may there be taught to take warning

from the club of Duelists; and be put in mind, that the common fate of those men of honour was, to be hanged. I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'March the 10th, 1711-12. 'PHILANTHROPOS.'

The following letter is of a quite contrary nature; but I add it here, that the reader may observe, at the same view, how amiable ignorance may be when it is shown in its simplicities, and how detestable in barbarities. It is written by an honest countryman to his mistress, and came to the hands of a lady of good sense, wrapped about a thread-paper, who has long kept it by her as an image of artless love.

'*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

'LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant.[q] And

[q] This letter was really conveyed in the manner here mentioned to a Mrs. Cole, the wife of a churlish attorney in or near Northampton, who would not suffer her to correspond with any body. It was written by a substantial freeholder in Northamptonshire, whose name was Gabriel Bullock, and given to Steele by his friend, the ingenious antiquary, Mr. Browne Willis. Mrs. Cantrell, niece to Mrs. Cole, fortunately remembered what was torn off from the letter by a child at play, so that it is given here entire on good authority. P.

—— 'good matches amongst my neighbours. My mother, peace be with her soul, the good old gentlewoman, has left me good store of household linen of her own spinning, a chest full. If you and I lay our means together, it shall go hard but I will pave the way to do well. Your loving servant till death, Mister Gabriel Bullock, now my father is dead.'

See Spect. No. 310, let. 6, and note; Nos. 328 *; 330, last let. and note. N. B. See No. 328, with an asterisk.

I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away, and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land, and a house; and there is never a yard land[r] in our field but it is as well worth ten pounds a-year as a thief is worth a halter, and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good——' The rest is torn off; and posterity must be contented to know, that Mrs. Margaret Clark was very pretty, but are left in the dark as to the name of her lover.

T.[s]

[r] A yard land [*virgata terræ*] in some counties contains 20 acres, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land. *Les Termes de la Ley.* ed. 1667.

[s] By Steele, signed with the letter T, to denote, perhaps, that he was only the transcriber, not the author; but this remark cannot be applied universally to all the papers marked T. Perhaps the signature was used at times by Mr. T. Tickell, who might superintend the publication on accidental occasions of Steele's absence or indisposition. It certainly occurs too where it cannot so well be supposed to signify that the paper was merely, or little more than transcribed. In some instances it appears at the end of communications from correspondents, probably then unknown to Steele, though since discovered; and this signature might have been put to them at the express desire of the communicators. In one or two instances it is subjoined to papers of Mr. John Hughes, with whose handwriting it cannot be supposed that Steele was unacquainted: in these, and such like cases, the papers might have been actually transcribed before or after they were sent, and marked as transcribed at the request of the writers, and for the sake of concealment from the printers. Finally, Steele seems at times to have placed this signature to papers of his own, apparently original, but which, in the excess of his scrupulosity, he might suppose to have originated from the hints of others dropped into his letter-box.

The curious reader may see another edition of this letter in Spect. No. 328 *, and is left at entire liberty to take whichever he likes best for the

No. 325. THURSDAY, March 13, 1711-12.

—Quid frustra simulacra fugacia captas?
Quod petis, est nusquam: quod amas avertere, perdes.
Ista repercussæ quam cernsi imaginis umbra est,
Nil habet ista sui; tecum venitque, manetque,
Tecum discedit si tu discedere possis.

Ovid. Met. iii. 432.

[From the fable of Narcissus.]

What could, fond youth, his helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows;
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes;
Its empty being on thyself relies;
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Addison.

Will Honeycomb diverted us last night with an account of a young fellow's first discovering his passion to his mistress. The young lady was one, it seems, who had long before conceived a favourable opinion of him, and was still in hopes that he would some time or other make his advances. As he was one day talking with her in company of her two sisters, the conversation happening to turn upon love, each of the young ladies was, by way of raillery, recommending a wife to him; when, to the no small surprise of her who languished for him in secret, he told them with a more than ordinary seriousness, that his heart had been long engaged to one whose name he thought himself obliged in honour to conceal; but that he could show her picture in the lid of his snuff-box. The young lady, who found herself most sensibly touched by this confession, took the first opportunity that offered of snatching his box out of his hand. He seemed desirous of reco-

genuine copy. The annotator will be perfectly satisfied if his readers can but satisfy themselves, conceiving that he has sufficiently discharged his duty, by enabling them to make their choice.

vering it; but finding her resolved to look into the lid, begged her that, if she should happen to know the person, she would not reveal her name. Upon carrying it to the window, she was very agreeably surprised to find there was nothing within the lid but a little looking-glass; on which, after she had viewed her own face with more pleasure than she had ever done before, she returned the box with a smile, telling him she could not but admire at his choice.

Will, fancying that his story took, immediately fell into a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and, applying himself to me, asked if there were any looking-glasses in the time of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed, in the translation of poems out of those languages, that people generally talked of seeing themselves in wells, fountains, lakes, and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden, in his Ovid, tells us of a swinging fellow, called Polypheme, that made use of the sea for his looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of his learning upon this subject, farther informed us, that there were still several nations in the world so very barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses among them; and that he had lately read a voyage to the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies of Chili always dressed their heads over a basin of water.

I am the more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it seems to bear some relation to the following letter, which I received the day before:

'SIR,

'I HAVE read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral which you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some moral couched under that place in the same book where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other works of nature, had not she been led off to a man. If you think fit to set down the whole passage from Milton, your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to the filling up of your paper.

'Your humble servant, 'R. T.'

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it.[t] The passage he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem:

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence hither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd
Pure as th' expanse of heav'n; I thither went
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear

[t] See Newton's edit. of Milton's Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 294; and Ovid. Met. iii. 457, &c.

Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam appear'd
Bending to look on me; I started back;
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;
With thee it came and goes: but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espy'd thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'dst aloud, 'Return, fair Eve;
Whom fly'st thou? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side,
Henceforth an individual solace dear:
Part of my soul, I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half!'—With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother——

X.[u]

*** On this day was sold by auction, an extraordinary collection of capital pictures by Rubens, Guido Reni, Benedetto Castiglione, Claude Lorrain, Luca Jordano, Gasper Poussin, Wövermans, and other excellent masters. They were brought into England by Mr. Gauge.—See Spect. in folio.

[u] By Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555. Mr. Budgell had all his linen marked with the letter X, as this annotator has somewhere read, or heard, to the best of his recollection, on very good authority.

No. 326. FRIDAY, March 14, 1711–12.

Inclusam Danaen turris ahenea,
Robustæque fores, et vigilum canum
Tristes exubiæ, munierant satis
Nocturnis ab adulteris;
Si non———

Hor. Lib. 3, Od. xvi. 1.

Of watchful dogs an odious ward
Right well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immur'd,
By mighty bars of steel secur'd,
Although by mortal rakehells lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not———

Francis, vol. ii. p. 77.

ADAPTED.

Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind,
And clap your padlock on her mind.

Padlock.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'Your correspondent's letter relating to fortune-hunters, and your subsequent discourse upon it,[w] have given me encouragement to send you a state of my case, by which you will see that the matter complained of is a common grievance both to city and country.

'I am a country-gentleman of between five and six thousand a-year. It is my misfortune to have a very fine park and an only daughter; upon which account I have been so plagued with deer-stealers and fops, that for these four years past I have scarce enjoyed a moment's rest. I look upon myself to be in a state of war, and am forced to keep as constant watch in my seat, as a governor would do that commanded a town on the frontier of an enemy's country. I have indeed pretty well secured my park, having for this purpose provided myself of four

[w] See Spect. No. 311.

keepers who are left-handed, and handle a quarter-staff beyond any other fellows in the country. And for the guard of my house, besides a band of pensioner matrons and an old maiden relation whom I keep on constant duty, I have blunderbusses always charged, and fox-gins planted in private places about my garden of which I have given frequent notice in the neighbourhood; yet so it is, that in spite of all my care, I shall every now and then have a saucy rascal ride by, reconnoitring (as I think you call it) under my windows, as sprucely dressed as if he were going to a ball. I am aware of this way of attacking a mistress on horseback, having heard that it is a common practice in Spain; and have therefore taken care to remove my daughter from the road-side of the house, and to lodge her next the garden. But, to cut short my story; what can a man do after all? I durst not stand for member of parliament last election, for fear of some ill consequence from my being off my post. What I would therefore desire of you is, to promote a project I have set on foot, and upon which I have writ to some of my friends; and that is, that care may be taken to secure our daughters by law, as well as our deer; and that some honest gentleman of a public spirit would move for leave to bring in a bill for the better preserving of the female game.

'I am, SIR, your humble servant.'[x]

'Mile-End Green, March 6, 1711–12.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'HERE is a young man walks by our door every day about the dusk of the evening. He looks

[x] See Blackstone's Commentaries, &c. vol. i. p. 437, & seqq. ed. Oxf. 8vo. 1775.

up at my window, as if to see me; and if I steal towards it to peep at him, he turns another way, and looks frightened at finding what he was looking for. The air is very cold; and pray let him know that, if he knocks at the door, he will be carried to the parlour fire, and I will come down soon after, and give him an opportunity to break his mind.

'I am, SIR, your humble servant,

MARY COMFIT.

'If I observe he cannot speak, I'll give him time to recover himself, and ask him how he does.'

'DEAR SIR,

'I BEG you to print this without delay, and by the first opportunity give us the natural causes of longing in women; or put me out of fear that my wife will one time or other be delivered of something as monstrous as any thing that has yet appeared to the world; for they say the child is to bear a resemblance of what was desired by the mother. I have been married upwards of six years, have had four children, and my wife is now big with the fifth. The expenses she has put me to in procuring what she has longed for during her pregnancy with them, would not only have handsomely defrayed the charges of the month, but of their education too; her fancy being so exorbitant for the first year or two, as not to confine itself to the usual objects of eatables and drinkables, but running out after equipage and furniture, and the like extravagances. To trouble you only with a few of them:—When she was with child of Tom, my eldest son, she came home one day just fainting, and told me she had been visiting a relation, whose husband had made

her a present of a chariot and a stately pair of horses; and that she was positive she could not breathe a week longer unless she took the air in the fellow to it of her own within that time. This, rather than lose an heir, I readily complied with. Then the furniture of her best room must be instantly changed, or she should mark the child with some of the frightful figures in the old-fashioned tapestry. Well, the upholsterer was called, and her longing saved that bout. When she went with Molly, she had fixed her mind upon a new set of plate, and as much china as would have furnished an Indian shop: these also I cheerfully granted, for fear of being father to an Indian pagod. Hitherto, I found her demands rose upon every concession; and had she gone on, I had been ruined: but by good fortune, with her third, which was Peggy, the height of her imagination came down to the corner of a venison pasty, and brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw off the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratifications of her palate were easily preferred to those of her vanity: and sometimes a partridge, or a quail, or a wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfully purchased; nay, I could be contented though I were to feed her with green peas in April, or cherries in May. But with the babe she now goes, she is turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pretending 'twill make the child's skin white; and nothing will serve her but I must bear her company, to prevent its having a shade of my brown. In this, however, I have ventured to deny her. No longer ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, she saw a parcel of crows so heartily at breakfast upon a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible desire to partake

with them, and (to my infinite surprise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice as if it were for himself, which the fellow did; and as soon as she came home, she fell to it with such an appetite that she seemed rather to devour than eat it. What her next sally will be, I cannot guess: but in the mean time, my request to you is, that if there be any way to come at these wild unaccountable rovings of imagination by reason and argument, you'd speedily afford us your assistance. This exceeds the grievance of pin-money, and I think in every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted, that the father should be answerable for the longings of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter; and am,

'SIR, your most obliged

'and most faithful humble servant,

'T. B.

'Let me know whether you think the next child will love horses as much as Molly does china-ware.'

T.[y]

No. 327. SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1711-12.

— Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

VIRG. Æn. vii. 43.

A larger scene of action is displayed.

DRYDEN.[z]

WE were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order

[y] See No. 324, on the signature T.

[z] Continuation of Addison's Critique on Milton's Paradise Lost. This eleventh paper contains Addison's remarks on the fifth book of that poem.

to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, in preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds, upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. Adam, upon his awaking, finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her, is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

> His wonder was, to find unwaken'd Eve
> With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,
> As through unquiet rest: he on his side,
> Leaning half-raised, with looks of cordial love
> Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
> Beauty which, whether waking or asleep,
> Shot forth peculiar graces: then, with voice
> Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,
> Her hand soft-touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake,
> My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
> Heaven's last best gift, my ever new delight!
> Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
> Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
> Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,
> What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
> How nature paints her colours, how the bee
> Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid sweet.'
> Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye
> On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:
> 'O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,
> My glory, my perfection! glad I see
> Thy face, and morn return'd'——

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conference between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of Canticles, in which

See No. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 303, 309, 315, 321, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369.

there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no question but the poet, in the preceding speech, remembered those two passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.[a]

'My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away: for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

'Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.'

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

——'Where the sapient king
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,'

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam, in the following beautiful lines:

'Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields

[a] See Spect. No. 388.

To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light
Shadowy sets off the face of things. In vain,
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,
Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire,
In whose sight all things joy with ravishment,
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!'

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on this occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that, though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion:

'So cheered he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,
But silently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops, that ready stood
Each in their crystal sluice, he ere they fell
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse
And pious awe, that feared to have offended.'

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of those psalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praise, the psalmist calls not only upon the

angels, but upon the most conspicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthusiasm which is so natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worship, it was in a particular manner suitable to our first parents, who had the creation fresh upon their minds, and had not seen the various dispensations of Providence, nor consequently could be acquainted with those many topics of praise which might afford matter to the devotions of their posterity. I need not remark the beautiful spirit of poetry which runs through this whole hymn, nor the holiness of that resolution with which it concludes. [b]

Having already mentioned those speeches which are assigned to the persons in this poem, I proceed to the description which the poet gives of Raphael. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of angels, is finely imagined. As Milton every where fills his poem with circumstances that are marvellous and astonishing, he describes the gate of heaven as framed after such a manner, that it opened of itself upon the approach of the angel who was to pass through it.

——'Till at the gate
Of heav'n arriv'd, the gate self-open'd wide
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine, the sovereign Architect had fram'd.'

The poet here seems to have regarded two or three passages in the 18th Iliad, as that in particular

[b] See Newton's edition of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 559, &c.

where, speaking of Vulcan, Homer says that he had made twenty tripods running on golden wheels, which, upon occasion might go of themselves to the assembly of the gods, and, when there was no more use for them, return again after the same manner.[c] Scaliger has rallied Homer very severely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of Homer the marvellous does not lose sight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanship of Milton's gates is not so extraordinary as this of the tripods; so I am persuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been supported in it by a passage in the Scripture, which speaks of wheels in heaven that had life in them, and moved of themselves, or stood still, in conformity with the cherubims whom they accompanied.

There is no question but Milton had this circumstance in his thoughts, because in the following book he describes the chariot of the Messiah with living wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's vision:

> ——'Forth rush'd with whirlwind sound
> The chariot of paternal[d] Deity,
> Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
> Itself instinct with spirit'——

I question not but Bossu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is censured in Homer by something parallel in holy writ, would

[c] See Newton's edition of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 370.

[d] This epithet, to say the least, is superfluous, being essentially included in the very idea of Deity. If used in contradistinction from filial, it is idolatrous, and repugnant to the doctrine established in the original records of Christianity. This is not noted here as a curious criticism, but as a very serious truth.

have been very well pleased had they thought of confronting Vulcan's tripods with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's descent to the earth, with the figure of his person, is represented in very lively colours.[e] Several of the French, Italian, and English poets have given a loose to their imaginations in the descriptions of angels: but I do not remember to have met with any so finely drawn, and so conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having set him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and represented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his description with a circumstance which is altogether new, and imagined with the greatest strength of fancy:

> —'Like Maia's son he stood,
> And shook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
> The circuit wide'[f]—

Raphael's reception by the guardian angels, his passing through the wilderness of sweets, his distant appearance to Adam, have all the graces that poetry is capable of bestowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular description of Eve in her domestic employments:

> 'So saying, with despatchful looks in haste
> She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
> What choice to choose for delicacy best,
> What order, so contriv'd, as not to mix
> Tastes, not well join'd, inelegant, but bring
> Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
> Bestirs her then,' &c.

[e] See Tasso's description of Michael's descent from heaven. Gier. Lib. Cant. 9. St. 60, 61, 62. See also *ibidem*, Cant. 1. St. 15, 13, 15.

See Hom. Il. xxiv. 339; and Virg. Æn. iv. 238. 'It is hard,' says Pope, 'to determine which is more excellent, the copy or the original; but Milton's description is better than both.' See also Newton's edit. of Paradise Lost, vol. i. p. 369, 374.

Though in this and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifery of our first parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images and strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majesty of Adam, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior Being who had vouchsafed to be his guest; the solemn 'hail' which the angel bestows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve ministering at the table; are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable spirit with which the author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with Adam, as one friend converses with another, and to warn him of the enemy who was contriving his destruction: accordingly he is represented as sitting down at a table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradise. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of angels. After having thus entered into conversation with man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen angel who was employed in the circumvention of our first parents.

Had I followed Monsieur Bossu's method in my first paper on Milton, I should have dated the action of Paradise Lost from the beginning of Raphael's speech in this book, as he supposes the action of the Æneid to begin in the second book of that poem. I could allege many reasons for my drawing the action of the Æneid rather from its immediate beginning in the first book, than from its remote beginning in

the second; and show why I have considered the sacking of Troy as an episode, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticism, and perhaps unnecessary to those who have read my first paper, I shall not enlarge upon it. Whichever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preserved according to either of them; whether we consider the fall of man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the resolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the first revolt of the angels in heaven. The occasion which Milton assigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in holy writ, and on the opinion of some great writers, so it was the most proper that the poet could have made use of.

The revolt in heaven is described with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumstances. The learned reader cannot but be pleased with the poet's imitation of Homer in the last of the following lines:

'At length into the limits of the north
They came, and Satan took his royal seat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
The palace of great Lucifer, (so call
That structure in the dialect of men
Interpreted)'—

Homer mentions persons and things, which he tells us in the language of the gods are called by different names from those they go by in the language of men. Milton has imitated him with his usual judgment in this particular place, wherein he has likewise the authority of Scripture to justify

him.[g] The part of Abdiel, who was the only spirit that in this infinite host of angels preserved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious singularity. The zeal of the seraph breaks forth in a becoming warmth of sentiments and expressions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous scorn and intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The author doubtless designed it as a pattern to those who live among mankind in their present state of degeneracy and corruption:

'So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only he;
Among innumerable false unmov'd,
Unshaken, unseduc'd, unterrify'd,
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number nor example with him wrought
To swerve from truth, or change his constant mind,
Though single. From amidst them forth he pass'd,
Long way thro' hostile scorn, which he sustain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd aught;
And, with retorted scorn, his back he turn'd
On those proud tow'rs to swift destruction doom'd.'

L.[h]

[g] See Milton's Paradise Lost, edit. *ut supra*, vol. i. p. 414.

[h] By Addison, the signature L denoting, perhaps, that the paper was written in London.

No. 328. MONDAY, March 17, 1711-12.[1]

Nullum me à labore reclinat otium.

Hor. Epod. xvii. 24.

Day chases night, and night the day,
But no relief to me convey.

Duncombe.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I believe this is the first complaint that ever was made to you of this nature, so you are the first person I ever could prevail upon myself to lay it before. When I tell you I have a healthy, vigorous constitution, a plentiful estate, no inordinate desires, and am married to a very virtuous lovely woman, who neither wants wit nor good-nature, and by whom I have a numerous offspring to perpetuate my family, you will naturally conclude me an happy man. But, notwithstanding these promising appearances, I am so far from it, that the prospect of being ruined and undone by a sort of extravagance which of late years is in a less degree crept into every fashionable family, deprives me of all the comforts of my life, and renders me the most anxious miserable man on earth. My wife, who was the only child and darling care of an indulgent mother, employed her early years in learning all those accomplishments we generally understand by good breeding and polite education. She sings, dances, plays on the lute and harpsi-

[1] This paper, on no very common source of domestic unhappiness, is the only one that now appears as No. 328, in any edition of the Spectator in volumes. It had however no place in the original publication in folio, nor was it ever printed in a half-sheet form. The original paper in folio, marked No. 328,* and distinguished by the signature T, having been complained of on two accounts, both as trifling in itself, and as disrespectful besides to a family of some distinction, it was silently withdrawn on the first republication of the Spectator in volumes, and this paper was substituted in its stead.

chord, paints prettily, is a perfect mistress of the French tongue, and has made a considerable progress in Italian. She is besides excellently skilled in all domestic sciences, as preserving, pickling, pastry, making wines of fruits of our own growth, embroidering, and needleworks of every kind. Hitherto you will be apt to think there is very little cause of complaint; but suspend your opinion till I have farther explained myself, and then I make no question you will come over to mine. You are not to imagine I find fault that she either possesses or takes delight in the exercises of those qualifications I just now mentioned; 'tis the immoderate fondness she has to them that I lament, and that what is only designed for the innocent amusement and recreation of life, is become the whole business and study of hers. The six months we are in town (for the year is equally divided between that and the country), from almost break of day till noon, the whole morning is laid out in practising with her several masters; and, to make up the losses occasioned by her absence in summer, every day in the week their attendance is required; and, as they all are people eminent in their professions, their skill and time must be recompensed accordingly. So how far these articles extend, I leave you to judge. Limning, one would think, is no expensive diversion; but, as she manages the matter, 'tis a very considerable addition to her disbursements; which you will easily believe, when you know she paints fans for all her female acquaintance, and draws all her relations' pictures in miniature: the first must be mounted by nobody but Colmar, and the other set by nobody but Charles Mather.[k] What

[k] At the date of this paper, a noted toyman in Fleet-street, who after-

follows is still much worse than the former; for, as I told you, she is a great artist at her needle, 'tis incredible what sums she expends in embroidery; for, besides what is appropriated to her personal use, as mantuas, petticoats, stomachers, handkerchiefs, purses, pincushions, and working aprons, she keeps four French protestants continually employed in making divers pieces of superfluous furniture, as quilts, toilets, hangings for closets, beds, window-curtains, easy-chairs, and tabourets: nor have I any hopes of ever reclaiming her from this extravagance, while she obstinately persists in thinking it a notable piece of good housewifery, because they are made at home, and she has had some share in the performance. There would be no end of relating to you the particulars of the annual charge in furnishing her store-room with a profusion of pickles and preserves; for she is not contented with having every thing, unless it be done every way, in which she consults an hereditary book of receipts; for her female ancestors have been always famed for good housewifery, one of whom is made immortal, by giving her name to an eye-water and two sorts of puddings. I cannot undertake to recite all her medicinal preparations, as salves, cerecloths, powders, confects, cordials, ratafia, persico, orange-flower, and cherry-brandy, together with innumerable sorts of simple waters. But there is nothing I lay so much to heart as that detestable catalogue of counterfeit wines, which derive their names from the fruits, herbs, or trees, of whose juices they are chiefly compounded. They are loathsome to the taste, and pernicious to the health; and as they seldom survive the year, and then are thrown

wards retired from business, and died in opulence at Teddington. See Tat. with notes, *passim*.

away, under a false pretence of frugality, I may affirm they stand me in more than if I entertained all our visitors with the best burgundy and champaign. Coffee, chocolate, and green imperial peco and bohea teas, seem to be trifles; but when the proper appurtenances of the tea-table were added, they swell the account higher than one would imagine. I cannot conclude without doing her justice in one article, where her frugality is so remarkable, I must not deny her the merit of it; and that is in relation to her children, who are all confined, both boys and girls, to one large room in the remotest part of the house, with bolts on the doors and bars to the windows, under the care and tuition of an old woman, who had been dry-nurse to her grandmother. This is their residence all the year round: and, as they are never allowed to appear, she prudently thinks it needless to be at any expense in apparel or learning. Her eldest daughter to this day would have neither read nor writ if it had not been for the butler, who, being the son of a country attorney, has taught her such a hand as is generally used for engrossing bills in chancery. By this time I have sufficiently tired your patience with my domestic grievances, which I hope you will agree could not well be contained in a narrower compass, when you consider what a paradox I undertook to maintain in the beginning of my epistle, and which manifestly appears to be but too melancholy a truth. And now I heartily wish the relation I have given of my misfortunes may be of use and benefit to the public. By the example I have set before them, the truly virtuous wives may learn to avoid those errors which have so unhappily misled mine, and which are visibly these three. First, In mistaking the proper objects of her

esteem, and fixing her affections upon such things as are only the trappings and decorations of her sex. Secondly, In not distinguishing what becomes the different stages of life. And, lastly, The abuse and corruption of some excellent qualities, which, if circumscribed within just bounds, would have been the blessing and prosperity of her family, but, by a vicious extreme, are like to be the bane and destruction of it.'[1]

*** To be seen some time longer over against the Mews Gate, Charing Cross, a little man, 3 feet high, and 32 years old, straight and proportionable: his wife 2 feet 9 inches, aged 30, now brought-to-bed after a long and tedious labour under the hands of several able physicians, being the least woman that ever was with child in Europe; likewise their little horse, 2 feet 4 inches high, which performs several wonderful actions by the word of command, being so small that it is kept in a box.'—See Spect. No. 271, *ad finem.*

††† Just published, a very neat pocket edition of the Spectator, in two volumes 12mo. Printed for Sam. Buckley, at the Dolphin in Little Britain, and J. Tonson, &c.

☞ The Effigies of the late Lord Chief Justice Hales, with his Sum of Religion and Character, engraved on a copper-plate: formerly sold for 1*s.* now for 6*d.* Likewise the Seven Cartoons of Raphael Urbin, with the title-cut, done in mezzotinto, from the gallery of Hampton-Court: formerly sold for 20*s.* now for 15*s.* by Edward Cooper, at the Three Pigeons in Bedford-street.—Spect. in folio, No. 328.

No. 328*.[m] MONDAY, MARCH 17, 1711-12.

Delectata illa urbanitate tam stulta.
PETRON ARB.
Delighted with unaffected plainness.

THAT useful part of learning which consists in emendations, knowledge of different readings, and the

[1] In the editions of 1712 in 8vo. and 12mo. where this paper first appeared, it is distinguished by the signature L, but it never was printed in folio. It appears therefore to have been written by Addison then in London.

[m] As many of our readers may be pleased to see, *in puris naturalibus*,

like, is what in all ages persons extremely wise and learned have had in great veneration. For this reason, I cannot but rejoice at the following epistle, which lets us into the true author of the letter to Mrs. Margaret Clark, part of which I did myself the honour to publish in a former paper. I must confess I do not naturally affect critical learning; but finding myself not so much regarded as I am apt to flatter myself I may deserve from some professed patrons of learning, I could not but do myself the justice to show I am not a stranger to such erudition as they smile upon, if I were duly encouraged. However, this is only to let the world see what I could do; and shall not give my reader any more of this kind, if he will forgive the ostentation I show at present.

'SIR, 'March 13, 1711-12.

'UPON reading your paper of yesterday, I took the pains to look out a copy I had formerly taken, and remembered to be very like your last letter: comparing them, I found they were the very same; and have, underwritten, sent you that part of it which you say was torn off. I hope you will insert it, that posterity may know 'twas Gabriel Bullock that made love in that natural style of which you seem to be fond. But, to let you see I have other manuscripts in the same way, I have sent you inclosed three copies faithfully taken with

the original paper in room of which the preceding number was very early substituted, and as this curiosity may now be inoffensively gratified, it is here faithfully reprinted from the copy in folio, in its order, marked as at first, No. 328,* only with the addition of an asterisk. It had the signature T at the bottom; but see the desire annexed to the short letter in the following note, both which made the concluding part of No. 330 in the original publication of these papers in folio

my own hand from the originals, which were wrote by a Yorkshire gentleman of a good estate to madam Mary, and an uncle of hers, a knight very well known by the most ancient gentry in that and several other counties of Great Britain. I have exactly followed the form and spelling. I have been credibly informed that Mr. William Bullock, the famous comedian, is the descendant of this Gabriel, who begot Mr. William Bullock's great grandfather on the body of the abovementioned Mrs. Margaret Clark. As neither Speed, nor Baker, nor Selden, take notice of it, I will not pretend to be positive; but desire that the letter may be reprinted, and what is here recovered may be in Italics.

'I am, SIR,

'Your daily Reader.'

'*To her I very much respect, Mrs. Margaret Clark.*

'LOVELY, and oh that I could write loving Mrs. Margaret Clark, I pray you let affection excuse presumption. Having been so happy as to enjoy the sight of your sweet countenance and comely body, sometimes when I had occasion to buy treacle or liquorish powder at the apothecary's shop, I am so enamoured with you, that I can no more keep close my flaming desire to become your servant. And I am the more bold now to write to your sweet self, because I am now my own man, and may match where I please; for my father is taken away; and now I am come to my living, which is ten yard land, and a house; and there is never a yard land[n] in our field but is as well worth ten pounds a-year as a

[n] In some counties 20, in some 24, and in others 30 acres of land. *Virgata Terræ.*

thief's worth a halter; and all my brothers and sisters are provided for: besides, I have good household-stuff, though I say it, both brass and pewter, linens and woollens; and though my house be thatched, yet, if you and I match, it shall go hard but I will have one half of it slated. If you shall think well of this motion, I will wait upon you as soon as my new clothes are made, and hay-harvest is in. I could, though I say it, have good *matches in our town; but my mother (God's peace be with her) charged me upon her death-bed to marry a gentlewoman, one who had been well trained up in sowing and cookery. I do not think but that if you and I can agree to marry, and lay our means together, I shall be made grand juryman ere two or three years come about, and that will be a great credit to us. If I could have got a messenger for sixpence, I would have sent one on purpose, and some trifle or other for a token of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for that neither. So hoping you will take this letter in good part, and answer it with what care and speed you can, I rest and remain,*

'Yours, if my own,

Swepson, Leicestershire. Mister GABRIEL BULLOCK, now my father is dead.

'When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener; and may come in one of them myself.°

'*For sir William to go to london at westminster remember a parlement.*

'SIR

'WILLIAM, i hope that you are well. i write to let you know that i am in troubel about a

° See No. 324, and note, where this letter is given imperfectly, and supplied otherwise.

lady your nease; and i do desire that you will be my friend; for when i did com to see her at your hall, i was mighty Abuesed. i would fain a see you at topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; but i desire that you will be our friends, for it is no dishonor neither for you nor she, for God did make us all. i wish that i might see you, for thay say that you are a good man; and many doth wounder at it, but madam norton is abuesed and ceated two i believe. i might a had many a lady, but i con have none but her with a good consons, for there is a God that know our hearts, if you and madam norton will come to York, there i shill meet you if God be willing and if you be pleased. so be not angterie till you know the trutes of things.

'I give my to me lady, and to Mr. Aysenby, and to madam norton, March the 19th, 1706.'

'GEORGE NELSON.

'*This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she went to York.*

'MADAM MARY. Deare loving sweet lady, i hope you are well. Do not go to london, for they will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mrs. Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and ceat you. go from to another place, and we will gate wed so with speed. mind what i write to you, for if they gate you to london they will keep you there; and so let us gate wed, and we will both go. so if you go to london, you rueing yourself. so heed not what none of them saith to you. let us gate wed, and we shall lie to gader any time. i will do any thing for you to my poore. i hope the devill will

faile them all, for a hellish company there be. from there cursed trick and mischiefus ways good lord bless and deliver both you and me.

'I think to be at york the 24 day.'

'*This is for madam mary norton to go to london for a lady that belongs to dishforth.*

'MADAM MARY, i hope you are well. i am soary that you went away from York. deare loving sweet lady, i writt to let you know that i do remain faithfull; and if can let me know where i can meet you, i will wed you, and i will do any thing to my poor; for you are a good woman, and will be a loving Misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you will come to york i will wed you. so with speed come, and i will have none but you. so, sweet love, heed not what to say to me, and with speed come; heed not what none of them say to you; your Maid makes you believe ought.

'So deare love think of Mr. george Nillson with speed; i sent you 2 or 3 letters before.

'I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put me in pruson all the night for me pains, and non new whear i was, and i did gat cold.

'But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from home, for in york and round about she is known; to writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor soul is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

'March 19th, 1706.'[p]

[p] In a MS. written by Dr. Birch, now before the annotator, it is said, that an original number of the Spectator in folio was withdrawn at the time of its republication in volumes, on the remonstrance of a family who conceived themselves injured by its appearance in print. It was, most probably, this very paper.

The following short letter, with the desire annexed to it, are subjoined to No. 330, in the original publication of the Spectator in folio: as they

No. 329. TUESDAY, March 18, 1711–12.

Ire tamen restat Numa qua devenit et Ancus.
Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 27.

With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

My friend sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night, that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster-abbey,[q] in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not, at first, imagine how this came into the knight's

evidently relate to this paper, which was suppressed very soon after its original date, they are here reprinted for the first time.

'mr. spectator, 'March 18, 1711–12.

'The ostentation you showed yesterday [March 17] would have been pardonable, had you provided better for the two extremities of your paper, and placed in the one the letter R, in the other,

Nescio quid meditans nugarum et totus in illis.

A word to the wise.

'I am your most humble servant,

'T. Trash.'

'According to the emendation of the above correspondent, the reader is desired, in the paper of the 17th, to read R for T.'

It has been asserted that all the papers with the signature T were composed, or compiled from the letter-box, by Mr. Thomas Tickell; but there appears no reason to acquiesce in this assertion. This gentleman being familiar with Addison, and consequently often with Steele, one, or both, being otherwise engaged from necessity, or choice, might perhaps have been employed occasionally to furnish the supplies indispensably necessary: the short letter here printed seems to countenance this supposition, and Mr. T. Tickell was perhaps the writer of it, and, it may be, commonly, the transcriber. It is far however from being certain, that all the papers signed T, are to be universally ascribed to Mr. T. Tickell, as is evident from the note on signature T, at the end of Spect. No. 324.—See also No. 310. Petition *ad finem*, and note.

[q] See Spect. No. 26.

head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable;[r] upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me farther, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he staid in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic:[s] when of a sudden turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bid him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the widow Trueby was

[r] If we are to give any credit to the author of The Independent Whig, Addison afterwards found the knight's favourite cordial less unpalatable, and liked it better than it seems he did at first.

[s] In 1709. See Tat. No. 97, and note.

one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good: upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without farther ceremony.

We had not gone far when sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bid him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cry'd out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by sir Cloudsley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cry'd, 'sir Cloudsley Shovel! a very gallant man.' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner: 'Dr. Busby! a great man; he whipped my grandfather; a very great

man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead: a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to every thing he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland? The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit. I could observe sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand; the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would

go hard but he would get a tobacco stopper out of one or t'other them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that, in sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which sir Roger acquainted us, that he was the first who touched for the evil: and afterwards Henry the Fourth's; upon which he shook his head, and told us there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know, that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; 'Some whig, I'll warrant you,' says sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you don't take care.'

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to sir Richard Baker, who, as our knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our in-

terpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him, that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk-buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

L.[t]

No. 330. WEDNESDAY, March 19, 1711-12.

Maxima debetur pueris reverentia—
Juv. Sat. xiv. 47.
To youth the greatest reverence is due.

The following letters, written by two very considerate correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are very good arguments of the necessity of taking into consideration the many incidents which affect the education of youth.

'SIR,

'I have long expected, that, in the course of your observations upon the several parts of

[t] The signature L is at the end of this number in the orig. edit. in folio, and is thought to signify, that it was written by Addison, then in London.

*** Just published, Creation, a philosophical poem, &c. By Sir R. Blackmore, knt. M. D. &c.—See Spect. No. 339.

††† Whereas a complete Course of Chymistry, containing about 100 operations, illustrated with the proper *scholia*, has been performed at the elaboratory of Mr. Edward Bright, Chymist, in White-friars, next Fleet-street, to the entire satisfaction of those gentlemen that attended it; this is to give notice, that another course will be opened at the same place, April 14, or sooner, provided the number be complete. Gentlemen are desired to give in their names, and to pay down one guinea at the same time, and another guinea and a half at the beginning of the course; which are the terms. In these courses endeavours are used to demonstrate the constituent parts of each medicine, their virtues and doses; to which will be added, many useful observations, applicable to the practice of physic.—Spect. in folio.

human life, you would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you. What I mean is, the patronage of young modest men to such as are able to countenance and introduce them into the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit languishes in obscurity or poverty when his circumstances are low, and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood, than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obligations imaginable.

'I am the son of a merchant of the city of London, who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in comparison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of 200*l.* a-year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was, (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable,) that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running into debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested, and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I

lay four days, surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from this shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an inn of court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. But I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine; who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the county; and the great obligation I have to him for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and, though I am not now quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, Mr. Spectator, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to show what great charities are to be done

without expense, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency, in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger gentry about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his country from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession: others may gain preferments and fortunes from their patrons; but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient humble servant, S. P.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever played truant or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep; and I dream two or three nights

in a week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning. I have a very good affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book now and then that he don't know of. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace t'other day, and he told me in a passion he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my master gives orders for. All the boys in the school but I have the classic authors *in usum Delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing his temper may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do any thing for their children if they would but mind

their learning: I would be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my boldness. If you will but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

'Your humble servant,

'London, March 2. 1711. 'JAMES DISCIPULUS.'

T.[u]

*** A set of the Cries of the City of London, consisting of 74 prints, taken off from so many copper-plates curiously engraven, each figure drawn after the life by the famous M. Laroon. To render the set more complete, each figure is explained in English, French, and Italian. Printed and sold by H. Overton, at the White Horse, without Newgate. Price 10*s.* a set.—Spect. in folio.

No. 331. THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1712.

—Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.
PERS. Sat. ii. 28.
Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

WHEN I was last with my friend sir Roger in Westminster-abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? 'For my part,' says he, 'when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were of my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs,

[u] No. 330, has the signature T in the original Spectator in folio, and in both the editions of 1712, in 8vo. and 12mo. which seems to signify that Steele was only the transcriber, or that it was made up from the letter-box by Mr. T. Tickell. See No. 324, note on this signature.

and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smock-faced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings.' The knight added, 'if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavour to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.'

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavoured to rival one another in beards; and represents a learned man, who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere, that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly, several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beards, that they seem to have fixed the point of honour principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third vision on the last judgment, has carried the humour very far, when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made, seems to have been in queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find, if he pleases to peruse the figures of cardinal Pole and bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned if zeal against popery has not induced our protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions, in order to make them appear the more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of king James the first.

During the civil wars there appeared one, which

makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence; I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

> 'His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tyle,
> A sudden view it would beguile:
> The upper part thereof was whey,
> The nether, orange mixt with grey.

The whisker continued for some time among us after the extirpation of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.[w]

If my friend sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colours, and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard of the tapestry size, which sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we may

[w] The beard dwindled under the Charles's, until it was reduced to a slender pair of whiskers, and became extinct in the reign of James II. as if its fatality had been connected with that of the male line of the royal house of Stuart.

not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion.

N. B. I may give the moral of this discourse in another paper. X.[x]

No. 332. FRIDAY, March 21, 1712.

—Minus aptus acutis
Naribus horum hominum—
Hor 1 Sat. iii. 29.
He cannot bear the raillery of the age.
Creech.

'DEAR SHORT FACE,

'In your speculation of Wednesday last,[y] you have given us some acount of that worthy society of brutes the Mohocks;[z] wherein you have particularly specified the ingenious performances of the lion-tippers, the dancing-masters, and the tumblers: but as you acknowledge you had not then a perfect history of the whole club, you might very easily omit one of the most notable species of it, the sweaters, which may be reckoned a sort of dancing-masters too. It is, it seems, the custom for half a dozen, or more, of these well-disposed savages, as soon as they have inclosed the person upon whom they design the favour of a sweat, to whip out their swords, and, holding them parallel to the horizon, they describe a sort of magic circle round about him with the points. As soon as this piece of conjuration is performed, and the patient without doubt already beginning to wax warm, to forward

[x] By Mr. Eustace Budgell.—See Spect. No. 555. [y] No. 324.
[z] See Swift's Works, 8vo. vol. xiv. p. 161, and vol. xvii. p. 60.

the operation, that member of the circle towards whom he is so rude as to turn his back, first runs his sword directly into that part of the patient wherein school-boys are punished; and as it is very natural to imagine this will soon make him tack about to some other point, every gentleman does himself the same justice as often as he receives the affront. After this jig has gone two or three times round, and the patient is thought to have sweat sufficiently, he is very handsomely rubbed down by some attendants, who carry with them instruments for that purpose, and so discharged. This relation I had from a friend of mine; who has lately been under this discipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance before the emperor himself, not without the applause and acclamations both of his imperial majesty and the whole ring; though I dare say neither I nor any of his acquaintance ever dreamt he would have merited any reputation by his activity.

'I can assure you, Mr. Spec., I was very near being qualified to have given you a faithful and painful account of this walking bagnio, if I may so call it, myself. For, going the other night along Fleet-street, and having out of curiosity just entered into discourse with a wandering female who was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows advanced towards us, drew their swords, and cry'd out to each other, "A sweat! a sweat!" Whereupon, suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of the bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a parley; but finding none would be granted me, and perceiving others behind them filing off with great diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat for fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaking myself to a

pair of heels, which I had good reason to believe would do me justice, I instantly got possession of a very snug corner in a neighbouring alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintained for above half an hour with great firmness and resolution, though not letting this success so far overcome me, as to make me unmindful of the circumspection that was necessary to be observed upon my advancing again rowards the street; by which prudence and good management I made a handsome and orderly retreat, having suffered no other damage in this action than the loss of my baggage, and the dislocation of one of my shoe-heels, which last I am just now informed is in a fair way of recovery. These sweaters, by what I can learn from my friend, and by as near a view as I was able to take of them myself, seem to me to have at present but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It is probable, if you would take a little pains with them, they might be brought into better order. But I'll leave this to your own discretion; and will only add, that if you think it worth while to insert this by way of caution to those who have a mind to preserve their skins whole from this sort of cupping, and tell them at the same time the hazard of treating with night walkers, you will perhaps oblige others, as well as

'Your very humble servant,

'JACK LIGHTFOOT.

'P. S. My friend will have me acquaint you, that though he would not willingly detract from the merit of that extraordinary strokes-man, Mr. Sprightly,[a] yet it is his real opinion, that some of

[a] See No. 319.

those fellows who are employed as rubbers to this new-fashioned bagnio have struck as bold strokes as ever he did in his life.

'I had sent this four and twenty hours sooner, if I had not had the misfortune of being in a great doubt about the orthography of the word bagnio. I consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief; at last, having recourse both to the bagnio in Newgate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and finding the original manuscripts upon the sign-posts of each to agree literally with my own spelling, I returned home, full of satisfaction, in order to despatch this epistle.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you have taken most of the circumstances of human life into your consideration, we the underwritten thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvements we make is by reading. We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We rise by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the good company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read; at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country

gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate, with finer-bred women, you shall have farther notice from,

'SIR,

'Your courteous readers,

'MARTHA BUSIE,

'DEBORAH THRIFTY,

'ALICE EARLY.'

T.[b]

No. 333.[c] SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1711–12.

—vocat in certamina divos.

VIRG.

He calls embattled deities to arms.

WE are now entering upon the sixth book of Paradise Lost, in which the poet describes the battle of the angels; having raised his reader's expectation and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus, where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his poem:

[b] By Steele. See No. 324, note on T.

[c] Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost. This twelfth paper contains Addison's remarks on the 6th book of that poem. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, 369. See also Newton's notes on this 6th book.

— 'Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.'

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the infernal conference:

'O prince! O chief of many-throned powers,
That led th' embattled seraphim to war,
Too well I see and rue the dire event,
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath lost us heav'n: and all this mighty host
In horrible destruction laid thus low.
But see! the angry victor has recall'd
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
Back to the gates of heav'n. The sulphurous hail
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery surge, that from the precipice
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.'

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the second:

'What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us; this hell then seem'd
A refuge from those wounds.'

In short, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in such images of greatness and terror as are suitable to the subject. Among several others I cannot forbear quoting that passage where the Power, who is described as presiding over the chaos, speaks in the second book:

Thus Satan: and him thus the Anarch old,
With falt'ring speech and visage incompos'd,
Answer'd: "I know thee stranger who thou art,
That mighty leading angel, who of late
Made head against heaven's King tho' overthrown.
I saw and heard: for such a num'rous host
Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded; and heaven's gates
Poured out by millions her victorious bands
Pursuing."—

It required great pregnancy of invention and strength of imagination to fill this battle with such circumstances as should raise and astonish the mind of the reader; and, at the same time, an exactness of judgment, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Those who look into Homer are surprised to find his battles still rising one above another, and improving in horror to the conclusion of the Iliad. Milton's fight of angels is wrought up with the same beauty. It is ushered in with such signs of wrath as are suitable to Omnipotence incensed. The first engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occasioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are discharged from either host. The second onset is still more terrible, as it is filled with those artificial thunders which seem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of consternation even in the good angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the last place the Messiah comes forth in the fulness of majesty and terror. The pomp of his appearance, amidst the roaring of his thunders, the flashes of his lightnings, and the noise of his chariot-wheels, is described with the utmost flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the first and last day's en-

gagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas most readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of angels.

The second day's engagement is apt to startle an imagination which has not been raised and qualified for such a description, by the reading of the ancient poets, and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author to ascribe the first use of artillery to the rebel angels. But as such a pernicious invention may be well supposed to have proceeded from such authors, so it entered very properly into the thoughts of that being who is all along described as aspiring to the majesty of his Maker. Such engines were the only instruments he could have made use of to imitate those thunders, that in all poetry, both sacred and profane, are represented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether so daring a thought as the former. We are in some measure prepared for such an incident by the description of the giants' war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What still made this circumstance the more proper for the poet's use, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants' war, which makes so great a noise in antiquity, and gave birth to the sublimest description in Hesiod's works, was an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to consider with what judgment Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the descriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the same time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this subject. Homer, in that passage which Longinus has celebrated for its sublime-

ness, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us that the giants threw Ossa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Ossa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (*εἰνοσίφυλλον*), which very much swells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is farther a greater beauty in his singling out by name these three remarkable mountains so well known to the Greeks. This last is such a beauty, as the scene of Milton's war could not possibly furnish him with. Claudian, in his fragments upon the giants' war, has given full scope to that wildness of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the giants tore up whole islands by the roots and threw them at the gods. He describes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all Vulcan's shop in the midst of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the sides of it; but the poet, not content to describe him with this mountain upon his shoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that posture. It is visible to every judicious reader, that such ideas savour more of the burlesque than of the sublime. They proceed from a wantonness of imagination, and rather divert the mind than astonish it. Milton has taken every thing that is sublime in these several passages, and composes out of them the following great images:

> 'From their foundations loos'ning to and fro,
> They plucked the seated hills, with all their load,
> Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops
> Uplifting bore them in their hands.'

We have the full majesty of Homer in this short

description, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the description of the fallen angels seeing the promontories hanging over their heads in such a dreadful manner, with the other numberless beauties in this book, which are so conspicuous, that they cannot escape the notice of the most ordinary reader.

There are indeed so many wonderful strokes of poetry in this book, and such a variety of sublime ideas, that it would have been impossible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Besides that I find it in a great measure done to my hand at the end of my Lord Roscommon's Essay on Translated Poetry. I shall refer my reader thither for some of the master-strokes in the sixth book of Paradise Lost, though at the same time there are many others which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithstanding the sublime genius he was master of, has in this book drawn to his assistance, all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The sword of Michael, which makes so great a havock among the bad angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God:

> —'But the sword
> Of Michael from the armoury of God
> Was giv'n him temper'd so, that neither keen
> Nor solid might resist that edge: it met
> The sword of Satan with steep force to smite
> Descending, and in half cut sheer.'—

This passage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the sword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the sword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge.

As the moral in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the bestowing on a man who is favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only has Homer made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, wherein Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer:

> 'The griding sword with discontinuous wound
> Pass'd through him; but th' ethereal substance clos'd
> Not long divisible: and from the gash
> A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd
> Sanguine, (such as celestial spirits may bleed,)
> And all his armour stain'd.'

Homer tells us in the same manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that though the pain was exquisitely great, the wound soon closed up and healed in those beings who are vested with immortality.

I question not but Milton, in his description of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on Mars in the Iliad; who, upon his being wounded, is represented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of an whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will easily ob-

serve how Milton has kept all the horror of this image, without running into the ridicule of it:

> —'Where the might of Gabriel fought,
> And with fierce ensigns pierc'd the deep array
> Of Moloch, furious king! who him defy'd,
> And at his chariot wheels to drag him bound
> Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of heav'n
> Refrained his tongue blasphemous: but anon
> Down cloven to the waist, with shattered arms
> And uncouth pain fled bellowing—'

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel, who, as Grotius observes, has very much in him of Homer's spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines in that glorious commission which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

> 'Go then, thou mightiest, in thy Father's might!
> Ascend my chariot, guide the rapid wheels
> That shake heav'n's basis; bring forth all my war,
> My bow, my thunder, my almighty arms
> Gird on, and sword on thy puissant thigh.'

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer, before he entered into this engagement of the angels. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinctly amidst all the

shouts and confusion of the fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads; while Neptune raises such a tempest, that the whole field of battle and all the tops of the mountains shake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he leapt from his throne. Homer afterwards describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. The shout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art has the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

> 'All heav'n resounded; and had earth been then,
> All earth had to its centre shook—'

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterwards describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

> '— Under his burning wheels
> The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,
> All but the throne itself of God —'

Nothwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still

found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himself is able to describe:

'Yet half his strength he put not forth, but check'd
His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
Not to destroy, but root them out of heav'n.'

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he has given it certain resting places and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time; several speeches, reflections, similitudes, and the like reliefs, being interspersed to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader.[d] L.[e]

No. 334. MONDAY, March 24, 1711-12.

—Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Roscium, dixistique non tam ea quæ recta essent probari, quam quæ prava sunt fastidiis adhærescere.
Cic. de Gestu.

You would have each of us be a kind of Roscius in his way; and you have said that fastidious men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

It is very natural to take for our whole lives a light impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shows the ill consequence of such prepossessions.

[d] See Spectator in folio, No. 369.
[e] By Addison, dated, as the signature L seems to imply, London.

What I mean is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing.[f] I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of this part of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in demand; and that these very great talents were often rendered useless to a man for want of small attainments. A good mien (a becoming motion, gesture, and aspect) is natural to some men; but even these would be highly more graceful in their carriage, if what they do from the force of nature were confirmed and heightened from the force of reason. To one who has not at all considered it, to mention the force of reason on such a subject, will appear fantastical; but when you have a little attended to it, an assembly of men will have quite another view; and they will tell you, it is evident from plain and infallible rules, why this man, with those beautiful features and a well-fashioned person, is not so agreeable as he who sits by him without any of those advantages. When we read, we do it without any exerted act of memory that presents the shape of the letters; but habit makes us do it mechanically, without staying like children to recollect and join those letters. A man who has not had the regard of his gesture in any part of his education, will find himself unable to act with freedom before new company, as a child that is but now learning would be to

[f] This paper on dancing has the signature T subscribed to it in the Spect. in folio, and in both the editions of 1712. The introduction probably by Steele, or perhaps by Mr. T. Tickell, and the letter by Mr. Weaver, as is evident from comparing the third paragraph of it, with the account of Mr. Weaver's Treatise on Dancing.—See Spect. Nos. 466, and 324, note on the signature T.

read without hesitation. It is for the advancement of the pleasure we receive in being agreeable to each other in ordinary life, that one would wish dancing were generally understood as conducive, as it really is, to a proper deportment in matters that appear the most remote from it. A man of learning and sense is distinguished from others as he is such, though he never runs upon points too difficult for the rest of the world; in like manner, the reaching out of the arm, and the most ordinary motion, discovers whether a man ever learnt to know what is the true harmony and composure of his limbs and countenance. Whoever has seen Booth in the character of Pyrrhus march to his throne to receive Orestes, is convinced that majestic and great conceptions are expressed in the very step; but perhaps, though no other man could perform that incident as well as he does, he himself would do it with a yet greater elevation, were he a dancer. This is so dangerous a subject to treat with gravity, that I shall not at present enter into it any farther, but the author of the following letter has treated it in the essay he speaks of in such a manner, that I am beholden to him for a resolution, that I will never hereafter think meanly of any thing, till I have heard what they who have another opinion of it have to say in its defence.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE there are scarce any one of the arts and sciences that have not been recommended to the world by the pens of some of the professors, masters, or lovers of them, whereby the usefulness, excellence, and benefit arising from them, both as to the speculative and practical part, have been made pub-

lic, to the great advantage and improvement of such arts and sciences: why should dancing, an art celebrated by the ancients in so extraordinary a manner, be totally neglected by the moderns, and left destitute of any pen to recommend its various excellences, and substantial merit to mankind?

'The low ebb to which dancing is now fallen, is altogether owing to this silence. The art is esteemed only as an amusing trifle; it lies altogether uncultivated, and is unhappily fallen under the imputation of illiterate and mechanic. And as Terence, in one of his prologues, complains of the rope-dancers drawing all the spectators from his play, so may we well say, that capering and tumbling is now preferred to, and supplies the place of, just and regular dancing on our theatres. It is therefore, in my opinion, high time that some one should come to its assistance, and relieve it from the many gross and growing errors that have crept into it, and overcast its real beauties: and, to set dancing in its true light, would show the usefulness and elegance of it, with the pleasure and instruction produced from it; and also lay down some fundamental rules, that might so tend to the improvement of its professors, and information of the spectators, that the first might be the better enabled to perform, and the latter rendered more capable of judging what is (if there be any thing) valuable in this art.

'To encourage therefore some ingenious pen capable of so generous an undertaking, and in some measure to relieve dancing from the disadvantages it at present lies under, I, who teach to dance,[g] have at-

[g] An Essay towards an History of Dancing, &c. By John Weaver, 12mo. 1712.—See Spect. No. 466.

tempted a small treatise as an essay towards an History of Dancing; in which I have inquired into its antiquity, origin, and use, and shown what esteem the ancients had for it. I have likewise considered the nature and perfection of all its several parts, and how beneficial and delightful it is, both as a qualification and an exercise; and endeavoured to answer all objections that have been maliciously raised against it. I have proceeded to give an account of the particular dances of the Greeks and Romans, whether religious, warlike, or civil; and taken particular notice of that part of dancing relating to the ancient stage, in which the pantomimes had so great a share. Nor have I been wanting in giving an historical account of some particular masters excellent in that surprising art; after which I have advanced some observations on modern dancing, both as to the stage, and that part of it so absolutely necessary for the qualification of gentlemen and ladies; and have concluded with some short remarks on the origin and progress of the character by which dances are writ down, and communicated to one master from another. If some great genius after would arise, and advance this art to that perfection it seems capable of receiving, what might not be expected from it? For, if we consider the origin of arts and sciences, we shall find that some of them took rise from beginnings so mean and unpromising, that it is very wonderful to think that ever such surprising structures should have been raised upon such ordinary foundations. But what cannot a great genius effect? Who would have thought that the clangorous noise of a smith's hammers should have given the first rise to music? Yet Macrobius in his

second book relates, that Pythagoras, in passing by a smith's shop, found that the sounds proceeding from the hammers were either more grave or acute, according to the different weights of the hammers. The philosopher, to improve this hint, suspends different weights by strings of the same bigness, and found in like manner that the sounds answered to the weights. This being discovered, he finds out those numbers which produced sounds that were consonant: as, that two strings of the same substance and tension, the one being double the length of the other, gave that interval which is called diapason, or an eighth: the same was also effected from two strings of the same length and size, the one having four times the tension of the other. By these steps, from so mean a beginning, did this great man reduce, what was only before noise, to one of the most delightful sciences, by marrying it to the mathematics; and by that means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows therefore but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnified arts?

'Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declared yourself visitor of dancing-schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects them, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation, in order to recommend my

treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom, as visitor, you ought to be guardian.[h]

Salop, March 19, 1711–12.

'I am, SIR,
'Your most humble servant.'

T.[i]

No. 335. TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1711–12.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et veras hinc ducere voces.
HOR. Ars Poet. 327.

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.
FRANCIS.

MY friend, sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy[k] with me, assuring me at the same time that he had not been at a play these twenty years. 'The last I saw,' said sir Roger, 'was The Committee,[l] which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good church of England comedy.' He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distrest mother[m] was; and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case

[h] See No. 370, *ad finem;* and No. 481, advert.

[i] By Steele. Transcribed. See No. 324, note on T.

[k] The Distrest Mother, by Ambrose Phillips, 4to. 1712.

[l] Com. by Sir Robert Howard, fol. 1665; intended to throw an odium on the party called Roundheads, and their proceedings.

[m] See Spect. No. 290, note; and No. 338.

the Mohocks should be abroad.[n] 'I assure you,' says he, 'I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know,' continued the knight with a smile, 'I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in king Charles the second's time, for which reason he has not ventured himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before.' Sir Roger added, that 'if these gentlemen had any such intention, they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out,' says he, 'at the end of Norfolk-street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However,' says the knight, 'if captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels mended.'

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.[o] Sir Roger's ser-

[n] See Nos. 324, 332, 347.

[o] In 1692, gentlemen wore about this time a kind of neckcloth called a Steenkirk, probably from its being taken notice of first at this battle. In like manner, and for a similar reason, a wig was called Ramillies, being

vants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants, to attend their master upon this occasion. When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up, and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself, at the sight of a multitude of people who seem pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the knight told me that he did not believe the king of France himself had a better strut. I was indeed very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after, as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear, that he was sure she never would have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary

introduced, or having become fashionable, about the time of that battle, in 1706.

vehemence, 'You can't imagine, Sir, what it is to have to do with a widow.' Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the knight shook his head and muttered to himself, 'Ay, do if you can.' This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered me in my ear, 'These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray,' says he, 'you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of.'

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. 'Well,' says the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, 'I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost. He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly set himself right in that particular, though at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him. Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which sir Roger added, 'On my word, a notable young baggage!'

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of the intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players, and of their respective parts. Sir Roger, hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in

with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man. As they were afterwards applauding Pyrrhus, sir Roger put in a second time. 'And let me tell you,' says he, 'though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them.' Captain Sentry, seeing two or three wags who sat near us lean with an attentive ear towards sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and, at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinarily serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding, that Orestes in his madness looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the justling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodging in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man.

L.[p]

[p] By Addison, who perhaps put this signature to his papers written in London. It seems, that Addison marked his Spectators, probably, with the initials of the places from which he dated them; that this was un-

No. 336. WEDNESDAY, March 26, 1712.

—Clamant periisse pudorem
Cuncti pene patres; ea cum reprehendere coner
Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit:
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Hor. 2 Ep. i. 80.

IMITATED.

One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of names,)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

Pope.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'As you are the daily endeavourer to promote learning and good sense, I think myself obliged to suggest to your consideration whatever may promote or prejudice them. There is an evil which has prevailed from generation to generation, which gray hairs and tyrannical custom continue to support: I hope your spectatorial authority will give a seasonable check to the spread of the infection; I mean, old men's overbearing the strongest sense of their juniors by the mere force of seniority; so that, for a young man in the bloom of life and vigour of age to give a reasonable contradiction to his elders, is esteemed an unpardonable insolence, and regarded as reversing the decrees of nature. I am a young man, I confess; yet I honour the gray head as much

known to Steele, till he had done with the work; and that then Steele made it his own act, by assigning to his friend all the papers distinguished by the letters which compose the word CLIO. See dedication of The Drummer to Mr. Congreve.

as any one: however, when in company with old men I hear them speak obscurely, or reason preposterously, (into which absurdities, prejudice, pride, or interest, will sometimes throw the wisest,) I count it no crime to rectify their reasonings, unless conscience must truckle to ceremony, and truth fall a sacrifice to complaisance. The strongest arguments are enervated, and the brightest evidence disappears, before those tremendous reasonings and dazzling discoveries of venerable old age: "You are young giddy-headed fellows; you have not yet had experience of the world." Thus we young folks find our ambition cramped, and our laziness indulged; since, while young, we have little room to display ourselves; and, when old, the weakness of nature must pass for strength of sense, and we hope that hoary heads will raise us above the attacks of contradiction. Now, Sir, as you would enliven our activity in the pursuit of learning, take our case into consideration; and, with a gloss on brave Elihu's sentiments, assert the rights of youth, and prevent the pernicious encroachments of age. The generous reasonings of that gallant youth would adorn your paper; and I beg you would insert them, not doubting but that they will give good entertainment to the most intelligent of your readers.'

"So these three men ceased to answer Job, because he was righteous in his own eyes. Then was kindled the wrath of Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, of the kindred of Ram. Against Job was his wrath kindled, because he justified himself rather than God. Also against his three friends was his wrath kindled, because they had found no answer, and yet had condemned Job. Now Elihu had waited till

Job had spoken, because they were elder than he. When Elihu saw there was no answer in the mouth of these three men, then his wrath was kindled. And Elihu, the son of Barachel the Buzite, answered and said, I am young, and ye are very old; wherefore I was afraid, and durst not show you mine opinion. I said, Days should speak, and multitude of years should teach wisdom. But there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding. Great men are not always wise: neither do the aged understand judgment. Therefore I said, Hearken to me, I also will show mine opinion. Behold I waited for your words; I gave ear to your reasons, whilst you searched out what to say. Yea, I attended unto you. And behold there was none of you that convinced Job, or that answered his words; lest you should say, We have found out wisdom: God thrusteth him down, not man. Now he hath not directed his words against me: neither will I answer him with your speeches. They were amazed: they answered no more; they left off speaking. When I had waited (for they spake not, but stood still and answered no more), I said, I will answer also my part; I also will show mine opinion. For I am full of matter, the spirit within me constraineth me. Behold, my belly is as wine which hath no vent, it is ready to burst like new bottles. I will speak that I may be refreshed: I will open my lips and answer. Let me not, I pray you, accept any man's person, neither let me give flattering titles unto man. For I know not to give flattering titles: in so doing my Maker would soon take me away."

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE formerly read with great satisfaction your paper about idols,[q] and the behaviour of gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women officiate; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration: but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure, at this present writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-women about town; and, though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company, as any o' this end of the town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who, under pretence of taking their innocent rambles forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to cheapen tea, or buy a skreen. What else should they mean? as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these no-customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a basin, a third for my best green tea; and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced; and the whole agreeable architecture disordered; so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins, that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids.

[q] See Spect. Nos. 73, 79, 87, 155, and 534, let. 5.

Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is too dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted: the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord, what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for, though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more from them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince 'em that we honest shopkeepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours gratis. A young son of mine, a schoolboy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances. I am, Sir,

'Your constant reader,
and very humble servant,
'REBECCA *the distressed.*'

'March the 22d.

T.[r]

No. 337. THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1712.

Fingit equum tenera docilem cervice magister,
Ire viam quam monstrat eques—
HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 64.

The jockey trains the young and tender horse
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.
CREECH.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays

[r] No. 336 is marked with the signature T in the Spect. in folio, and in the first editions in 8vo. and 12mo. of 1712, which seems to signify, that it was transcribed from the letter-box by Steele; perhaps, by Mr. T. Tickell. It does not, therefore, appear, that there could be any good authority

upon education.[8] As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

'SIR,

'IF I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my farther thoughts upon education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavoured to give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole, it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time I confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first and principal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

'I intend, therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue, as they advanced in letters.

'I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found out; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly virtue.

'To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences, but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By

for altering the original signature, as has been done in some copies. See No. 334, note on the signature T, *ad finem*.

[8] See Spect. Nos. 307 and 313, by Mr. E. Budgell.

this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

'There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is often so dazzled with the lustre of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty parts of it with an eye of admiration.

'I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. I know this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer; but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander, in his youth, had a master named Lysimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phœnix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire, but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

'To carry this thought yet farther, I shall submit it to your consideration, whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked, once or twice a-week, to write down his

opinion of such persons and things as occur to him by his reading: that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus, or Æneas; show wherein they excelled or were defective; censure or approve any particular action; observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

'Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve Horace's way of setting before youth the infamous or honourable characters of their contemporaries. That poet tells us, this was the method his father made use of to incline him to any particular virtue, or give him an aversion to any particular vice. "If," says Horace, "my father advised me to live within bounds, and be contented with the fortune he should leave me; 'Do not you see,' says he, 'the miserable condition of Burrus, and the son of Albus? Let the misfortunes of those two wretches teach you to avoid luxury and extravagance.' If he would inspire me with an abhorrence to debauchery, 'Do not,' says he, 'make yourself like Sectanus, when you may be happy in the enjoyment of lawful pleasures.—How scandalous,' says he, 'is the character of Trebonius, who was lately caught in bed with another man's wife!'" To illustrate the force of this method, the poet adds, that as a headstrong patient, who will not at first follow his physician's prescriptions, grows orderly when he hears that his neighbours die all about him;

so youth is often frighted from vice, by hearing the ill report it brings upon others.

'Xenophon's schools of equity, in his life of Cyrus the Great, are sufficiently famous. He tells us, that the Persian children went to school, and employed their time as diligently in learning the principles of justice and sobriety, as the youth in other countries did to acquire the most difficult arts and sciences: their governors spent most part of the day in hearing their mutual accusations, one against the other, whether for violence, cheating, slander, or ingratitude; and taught them how to give judgment against those who were found to be any ways guilty of these crimes. I omit the story of the long and short coat, for which Cyrus himself was punished, as a case equally known with any in Littleton.

'The method which Apuleius tells us the Indian Gymonosophists took to educate their disciples, is still more curious and remarkable. His words are as follow. "When their dinner is ready, before it is served up, the masters inquire of every particular scholar how he has employed his time since sun-rising: some of them answer, that, having been chosen as arbiters between two persons, they have composed their differences, and made them friends; some, that they have been executing the orders of their parents; and others, that they have either found out something new by their own application, or learnt it from the instructions of their fellows. But if there happens to be any one among them who cannot make it appear that he has employed the morning to advantage, he is immediately excluded from the company, and obliged to work while the rest are at dinner."

'It is not impossible, that from these several

ways of producing virtue in the minds of boys, some general method might be invented. What I would endeavour to inculcate is, that our youth cannot be too soon taught the principles of virtue, seeing the first impressions which are made on the mind are always the strongest.

'The Archbishop of Cambray[t] makes Telemachus say, that, though he was young in years, he was old in the art of knowing how to keep both his own and his friend's secrets. "When my father," says the prince, "went to the siege of Troy, he took me on his knees, and, after having embraced and blessed me, as he was surrounded by the nobles of Ithaca, 'O my friends,' says he, 'into your hands I commit 'the education of my son: if ever you loved his fa- 'ther, show it in your care towards him; but, above 'all, do not omit to form him just, sincere, and faith- 'ful in keeping a secret.' These words of my father," says Telemachus, "were continually repeated to me by his friends in his absence; who made no scruple of communicating to me their uneasiness to see my mother surrounded with lovers, and the measures they designed to take on that occasion." He adds, that he was so ravished at being thus treated like a man, and at the confidence reposed in him, that he never once abused it; nor could all the insinuations of his father's rivals ever get him to betray what was committed to him under the seal of secrecy.

'There is hardly any virtue which a lad might not thus learn by practice and example.

'I have heard of a good man who used at certain times to give his scholars sixpence a-piece, that they

[t] François de Salignac de la Motte Fenelon. See Guard. No. 69.

might tell him the next day how they had employed it. The third part was always to be laid out in charity, and every boy was blamed, or commended, as he could make it appear that he had chosen a fit object.

'In short, nothing is more wanting to our public schools, than that the masters of them should use the same care in fashioning the manners of their scholars, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages. Wherever the former is omitted, I cannot help agreeing with Mr. Locke, that a man must have a very strange value for words, when, preferring the languages of the Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave men, he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin.

'As the subject of this essay is of the highest importance, and what I do not remember to have yet seen treated by any author, I have sent you what occurred to me on it from my own observation, or reading, and which you may either suppress or publish, as you think fit. I am, SIR,

X.[a] 'Yours, &c.'

[a] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

No. 338. FRIDAY, March 28, 1712.

—Nil fuit unquam
Tam dispar sibi—[w]
Hor. 1 Sat. iii. 18.

Made up of nought but inconsistencies.

I find the tragedy of the Distrest Mother is published to-day. The author of the prologue,[x] I suppose, pleads an old excuse I have read somewhere, of 'being dull with design;' and the gentleman who writ the epilogue,[y] has to my knowledge so much of greater moment to value himself upon, that he will easily forgive me for publishing the exceptions made against gaiety at the end of serious entertainments in the following letter: I should be more unwilling to pardon him, than any body, a practice which cannot have any ill consequence, but from the abilities of the person who is guilty of it.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I had the happiness the other night of sitting very near you, and your worthy friend sir Roger, at the acting of the new tragedy, which you have, in a late paper or two, so justly recommended. I was highly pleased with the advantageous situa-

[w] The original motto to this paper, at its first publication in folio, was likewise from Horace:

—Servetur ad imum,
Qualis ab incepto processerit, et sibi constet.
Hor. A. P.

This has been used before as the motto to a paper in Spect. See No. 162.

[x] Steele was the author of the prologue to the Distrest Mother. The excuse alludes to a passage at the end of Tat. No. 38.

[y] The author of the epilogue to the play of A. Phillips, called The Distrest Mother, first published in 1712, was Mr. Eustace Budgell. This epilogue, which is objected to in the following letter, is defended in Spect. No. 341. See an account of this tragedy, and remarks upon it, in Spect. No. 290, and No. 335. See also No. 555, paragraph 3.

tion fortune had given me in placing me so near two gentlemen, from one of which I was sure to hear such reflections on the several incidents of the play as pure nature suggested, and from the other, such as flowed from the exactest art and judgment; though I must confess that my curiosity led me so much to observe the knight's reflections, that I was not so well at leisure to improve myself by yours. Nature, I found, played her part in the knight pretty well, till at the last concluding lines she entirely forsook him. You must know, Sir, that it is always my custom, when I have been well entertained at a new tragedy, to make my retreat before the facetious epilogue enters; not but that those pieces are often very well writ, but having paid down my half-crown, and made a fair purchase of as much of the pleasing melancholy as the poet's art can afford me, or my own nature admit of, I am willing to carry some of it home with me; and can't endure to be at once tricked out of all, though by the wittiest dexterity in the world. However, I kept my seat t'other night, in hopes of finding my own sentiments of this matter favoured by your friend's; when, to my great surprise, I found the knight entering with equal pleasure into both parts, and as much satisfied with Mrs. Oldfield's gaiety, as he had been before with Andromache's greatness. Whether this were no other than an effect of the knight's peculiar humanity, pleased to find at last, that, after all the tragical doings, every thing was safe and well, I don't know. But, for my own part, I must confess I was so dissatisfied, that I was sorry the poet had saved Andromache, and could heartily have wished that he had left her stone-dead upon the stage. For you

cannot imagine, Mr. Spectator, the mischief she was reserved to do me. I found my soul, during the action, gradually worked up to the highest pitch; and felt the exalted passion which all generous minds conceive at the sight of virtue in distress. The impression, believe me, Sir, was so strong upon me, that I am persuaded, if I had been let alone in it, I could at an extremity have ventured to defend yourself and sir Roger against half a score of the fiercest Mohocks; but the ludicrous epilogue in the close extinguished all my ardour, and made me look upon all such noble achievements as downright silly and romantic. What the rest of the audience felt, I can't so well tell. For myself I must declare, that at the end of the play I found my soul uniform, and all of a piece; but at the end of the epilogue, it was so jumbled together and divided between jest and earnest, that, if you will forgive me an extravagant fancy, I will here set it down. I could not but fancy, if my soul had at that moment quitted my body, and descended to the poetical shades in the posture it was then in, what a strange figure it would have made among them. They would not have known what to have made of my motley spectre, half comic and half tragic, all over resembling a ridiculous face, that at the same time laughs on one side, and cries o'tother. The only defence, I think, I have ever heard made for this, as it seems to me the most unnatural tack of the comic tail to the tragic head, is this, that the minds of the audience must be refreshed, and gentlemen and ladies not sent away to their own homes with too dismal and melancholy thoughts about them: for who knows the consequence of this? We are much

obliged indeed to the poets for the great tenderness they express for the safety of our persons, and heartily thank them for it. But, if that be all, pray, good Sir, assure them, that we are none of us like to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability, live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: for a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced, in their farewell voluntaries, a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church-services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place and business; and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief. For when the preacher has often, with great piety, and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself, and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been all in a moment dissipated by a merry jig from the organ loft. One knows not what farther ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce: but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorraine[z]

[z] Paul Lorraine was the ordinary of Newgate at this time, which place he held for many years: he died Oct. 7, 1719. In his accounts of the convicts executed at Tyburn, P. Lorraine generally represented them as true penitents, and dying very well, after having lived for the most part very ill: they are humourously styled Paul Lorraine's saints, in the Tatler, No

has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige,

'Your humble servant, PHYSIBULUS.'

* * *

No. 338, has no signature in the original edition of this Spect. in folio, or in the republications of these papers in 8vo. and in 12mo. in 1712.

There being no signature to the paper, it is therefore uncertain by whom it was written: but a stroke in No. 341, suggests a thought, that Mr. Budgell suspected Steele to have been the writer.

No. 339. SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1712.[b]

——Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare solum, et discludere Nerea ponto
Cæperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas.
VIRG. Ecl. vi. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame:
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall
Were blindly gathered in this goodly ball.
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,
Shut from the bounded earth, the bounding seas,
The earth and ocean various forms disclose,
And a new sun to the new world arose.
DRYDEN.

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a loftiness in sentiments where there is no passion, and

63. The old ordinary, Paul, grew gray in the habit of making this accurate observation in every month's Sessions Paper, 'That swearing had as great a hand in the suspension of every living soul under his cure, as sabbath-breaking itself.' Supplement to Swift's Works, vol. iii. p. 123. cr. 8vo. 1779. See Mr. Budgell's answer to this letter, and his remark on this passage, in No. 341.

[b] Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost. This

brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the sublime, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he farther remarks, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a master in both these ways of writing. The seventh book, which we are now entering upon, is an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The sixth book, like a troubled ocean, represents greatness in confusion; the seventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critic above-mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for succeeding in the sublime way of writing, proposes to his reader, that he should imitate the most celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the same nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical subject, he should consider how Homer would have spoken on such an occasion. By this means one great genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his spirit, without copying servilely after him. There are

thirteenth paper contains Addison's criticisms on the seventh book of that poem. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369. See also Bishop Newton's notes on Paradise Lost, Book VII.

a thousand shining passages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural strength of genius was capable of furnishing out a perfect work, has doubtless very much raised and ennobled his conceptions by such an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the six days works, the poet received but very few assistances from heathen writers, who were strangers to the wonders of creation. But as there are many glorious strokes of poetry upon this subject in holy writ, the author has numberless allusions to them through the whole course of this book. The great critic I have before mentioned, though an heathen, has taken notice of the sublime manner in which the lawgiver of the Jews has described the creation in the first chapter of Genesis; and there are many other passages in scripture which rise up to the same majesty, where this subject is touched upon. Milton has shown his judgment very remarkably, in making use of such of these as were proper for his poem, and in duly qualifying those high strains of eastern poetry, which were suited to readers whose imaginations were set to an higher pitch than those of colder climates.

Adam's speech to the angel, wherein he desires an account of what had passed within the regions of nature before the creation, is very great and solemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far spent for him to enter upon such a subject, are exquisite in their kind:

'And the great light of day yet wants to run
Much of his race, though steep, suspense in heav'n

Held by thy voice; thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation,' &c.

The angel's encouraging our first parents in a modest pursuit after knowledge, with the causes which he assigns for the creation of the world, are very just and beautiful. The Messiah, by whom, as we are told in scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, surrounded with an host of angels, and clothed with such a majesty as becomes his entering upon a work which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmost exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful description has our author raised upon that hint in one of the prophets! 'And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of brass:'

'About his chariot numberless were pour'd
Cherub and seraph, potentates and thrones,
And virtues, winged spirits, and chariots wing'd
From the armoury of God, where stand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Against a solemn day, harness'd at hand,
Celestial equipage! and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them spirit liv'd,
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever-during gates, harmonious sound!
On golden hinges moving'—

I have before taken notice of these chariots of God, and of these gates of heaven: and shall here only add, that Homer gives us the same idea of the latter, as opening of themselves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us that the Hours first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole poem

more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the creation:

'On heav'nly ground they stood, and from the shore
They view'd the vast immeasurable abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'n's height, and with the centre mix the pole.
"Silence, ye troubled waves; and thou deep, peace!"
Said then th' omnific Word, "your discord end:"
Nor staid, but on the wings of cherubim
Uplifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, and the world unborn;
For Chaos heard his voice. Him all his train
Follow'd in bright procession, to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then stay'd the fervid wheels; and in his hand
He took the golden compasses, prepar'd
In God's eternal store to circumscribe
This universe, and all created things:
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, "Thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O world!"

The thought of the golden compasses is conceived altogether in Homer's spirit, and is a very noble incident in this wonderful description. Homer, when he speaks of the gods, ascribes to them several arms and instruments with the same greatness of imagination. Let the reader only peruse the description of Minerva's ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book of the Iliad, with her spear which would overturn whole squadrons, and her helmet that was sufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compasses in the above-men-

tioned passage, appear a very natural instrument in the hand of him whom Plato somewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abstracted ideas in allegories and sensible images, we find a magnificent description of the creation, formed after the same manner, in one of the prophets, wherein he describes the Almighty Architect as measuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his span, comprehending the dust of the earth in a measure, weighing the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, describing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, represents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and stretching a line upon it; and, in another place, as garnishing the heavens, stretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This last noble thought Milton has expressed in the following verse:

'An earth self-balanced on her centre hung.'

The beauties of description in this book lie so very thick, that it is impossible to enumerate them in this paper. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The several great scenes of the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

— 'Thus was the first day ev'n and morn:
Nor past uncelebrated nor unsung
By the celestial choirs, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;

Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.'

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made:

'Immediately the mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'n the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters.'—

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day:

'First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the Moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other lights she needed none
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,
Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere—

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days works, as

to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode, and at the same time so particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in the account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did after the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience, which was the principal design of this his visit.

The poet afterwards represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended up in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation; when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in its existence; when the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

'So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;
Thence to behold his new created world
Th' addition of his empire, how it show'd
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,
Answering His great idea. Up he rode,
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd
Angelic harmonies; the earth, the air

Resounded, (thou remember'st, for thou heard'st)
The heavens and all the constellations rung,
The planets in their station list'ning stood
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.
" Open, ye everlasting gates," they sung,
" Open, ye heavens, your living doors; let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his six days work, a world!"

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title.[c] The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be pleased to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a strength of reason, amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shown us that design in all the works of nature, which necessarily leads us to the knowledge of its first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestable instances, that divine wisdom which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being

[c] Creation, a philosophical poem: demonstrating the existence and providence of God. In seven books. By Sir Richard Blackmore, Knt. M. D. and fellow of the college of physicians in London. Adv. as just published at the end of Spect. No. 329, in folio.

Notwithstanding the many very forcible reasons for distinction, Swift affected to confound this with inferior productions of its worthy author, and subjected them all promiscuously to the unmerciful lash of his indiscriminating and licentious ridicule. When men have done laughing, and wisely lay aside all the dean's writings, for life, this poem of Blackmore's will be read for its superior intention, and better tendency; nor will it be found unworthy of what is here said of it by Addison. See Spect. No. 6, paragraph 3; and Hawkins's Life of Johnson, 1787, 2d ed. p. 349.

Mr. Hughes's Ode to the Creator, to which what is said here is by no means applicable, is mentioned afterwards very favourably in the Spectator. See Nos. 537, 554.

in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that 'He created her, and saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.' L.[d]

*** The first volume of the Memoirs of Literature for the years 1710 and 1711, containing a weekly account of the state of learning both at home and abroad, is now complete, with a large index. Sold by A. Baldwin. The sheets of the 2d vol. may be had as they come out weekly.—Spect. in folio, No. 338. N. B. There was no more of this work of M. D. L. Roche, printed in folio; the subsequent volumes were in 4to. In 1722 it was elegantly re-printed in 38 vols. 8vo. and forms a history of literature from 1710 to 1739, with a chasm of ten years, i. e. from 1715 to 1725, which is supplied by the Bibliotheque Angloise, 24to. 8 tomes, by the same writer, and A. B. D. M. T. The work above mentioned is uniformly printed, under four different titles. 1. Memoirs of Literature, 8 volumes; 2. New Memoirs of Literature, 6 volumes; 3. The Republic of Letters, 18 volumes; 4. Works of the Learned, 6 volumes; in all 38, and with the French supplement, 46. Besides faithful and judicious accounts of books, it contains many original dissertations and essays, by the most learned and ingenious men of that age, no where else to be found.

No. 340. MONDAY, March 31, 1712.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?
Quem sese ore ferens! quàm fortis pectore et armis!
VIRG. Æn. iv. 10.
What chief is this that visits us from far,
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war!

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in a man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at. He ought to think no man valuable but for his public spirit, justice, and integ-

[d] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See No. 335, note on signature L, *ad finem*.

rity; and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise or valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the applauses and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain, that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share. It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is possessor of it; and all men who are strangers to him are naturally incited to indulge a curiosity in beholding the person, behaviour, feature, and shape of him in whose character, perhaps, each man had formed something in common with himself.

Whether such, or any other, are the causes, all men have a yearning curiosity to behold a man of heroic worth; and I have had many letters from all parts of this kingdom, that request I would give them an exact account of the stature, the mien, the aspect of the prince who lately visited England, and has done such wonders for the liberty of Europe.[e] It would puzzle the most curious to form to himself the sort of man my several correspondents expect to hear of, by the action mentioned, when they desire a description of him. There is always something that concerns themselves, and growing out of their own

[e] See No. 241.

circumstances in all their inquiries. A friend of mine in Wales beseeches me to be very exact in my account of that wonderful man, who had marched an army and all its baggage over the Alps; and, if possible, to learn whether the peasant who showed him the way, and is drawn in the map, be yet living. A gentleman from the university, who is deeply intent on the study of humanity, desires me to be as particular, if I had opportunity, in observing the whole interview between his highness and our late general. Thus do men's fancies work according to their several educations and circumstances; but all pay a respect mixed with admiration, to this illustrious character. I have waited for his arrival in Holland, before I would let my correspondents know that I have not been so uncurious a Spectator as not to have seen prince Eugene.[f] It would be very difficult, as I said just now, to answer every expectation of those who have writ to me on that head: nor is it possible for me to find words to let one know what an artful glance there is in his countenance who surprised Cremona; how daring he appears who forced the trenches at Turin: but in general can say, that he who beholds him will easily expect from him any thing that is to be imagined or executed by the wit or force of man. The prince is of that stature which makes a man most easily become all parts of exercise; has height to be graceful on occasions of state and ceremony, and no less adapted for agility and despatch; his aspect is erect and composed; his eye lively and thoughtful, yet rather vigilant than sparkling; his action and address the most easy imagina-

[f] He stood godfather to Steele's second son, who was named Eugene, after this prince. See No. 269, and note.

ble, and his behaviour in an assembly peculiarly graceful in a certain art of mixing insensibly with the rest, and becoming one of the company, instead of receiving the courtship of it. The shape of his person and composure of his limbs, are remarkably exact and beautiful. There is in his looks something sublime, which does not seem to arise from his quality or character, but the innate disposition of his mind. It is apparent that he suffers the presence of much company, instead of taking delight in it; and he appeared in public, while with us, rather to return good-will, or satisfy curiosity, than to gratify any taste he himself had of being popular. As his thoughts are never tumultuous in danger, they are as little discomposed on occasions of pomp and magnificence. A great soul is affected, in either case, no farther than in considering the properest methods to extricate itself from them. If this hero has the strong incentives to uncommon enterprises that were remarkable in Alexander, he prosecutes and enjoys the fame of them with the justness, propriety, and good sense of Cæsar. It is easy to observe in him a mind as capable of being entertained with contemplation as enterprise; a mind ready for great exploits, but not impatient for occasions to exert itself. The prince has wisdom, and valour in as high perfection as man can enjoy it; which noble faculties, in conjunction, banish all vain-glory, ostentation, ambition, and all other vices which might intrude upon his mind, to make it unequal. These habits and qualities of soul and body render this personage so extraordinary, that he appears to have nothing in him but what every man should have in him, the exertion of his very self, abstracted from the circumstances in which fortune has placed him.

Thus, were you to see prince Eugene, and were told he was a private gentleman, you would say he is a man of modesty and merit. Should you be told that was prince Eugene, he would be diminished no otherwise, than that part of your distant admiration would turn into a familiar good-will.

This I thought fit to entertain my reader with, concerning an hero who never was equalled but by one man;[g] over whom also he has this advantage, that he has had an opportunity to manifest an esteem for him in his adversity. T.[h]

*** A set of the Cries of the City of London, consisting of 74 prints, taken off from so many copper-plates curiously engraven, each figure drawn after the life by the famous M. Laroon. To render the set more complete and diverting, each figure is explained in English, French, and Italian. Printed and sold by H. Overton, at the White Horse, without Newgate. Price 10s. a set.—See Tat. No. 96.

No. 341. TUESDAY, April, 1, 1712.

—Revocate animos, mœstumque timorem
Mittite—
Virg. Æn. i. 205.

Resume your courage and dismiss your fear.
Dryden.

Having, to oblige my correspondent Physibulus, printed his letter last Friday,[i] in relation to the new epilogue, he cannot take it amiss if I now publish another, which I have just received from a gentle-

[g] The duke of Marlborough, who was at this time turned out of all his public employments, to the eternal disgrace of his sovereign, and her ministry.

[h] By Steele. See No. 324, note on signature T.

[i] See No. 338.

man who does not agree with him in his sentiments upon that matter.

'SIR,

'I AM amazed to find an epilogue attacked in your last Friday's paper, which has been so generally applauded by the town, and received such honours as were never before given to any in an English theatre.

'The audience would not permit Mrs. Oldfield to go off the stage the first night till she had repeated it twice: the second night the noise of *Encore* was as loud as before, and she was again obliged to speak it twice: the third night it was still called for a second time; and in short, contrary to all other epilogues, which are dropt after the third representation of the play, this has already been repeated nine times.

'I must own, I am the more surprised to find this censure, in opposition to the whole town, in a paper which has hitherto been famous for the candour of its criticisms.

'I can by no means allow your melancholy correspondent, that the new epilogue is unnatural, because it is gay. If I had a mind to be learned, I could tell him that the prologue and epilogue were real parts of the ancient tragedy; but every one knows, that, on the British stage, they are distinct performances by themselves, pieces entirely detached from the play, and no way essential to it.

'The moment the play ends, Mrs. Oldfield is no more Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield; and though the poet had left Andromache stone-dead upon the stage, as your ingenious correspondent phrases it, Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoke a merry epi-

logue. We have an instance of this in a tragedy where there is not only a death, but a martyrdom. St. Catherine was there personated by Nell Gwin: she lies stone-dead upon the stage, but, upon those gentlemen's offering to remove her body, whose business it is to carry off the slain in our English tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt beginning of what was a very ludicrous, but at the same time thought a very good epilogue:

> 'Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog,
> I am to rise and speak the epilogue.'

'This diverting manner was always practised by Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to have the happiest turn for a prologue or an epilogue. The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian, The Duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Triumphant, are all precedents of this nature.

'I might farther justify this practice by that excellent epilogue which was spoken, a few years since, after the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolitus;[k] with a great many others, in which the authors have endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this, they have however shown that it was not for want of good-will.

'I must farther observe, that the gaiety of it may be still the more proper, as it is at the end of a French play; since every one knows that nation,

[k] A tragedy by Mr. Edmund Neal, known by the name of Smith, 8vo. 1707. Addison wrote a prologue to this play when Italian operas were in vogue, to rally the vitiated taste of the town in preferring sound to sense. Prior wrote the epilogue here mentioned.—See Spect. No. 18; and Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, Vol. II. p. 250, *& seq.* edit. 8vo. 1781.

who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste as any in Europe, always close their tragic entertainments with what they call a *petite piece*, which is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away the audience well-pleased. The same person who has supported the chief character in the tragedy very often plays the principal part in the *petite piece;* so that I have myself seen, at Paris, Orestes and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

'Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself, in a former speculation, found fault with very justly, because it breaks the tide of the passions while they are yet flowing;[1] but this is nothing at all to the present case, where they have had already their full course.

'As the new epilogue is written conformably to the practice of our best poets, so it is not such an one, which, as the duke of Buckingham says in his Rehearsal, might serve for any other play; but wholly rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was composed for.

'The only reason your mournful correspondent gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls it, is, that he has a mind to go home melancholy. I wish the gentleman may not be more grave than wise. For my own part, I must confess, I think it very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious piece remain upon me while it is representing; but I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour. If Physibulus is however resolved to be inconsolable, and not to have his tears dried up, he need only continue his old custom, and when he has had his half-crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the epilogue begins.

[1] See Nos. 324, 332, and 347.

'It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief Andromache had done him. What was that? Why she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow, for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half a score of the fiercest Mohocks[m] in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as an unhappy accident, that a man, who is so bloody-minded in his affliction, was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades, in such an encounter.

'As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon that I don't know what to make of it.

'The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

'As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that these epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

[m] See No. 338, note: and Tat. in 6 volumes, No. 63, p. 319.

'He fetches his next thought from Tyburn; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorraine.[n]

'In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas and monthly performances.

'I am, Sir, with great respect,

'Your most obedient, most humble servant,

X.[o] 'Philomedes.'

No. 342. WEDNESDAY, April 2, 1712.

Justitiæ partes sunt non violare homines; verecundiæ, non offendere.
Tull.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

As regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter, which describes an egregious offender:—

[n] See No. 338, note on P. Lorraine, *ad finem*.

[o] By Mr. Eustace Budgell, who is commonly reputed to have been the author of the epilogue to The Distrest Mother, the subject of this paper, and of No. 338. It is said, apparently on good authority, that Addison was the real author of this epilogue, and that, erasing his own name, he gave it to his kinsman, on the spur of an occasion, for a temporary purpose, and with a friendly view to serve the man, who, as he was wont to say, called him cousin.—See Spect. No. 555, and Dr. Johnson's Life of A. Phillips.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I was this day looking over your papers, and reading, in that of December the 6th,[p] with great delight the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence of her husband, it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She is at present, I am sure, no way below your Asteria for conjugal affection; but I see the behaviour of some women so little suited to the circumstances, wherein my wife and I shall soon be, that it is with a reluctance I never knew before, I am going to my duty. What puts me to present pain is, the example of a young lady, whose story you shall have as well as I can give it you. "Hortensius, an officer of good rank in her Majesty's service, happened, in a certain part of England, to be brought to a country gentleman's house, where he was received with that more than ordinary welcome with which men of domestic lives entertain such few soldiers whom a military life, from the variety of adventures, has not rendered over-bearing, but humane, easy, and agreeable. Hortensius staid here some time, and had easy access at all hours, as well as unavoidable conversation at some parts of the day, with the beautiful Sylvana, the gentleman's daughter. People who live in cities are wonderfully struck with every little country abode they see when they take the air; and it is natural to fancy they could live in every neat cottage (by which

[p] See Spect. No. 241.

they pass) much happier than in their present circumstances. The turbulent way of life which Hortensius was used to, made him reflect with much satisfaction on all the advantages of a sweet retreat one day; and, among the rest, you will think it not improbable it might enter into his thought, that such a woman as Sylvana would consummate the happiness. The world is so debauched with mean considerations, that Hortensius knew it would be received as an act of generosity, if he asked for a woman of the highest merit, without farther questions, of a parent who had nothing to add to her personal qualifications. The wedding was celebrated at her father's house. When that was over, the generous husband did not proportion his provision for her to the circumstances of her fortune, but considered his wife as his darling, his pride, and his vanity, or rather that it was in the woman he had chosen that a man of sense could show pride or vanity with an excuse, and therefore adorned her with rich habits and valuable jewels. He did not however omit to admonish her that he did his very utmost in this; that it was an ostentation he could not be guilty of but to a woman he had so much pleasure in, desiring her to consider it as such; and begged of her also to take these matters rightly, and believe the gems, the gowns, the laces, would become her better, if her air and behaviour was such, that it might appear she dressed thus rather in compliance to his humour that way, than out of any value she herself had for the trifles. To this lesson, too hard for a woman, Hortensius added, that she must be sure to stay with her friends in the country till his return. As soon as Hortensius departed, Sylvana

saw in her looking-glass, that the love he conceived for her was wholly owing to the accident of seeing her: and she was convinced it was only her misfortune the rest of mankind had not beheld her, or men of much greater quality and merit had contended for one so genteel though bred in obscurity, so very witty, though never acquainted with court or town. She therefore resolved not to hide so much excellence from the world; but without any regard to the absence of the most generous man alive, she is now the gayest lady about this town, and has shut out the thoughts of her husband by a constant retinue of the vainest young fellows this age has produced; to entertain whom, she squanders away all Hortensius is able to supply her with, though that supply is purchased with no less difficulty than the hazard of his life."

'Now, Mr. Spectator, would it not be a work becoming your office to treat this criminal as she deserves? You should give it the severest reflections you can. You should tell women, that they are more accountable for behaviour in absence, than after death. The dead are not dishonoured by their levities; the living may return, and be laughed at by empty fops, who will not fail to turn into ridicule the good man, who is so unseasonable as to be still alive, and come and spoil good company. I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient humble servant.'

All strictness of behaviour is so unmercifully laughed at in our age, that the other much worse extreme is the more common folly. But let any woman consider which of the two offences an husband would the more easily forgive, that of being

less entertaining than she could to please company, or raising the desires of the whole room to his disadvantage; and she will easily be able to form her conduct. We have indeed carried women's characters too much into public life, and you shall see them now-a-days affect a sort of fame: but I cannot help venturing to disoblige them for their service, by telling them, that the utmost of a woman's character is contained in domestic life; she is blameable or praiseworthy according as her carriage affects the house of her father or her husband. All she has to do in this world is contained within the duties of a daughter, a sister, a wife, and a mother. All these may be well performed, though a lady should not be the very finest woman at an opera or an assembly. They are likewise consistent with a moderate share of wit, a plain dress, and a modest air. But when the very brains of the sex are turned, and they place their ambition on circumstances, wherein to excel is no addition to what is truly commendable, where can this end, but, as it frequently does, in their placing all their industry, pleasure, and ambition, on things which will naturally make the gratifications of life last, at best, no longer than youth and good fortune? And when we consider the least ill consequence, it can be no less than looking on their own condition, as years advance, with a disrelish of life, and falling into contempt of their own persons, or being the derision of others. But when they consider themselves as they ought, no other than an additional part of the species, (for their own happiness and comfort, as well as that of those for whom they were born,) their ambition to excel will be directed accordingly; and they will in no part of their lives

want opportunities of being shining ornaments to their fathers, husbands, brothers, or children.

T.[q]

No. 343. THURSDAY, April 3, 1712.

—Errat, et illinc
Huc venit, hinc illuc, et quoslibet occupat artus
Spiritus: eque feris humana in corpora transit,
Inque feris noster— Ovid. Met. xv. 165.

—All things are but alter'd, nothing dies;
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies,
By time, or force, or sickness, dispossess'd,
And lodges, where it lights, in man or beast.
Dryden.

Will Honeycomb, who loves to show upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. 'Sir Paul Rycaut,' says he, 'gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know,' says Will, 'the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, though under such mean circumstances. They'll tell you,' says Will, 'that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another

[q] The preceding paper, No. 342, partly transcribed, and partly written originally, by Steele. See notes at the ends of No. 324, and No. 6.

man, or of some brute, which he resembled in his humour or his fortune, when he was one of us.'

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that 'Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lapdogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack,' says he, 'was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and, upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

'The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt,' says Will, 'whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.'

'MADAM,

'Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago, I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself, by my great skill in the occult sciences, with a de-

mon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this, he told me, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged, that, into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I should still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was within his power, and accordingly promised, on the word of a demon, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addressing myself to him at the head of his army.

'Upon my next remove, I found myself in the woods under the shape of a jackal, and soon listed myself in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rousing and seeking after prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat, or an hare, after he had feasted very plentifully upon it himself, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encourage-

ment; but upon my being unsuccessful in two or three chaces, he gave me such a confounded gripe in his anger that I died of it.

'In my next transmigration, I was again set upon two legs, and became an Indian tax-gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran so cursedly in debt, that I durst not shew my head. I could no sooner step out of my house but I was arrested by somebody or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

'My soul then entered into a flying-fish, and in that state led a most melancholy life for the space of six years. Several fishes of prey pursued me when I was in the water; and if I betook myself to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidst a fleet of English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull whetting his bill, and hovering just over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me down in an instant.

'I was some years afterwards, to my great surprise, an eminent banker in Lombard-street; and, remembering how I had formerly suffered for want of money, became so very sordid and avaricious that the whole town cried shame of me. I was a miserable little old fellow to look upon; for I had in a manner starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

'I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myself dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned to make so insignificant a figure,

and did not know but some time or other I might be reduced to a mite if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myself with great diligence to the offices that were allotted to me, and was generally looked upon as the notablest ant in the whole mole-hill. I was at last picked up, as I was groaning under a burthen, by an unlucky cock-sparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, and had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole summer in the shape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two last transmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received so warmly by the swarm which defended it, that we were most of us left dead upon the spot.

'I might tell you of many other transmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as also how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and a tom-tit. In the last of these my shapes I was shot in the Christmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

'But I shall pass over these and several other stages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about six years since. You may remember, Madam, how he masked, and danced, and sung, and played a thousand tricks to gain you; and how he was at last carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a serenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow whom you were then so cruel to. Not long after my shifting that unlucky body, I found myself upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my present grotesque shape, till I was

caught by a servant of the English factory, and sent over into Great Britain. I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You see, Madam, this is not the first time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often bestow on me those kisses and caresses which I would have given the world for when I was a man. I hope this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

'Your most devoted humble servant,

'PUGG.'

'P. S. I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way; for as I look upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he won't like.'

L.[r]

No. 344. FRIDAY, APRIL 4, 1712.

—In solo vivendi causa palato est.

JUV. Sat. xi. 11.

Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.

CONGREVE.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I THINK it has not yet fallen into your way to discourse on little ambition, or the many whimsical ways men fall into, to distinguish themselves among their acquaintance. Such observations, well

[r] By Addison, then probably in London. See No. 7, note on the signatures; and No. 221, where C, L, and X, are said to be cabalistical letters. —See also No. 555.

pursued, would make a pretty history of low life. I myself am got into a great reputation, which arose (as most extraordinary occurrences in a man's life seem to do) from a mere accident. I was some days ago unfortunately engaged among a set of gentlemen who esteem a man according to the quantity of food he throws down at a meal. Now I, who am ever for distinguishing myself according to the notions of superiority which the rest of the company entertain, ate so immoderately for their applause, as had like to have cost me my life. What added to my misfortune was, that having naturally a good stomach, and having lived soberly for some time, my body was as well prepared for this contention as if it had been by appointment. I had quickly vanquished every glutton in company but one, who was such a prodigy in his way, and withal so very merry during the whole entertainment, that he insensibly betrayed me to continue his competitor, which in a little time concluded in a complete victory over my rival; after which, by way of insult, I ate a considerable proportion beyond what the spectators thought me obliged in honour to do. The effect, however, of this engagement has made me resolve never to eat more for renown; and I have, pursuant to this resolution, compounded three wagers I had depending on the strength of my stomach; which happened very luckily, because it was stipulated in our articles either to play or pay. How a man of common sense could be thus engaged, is hard to determine; but the occasion of this is, to desire you to inform several gluttons of my acquaintance, who look on me with envy, that they had best moderate their ambition in time, lest infamy or death attend their success. I forgot to

tell you, Sir, with what unspeakable pleasure I received the acclamations and applause of the whole board, when I had almost eat my antagonist into convulsions. It was then that I returned his mirth upon him with such success, as he was hardly able to swallow, though prompted by a desire of fame and a passionate fondness for distinction. I had not endeavoured to excel so far, had not the company been so loud in their approbation of my victory. I don't question but the same thirst after glory has often caused a man to drink quarts without taking breath, and prompted men to many other as difficult enterprises; though, if otherwise pursued, might turn very much to a man's advantage. This ambition of mine was indeed extravagantly pursued; however, I can't help observing, that you hardly ever see a man commended for a good stomach, but he immediately falls to eating more (though he had before dined), as well to confirm the person that commended him in his good opinion of him, as to convince any other at the table, who may have been unattentive enough not to have done justice to his character.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'EPICURE MAMMON.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE writ to you three or four times, to desire you would take notice of an impertinent custom the women, the fine women, have lately fallen into of taking snuff. This silly trick is attended with such a coquette air in some ladies, and such a sedate masculine one in others, that I cannot tell which most to complain of; but they are to me

equally disagreeable. Mrs. Saunter is so impatient of being without it, that she takes it as often as she does salt at meals; and as she affects a wonderful ease and negligence in all her manner, an upper lip mixed with snuff and the sauce is what is presented to the observation of all who have the honour to eat with her. The pretty creature her niece does all she can to be as disagreeable as her aunt; and if she is not as offensive to the eye, she is quite as much to the ear, and makes up all she wants in a confident air, by a nauseous rattle of the nose, when the snuff is delivered, and the fingers make the stops and closes on the nostrils. This, perhaps, is not a very courtly image in speaking of ladies; that is very true: but where arises the offence? Is it in those who commit or those who observe it? As for my part, I have been so extremely disgusted with this filthy physic hanging on the lip, that the most agreeable conversation, or person, has not been able to make up for it. As to those who take it for no other end but to give themselves occasion for pretty action, or to fill up little intervals of discourse, I can bear with them; but then they must not use it when another is speaking, who ought to be heard with too much respect, to admit of offering at that time from hand to hand the snuff-box. But Flavilla is so far taken with her behaviour in this kind, that she pulls out her box (which is indeed full of good Brazil) in the middle of the sermon; and, to show she has the audacity of a well-bred woman, she offers it to the men as well as the women who sit near her; but since by this time all the world knows she has a fine hand, I am in hopes she may give herself no further trouble in this matter. On Sunday was sevennight, when they came about for the offering, she gave her

charity with a very good air, but at the same time asked the church-warden, if he would take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think of these things in time, and you will oblige,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant.'

T.[s]

*** A consort of Music, vocal and instrumental, will be performed this day at 6 in the evening, in Stationers'-hall, when Mr. Leveridge and Mr. Romondon will give an entertainment of a new song not yet published.—Spect. in folio, where concert is always consort.

The curious may see amusing accounts of R. Leveridge, and of Lewis Romondon, in Hawkins's Hist. of Music, vol. v. b. ii. ch. viii. p. 182, 178, &c.

††† A Consort of Italian Music, on Wednesday the 9th instant, for the benefit of signor Giacimo Courti, where there will be performance by signor caval. Valeriano Pelligrini, virtuoso of S. A. ser. elect. Palatino, it being the first time of his singing since his arrival in England.—Spect. in folio.

‡‡‡ Just published, The Tryal of Jane Wenham, of Walkerne, in Hertfordshire, for witchcraft, at the assizes, before Mr. Justice Powell; found guilty, and condemned to death March 4, 1711–12. 2d edit. Price 2*s.* 6*d.*

No. 345. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1712.[t]

Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset,
Natus homo est.—

OVID. Met. i. 76.

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd;
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest.

DRYDEN.

THE accounts which Raphael gives of the battle of angels, and the creation of the world, have in them those qualifications which the critics judge requisite

[s] By Steele, transcribed. See final notes to No. 6, and No. 324, on the signature T.

[t] Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost. This fourteenth paper contains Addison's criticisms on the eighth book of that

to an episode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connection with the fable.

The eighth book opens with a beautiful description of the impression which this discourse of the archangel made on our first parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curiosity, inquires concerning the motions of those celestial bodies which make the most glorious appearance among the six days' work. The poet here, with a great deal of art, represents Eve as withdrawing from this part of their conversation, to amusements more suitable to her sex. He well knew that the episode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his passion and esteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore devised very just and beautiful reasons for her retiring:

'So spake our sire, and by his countenance seem'd
Ent'ring on studious thoughts abstruse; which Eve
Perceiving, where she sat retir'd in sight,
With lowliness majestic from her seat,
And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
Rose; and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prosper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nursery: they at her coming sprung,
And, touch'd by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: such pleasure she reserv'd,
Adam relating, she sole auditress;
Her husband the relater she preferr'd
Before the angel, and of him to ask
Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
With conjugal caresses; from his lip

poem. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 351, 357, 363, and 369. See also bishop Newton's notes on the eighth book.

Not words alone pleas'd her. O when meet now
Such pairs in love and mutual honour join'd?'

The angel's returning a doubtful answer to Adam's inquiries, was not only proper for the moral reason which the poet assigns, but because it would have been highly absurd to have given the sanction of an archangel to any particular system of philosophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaic and Copernican hypotheses are described with great conciseness and perspicuity, and at the same time dressed in very pleasing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation; as also his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more apt to raise the attention of the reader, than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man, while he was yet new and fresh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this subject in holy writ with so many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more just and natural than this whole episode. As our author knew this subject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the six days' works, but reserved it for a distinct episode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the poem, I cannot but take notice of two shining passages in the dialogue between Adam and the angel. The first is that wherein our ancestor gives an account of the

pleasure he took in conversing with him, which contains a very noble moral:

'For while I sit with thee, I seem in heaven,
And sweeter thy discourse is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree (pleasantest to thirst
And hunger both, from labour) at the hour
Of sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,
Though pleasant: but thy words, with grace divine
Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.'

The other I shall mention, is that in which the angel gives a reason why he should be glad to hear the story Adam was about to relate.

'For I that day was absent as befel,
Bound on a voyage uncouth and obscure,
Far on excursion towards the gates of hell,
Squar'd in full legion (such command we had)
To see that none thence issued forth a spy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Lest he, incens'd at such irruption bold,
Destruction with creation might have mix'd.'

There is no question but our poet drew the image in what follows, from that in Virgil's sixth book, where Æneas and the Sibyl stand before the adamantine gates, which are there described as shut upon the place of torments, and listen to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noise of iron whips, that were heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

—'Fast we found, fast shut
The dismal gates, and barricado'd strong;
But long ere our approaching heard within
Noise, other than the sound of dance or song,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.'

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and sentiments immediately after his crea-

tion. How agreeably does he represent the posture in which he found himself, the delightful landscape that surrounded him, and the gladness of heart which grew up in him on that occasion!

—'As new wak'd from soundest sleep,
Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
Soon dry'd, and on the reaking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,
And gaz'd a while the ample sky, till rais'd
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet. About me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd
With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.'

Adam is afterwards described as surprised at his own existence, and taking a survey of himself, and of all the works of nature. He likewise is represented as discovering by the light of reason, that he, and every thing about him, must have been the effect of some Being infinitely good and powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worship and adoration. His first address to the Sun, and to those parts of the creation which made the most distinguished figure, is very natural and amusing to the imagination:

'Thou Sun,' said I, 'fair light,
And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell if ye saw, how came I thus? how here?'

His next sentiment, when upon his first going to sleep he fancies himself losing his existence, and falling away into nothing, can never be sufficiently ad-

mired.[t] His dream, in which he still preserves the consciousness of his existence, together with his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are also circumstances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in sacred story.

These, and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty, at the same time that they have all the graces of nature.

They are such as none but a great genius could have thought of, though, upon the perusal of them, they seem to rise of themselves from the subject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impression which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our first parent, is described with great strength and judgment; as the image of the several beasts and birds passing in review before him, is very beautiful and lively:

> —'Each bird and beast behold
> Approaching two and two, these cowring low
> With blandishment; each bird stoop'd on his wing,
> I nam'd them as they pass'd—'

Adam, in the next place, describes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the subject of solitude. The poet here represents the Supreme Being as making an essay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reasoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges in this divine colloquy, the impossibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of

[t] See Dr. Beattie's Essay on the Nat. and Immut. of Truth. Edinb. 1771, 8vo.

Paradise and lord of the whole creation, without the conversation and society of some rational creature, who should partake those blessings with him. This dialogue, which is supported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole poem. The more the reader examines the justness and delicacy of its sentiments, the more he will find himself pleased with it. The poet has wonderfully preserved the character of majesty and condescension in the Creator, and at the same time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in those beautiful lines:

> 'Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,
> As with a smile more brighten'd, thus reply'd, &c.
> — I with leave of speech implor'd,
> And humble deprecation, thus replied:
> "Let not my words offend thee, Heavenly Power,
> My Maker, be propitious while I speak," &c.

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his second sleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new passion that was awakened in him at the sight of her, is touched very finely:

> 'Under his forming hands a creature grew
> Manlike, but different sex: so lovely fair,
> That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
> Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd.
> And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
> Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before;
> And into all things from her air inspir'd
> The spirit of love, and amorous delight.'

Adam's distress upon losing sight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the discovery of a real creature who

resembled the apparition which had been presented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her; and his manner of courtship, are all laid together in a most exquisite propriety of senti ments.

Though this part of the poem is worked up with great warmth and spirit, the love which is described in it is every way suitable to a state of innocence. If the reader compares the description which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the same occasion in a scene of his Fall of Man, he will be sensible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on so delicate a subject that might be offensive to religion or good manners. The sentiments are chaste, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the most transporting passion, and of the greatest purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleasures of love, compared to those of sense!

'Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
My story to the sum of earthly bliss
Which I enjoy; and must confess to find
In all things else delight indeed, but such
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change
Nor vehement desire; these delicacies
I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds: but here
Far otherwise, transported I behold,
Transported touch: here passion first I felt,
Commotion strange! in all enjoyments else
Superior and unmov'd, here only weak
Against the charm of beauty's pow'rful glance.
Or nature fail'd in me, and left some part
Not proof enough such object to sustain;
Or from my side subducting, took perhaps

More than enough: at least on her bestow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward show
Elaborate, of inward less exact.
—When I approach
Her loveliness, so absolute she seems,
And in herself complete, so well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say,
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best;
All higher knowledge in her presence falls
Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
Loses, discountenanc'd, and like folly shows;
Authority and reason on her wait,
As one intended first, not after made
Occasionally; and to consummate all,
Greatness of mind and nobleness their seat
Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.'

These sentiments of love in our first parent gave the angel such an insight into human nature, that he seems apprehensive of the evils which might befal the species in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the excess of his passion. He therefore fortifies him against it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives such distant discoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the subject of the poem, His discourse, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the angel, shows that his love, however violent it might appear, was still founded in reason, and consequently not improper for Paradise:

'Neither her outside form'd so fair, nor aught
In procreation common to all kinds,
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with mysterious reverence I deem,)
So much delights me, as those graceful acts,
Those thousand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions, mixt with love

And sweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair!'

Adam's speech, at parting with the angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the same time a certain dignity and greatness suitable to the father of mankind in his state of innocence. L.[u]

*** At Drury-lane, April 5, revived the tragedy of Julius Cæsar, with the death of Brutus and Cassius. Written by Shakspeare. On April 7, Henry IV. Falstaff by Mr. Powell, for his own benefit.—Spect. in folio, No. 345.

††† *Ibidem.* At Punch's theatre, Little Piazza, Covent-garden, April 5, an opera, called The State of Innocence; or, The Fall of Man. Boxes, 2*s.* Pit 1*s.* 6*d.* No money to be returned after the curtain is drawn up. No persons to be admitted with masks or riding-hoods. N. B. This peculiar dress of women of the town was not yet entirely abolished, though modest ladies assumed it commonly, on the first night of a new play. See Tat. No. 193, notes on masks, &c. and in the London Cries. The Woman of the Town.

No. 346. MONDAY, April 7, 1712.

Consuetudinem benignitatis largitioni munerum longè antepono. Hæc est gravium hominum atque magnorum; illa quasi assentatorum populi, multitudinis levitatem voluptate quasi titillantium. Tull.

I esteem a habit of benignity greatly preferable to munificence. The former is peculiar to great and distinguished persons; the latter belongs to flatterers of the people, who tickle the levity of the multitude with a kind of pleasure

When we consider the offices of human life, there is, methinks, something in what we ordinarily call generosity, which when carefully examined seems to flow rather from a loose and unguarded temper, than an honest and liberal mind. For this reason it is absolutely necessary that all liberality should have for

[u] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from his house in London. See final note on No. 335.

its basis and support, frugality. By this means the beneficent spirit works in a man from the convictions of reason, not from the impulses of passion. The generous man in the ordinary acceptation, without respect of the demands of his own family, will soon find upon the foot of his account, that he has sacrificed to fools, knaves, flatterers, or the deservedly unhappy, all the opportunities of affording any future assistance where it ought to be. Let him therefore reflect, that if to bestow be in itself laudable, should not a man take care to secure an ability to do things praiseworthy as long as he lives? Or could there be a more cruel piece of raillery upon a man who should have reduced his fortune below the capacity of acting according to his natural temper, than to say of him, 'That gentleman was generous?' My beloved author therefore has in the sentence on the top of my paper, turned his eye with a certain satiety from beholding the addresses to the people by largesses and public entertainments, which he asserts to be in general vicious, and are always to be regulated according to the circumstances of time, and a man's own fortune. A constant benignity in commerce with the rest of the world, which ought to run through all a man's actions, has effects more useful to those whom you oblige, and is less ostentatious in yourself. He turns his recommendation of this virtue on commercial life: and, according to him, a citizen who is frank in his kindnesses, and abhors severity in his demands; he who in buying, selling, lending, doing acts of good neighbourhood, is just and easy; he who appears naturally averse to disputes, and above the sense of little sufferings—bears a noble character, and does much more good to mankind, than any other man's fortune, without commerce, can possibly support.

For the citizen, above all other men, has opportunities of arriving at 'the highest fruit of wealth, to be liberal without the least expense of a man's own fortune. It is not to be denied but such a practice is liable to hazard; but this therefore adds to the obligation, that among traders, he who obliges is as much concerned to keep the favour a secret, as he who receives it. The unhappy distinctions among us in England are so great, that to celebrate the intercourse of commercial friendship (with which I am daily made acquainted, would be to raise the virtuous man so many enemies of the contrary party. I am obliged to conceal all I know of 'Tom the Bounteous,'[w] who lends at the ordinary interest, to give men of less fortune opportunities of making greater advantages. He conceals, under a rough air and distant behaviour, a bleeding compassion and womanish tenderness. This is governed by the most exact circumspection, that there is no industry wanting in the person whom he is to serve, and that he is guilty of no improper expenses. This I know of Tom; but who dare say it of so known a tory? The same care I was forced to use some time ago in the report of another's virtue,

[w] What follows with inverted commas, is transcribed *verbatim* from a copy of the Spectator in 12mo. 1712, with some MS. notes, by a Spanish merchant of the name of Blundel, who lived when these papers were in the course of their original publication.

'Tom Colson. This gentleman is represented in a very different light in the Tatler, No. 46, under the name of Aurenzebe.'

Whoever considers what has been said in a note on the number referred to, in Tatler, p. 380, *& seqq.* will hardly think that the real person there alluded to, was either Tom Colson, or governor Pitt, who was certainly injured by the same odious supposition, at the time when that paper of the Tatler was first published, and long after. Certainly the person there mentioned under the fictitious name of Aurenzebe, was the goldsmith to whom the diamond there spoken of was consigned, and who superintended its manufactory; for the proprietor of it was not then in this kingdom. The real name of the goldsmith, as a banker was then called, was Sir Stephen Evance, who was afterwards a bankrupt.—See Tat. in 6 vols. *ut supra.*

and said fifty instead of an hundred,[x] because the man I pointed at was a whig. Actions of this kind are popular, without being invidious; for every man of ordinary circumstances looks upon a man, who has this known benignity in his nature, as a person ready to be his friend upon such terms as he ought to expect it; and the wealthy, who may envy such a character, can do no injury to its interests but by the imitation of it, in which the good citizen will rejoice to be rivalled. I know not how to form to myself a greater idea of human life, than in what is the practice of some wealthy men whom I could name, that make no step to the improvement of their own fortunes, wherein they do not also advance those of other men who would languish in poverty without that munificence. In a nation, where there are so many public funds to be supported, I know not whether he can be called a good subject who does not embark some part of his fortune with the state, to whose vigilance he owes the security of the whole. This certainly is an immediate way of laying an obligation upon many, and extending your benignity the farthest a man can possibly, who is not engaged in commerce. But he who trades, besides giving the state some part of this sort of credit he gives his banker, may, in all the occurrences of his life, have his eye upon removing want from the door of the industrious, and defending the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy. Without this benignity, pride or vengeance will precipitate a man to choose the receipt of half his demands from one whom he has undone, rather than the whole from one to whom he has shown mercy. This be-

[x] See Spect. No. 248; and note on Sir William Scawen's liberality to Mr. Moreton.

nignity is essential to the character of a fair trader, and any man who designs to enjoy his wealth with honour and self-satisfaction: nay, it would not be hard to maintain, that the practice of supporting good and industrious men would carry a man farther, even to his profit, than indulging the propensity of serving and obliging the fortunate. My author argues on this subject, in order to incline men's minds to those who want them most, after this manner. 'We must always consider the nature of things, and govern ourselves accordingly. The wealthy man, when he has repaid you, is upon a balance with you; but the person whom you favoured with a loan, if he be a good man, will think himself in your debt after he has paid you. The wealthy and the conspicuous are not obliged by the benefits you do them; they think they conferred a benefit, when they received one. Your good offices are always suspected, and it is with them the same thing to expect their favour as to receive it. But the man below you, who knows, in the good you have done him, you respected himself more than his circumstances, does not act like an obliging man only to him from whom he has received a benefit, but also to all who are capable of doing him one. And whatever little offices he can do for you, he is so far from magnifying it, that he will labour to extenuate it in all his actions and expressions. Moreover, the regard to what you do to a great man, at best is taken notice of no farther than by himself or his family; but what you do to a man of an humble fortune, (provided always that he is a good and a modest man,) raises the affections towards you of all men of that character (of which there are many) in the whole city.'

There is nothing gains a reputation to a preacher as much as his own practice; I am therefore casting about what act of benignity is in the power of a Spectator. Alas! that lies but in a very narrow compass; and I think the most immediately under my patronage are either players, or such whose circumstances bear an affinity with theirs. All therefore I am able to do at this time of this kind, is to tell the town, that on Friday the 11th of this instant, April, there will be performed, in York-buildings, a concert of vocal and instrumental music, for the benefit of Mr. Edward Keen, the father of twenty children; and that this day the haughty George Powell hopes all the good-natured part of the town will favour him, whom they applauded in Alexander, Timon, Lear, and Orestes, with their company this night, when he hazards all his heroic glory for their approbation in the humbler condition of honest Jack Falstaffe. T.[y]

No. 347. TUESDAY, April 8, 1712.

Quis furor, ô cives! quæ tanta licentia ferri!

Lucan, lib. i. 8

What blind, detested fury could afford
Such horrid licence to the barb'rous sword!

I do not question but my country readers have been very much surprised at the several accounts

[y] This paper, No. 346, is ascribed to Steele, and supposed to be one of many composed by him from materials furnished by the letter-box. 'The hints it supplied, Steele formed into plans of his own invention, taking the liberty to change both the language and thoughts into his own way of speaking and thinking.' See note on signature T, at the conclusion of No. 324; No. 271, paragraph first; and final note to No. 6, on Steele's signatures.

they have met with in our public papers, of that species of men among us, lately known by the name of Mohocks. I find the opinions of the learned, as to their origin and designs, are altogether various, insomuch that very many begin to doubt whether indeed there were ever any such society of men. The terror which spread itself over the whole nation some years since on account of the Irish, is still fresh in most people's memories, though, it afterwards appeared, there was not the least ground for that general consternation.

The late panic fear was, in the opinion of many deep and penetrating persons, of the same nature. These will have it, that the Mohocks are like those spectres and apparitions which frighten several towns and villages in her majesty's dominions, though they were never seen by any of the inhabitants. Others are apt to think that these Mohocks are a kind of bull-beggars, first invented by prudent married men, and masters of families, in order to deter their wives and daughters from taking the air at unseasonable hours; and that when they tell them 'the Mohocks will catch them,' it is a caution of the same nature with that of our forefathers, when they bid their children have a care of Raw-head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am afraid there was too much reason for the great alarm the whole city has been in upon this occasion; though at the same time I must own, that I am in some doubt whether the following pieces are genuine and authentic; the more so, because I am not fully satisfied that the name, by which the emperor subscribes himself, is altogether conformable to the Indian orthography.

I shall only farther inform my readers, that it was some time since I received the following letter and

manifesto, though for particular reasons I did not think fit to publish them till now.

'TO THE SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'FINDING that our earnest endeavours for the good of mankind have been basely and maliciously represented to the world, we send you enclosed our imperial manifesto, which it is our will and pleasure that you forthwith communicate to the public, by inserting it in your next daily paper. We do not doubt of your ready compliance in this particular, and therefore bid you heartily farewell.

('Signed) 'TAW WAW EBEN ZAN KALADAR,
Emperor of the Mohocks.'

'*The Manifesto of Taw Waw Eben Zan Kaladar, Emperor of the Mohocks.*

'WHEREAS we have received information, from sundry quarters of this great and populous city, of several outrages committed on the legs, arms, noses, and other parts of the good people of England, by such as have styled themselves our subjects; in order to vindicate our imperial dignity from those false aspersions which have been cast on it, as if we ourselves might have encouraged or abetted any such practices; we have, by these presents, thought fit to signify our utmost abhorrence and detestation of all such tumultuous and irregular proceedings; and do hereby farther give notice, that if any person or persons has or have suffered any wound, hurt, damage, or detriment, in his or their limb or limbs, otherwise than shall be hereafter specified, the said person or persons, upon applying themselves to such as we shall appoint for the inspection and redress

of the grievances aforesaid, shall be forthwith committed to the care of our principal surgeon, and be cured at our own expense, in some one or other of those hospitals which we are now erecting for that purpose.

'And to the end that no one may, either through ignorance or inadvertency, incur those penalties which we have thought fit to inflict on persons of loose and dissolute lives, we do hereby notify to the public, that if any man be knocked down or assaulted while he is employed in his lawful business, at proper hours, that it is not done by our order: and we do hereby permit and allow any such person, so knocked down or assaulted, to rise again, and defend himself in the best manner that he is able.

'We do also command all and every our good subjects that they do not presume, upon any pretext whatsoever, to issue and sally forth from their respective quarters till between the hours of eleven and twelve. That they never tip the lion upon man, woman, or child, till the clock at St. Dunstan's shall have struck one.

'That the sweat be never given but between the hours of one and two; always provided, that our hunters may begin to hunt a little after the close of the evening, any thing to the contrary herein notwithstanding. Provided also, that if ever they are reduced to the necessity of pinking, it shall always be in the most fleshy parts, and such as are least exposed to view.

'It is also our imperial will and pleasure, that our good subjects the sweaters do establish their hummums in such close places, alleys, nooks, and corners, that the patient or patients may not be in danger of catching cold.

'That the tumblers, to whose care we chiefly commit the female sex, confine themselves to Drury-lane, and the purlieus of the Temple; and that every other party and division of our subjects do each of them keep within the respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town, wherever their game shall lead them.

'And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, housekeepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours; but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects, the Mohocks; and we do farther promise, on our imperial word, that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostilities to cease.

'Given from our court at the Devil-tavern, March 15, 1712.'

X.[z]

*** The famous Posture-Master of Europe, who far exceeds the deceased Clarke and Higgins, extends his body into all deformed shapes.—Likewise a child about nine, who shows such postures, as never were performed by one of his age.—Also the famous English Artist, who turns his balls into living birds, &c. At the Duke of Marlborough's Head, in Fleet-street. Boxes 2s. Pit 1s.—Spect. in fol.

[z] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555, where Steele gives this

No. 348. WEDNESDAY, April 9, 1712.

Invidiam placare paras, virtute relictâ?
Hor. 2 Sat. iii. 29
To shun detraction, wouldst thou virtue fly?

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty, is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and with whispers, calumnies, and impertinences, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means innocents are blasted upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is

explication of the signature X. Mr. E. Budgell, it is said, for whatever reason, had all his linen marked with this cabalistical letter. See Spect. No. 221, and note.

praiseworthy, is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice and with equal impotence. Jack Triplett came into my lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hair is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins: I say, Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) "Every feature, charming creature"—he went on, "It is a most unreasonable thing that people cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but these murderers are let loose. Such a shape! such an air! what a glance was that as her chariot passed by mine!"—My lady herself interrupted him! "Pray who is this fine thing?"—"I warrant," says another, "'tis the creature I was telling your ladyship of just now."—"You were telling of?" says Jack; "I wish I had been so happy as to have come in and heard you, for I have not words to say what she is: but if an agreeable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, and impatience of being beheld amidst a blaze of ten thousand charms——" The whole room flew out—— "Oh, Mr. Triplett!"——When Mrs. Lofty, a known prude, said she believed she knew whom the gentleman meant; but she was indeed, as he civilly represented her, impatient of being beheld—Then turning to the lady next to her—"The most unbred creature you ever saw!" Another pursued the discourse; "As unbred, Madam, as you may think her, she is extremely belied if she is the novice she

appears; she was last week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. Triplett knows whether he was the happy man that took care of her home; but—" This was followed by some particular exception that each woman in the room made to some peculiar grace or advantage; so that Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and feature to another, till he was forced to resign the whole woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett recorded all this malice in his heart; and saw in his countenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that he designed to repeat the conversation: I therefore let the discourse die, and soon after took an occasion to commend a certain gentleman of my acquaintance for a person of singular modesty, courage, integrity, and withal as a man of an entertaining conversation, to which advantages he had a shape and manner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who is a woman's man, seemed to hear me with patience enough commend the qualities of his mind. He never heard indeed but that he was a very honest man, and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he must ask pardon. Upon no other foundation than this, Mr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentleman's pedigree, by what methods some part of the estate was acquired, how much it was beholden to a marriage for the present circumstances of it: after all, he could see nothing but a common man in his person, his breeding, or understanding.

'Thus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour of diminishing every one who is produced in conversation to their advantage, runs through the world; and I am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill tongues, that I have begged of all those who are my well-wishers never to commend me, for it will but

bring my frailties into examination; and I had rather be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed perfections. I am confident a thousand young people, who would have been ornaments to society, have, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert themselves in the polite arts of life. Their lives have passed away in an odious rusticity, in spite of great advantages of person, genius, and fortune. There is a vicious terror of being blamed in some well-inclined people, and a wicked pleasure in suppressing them in others; both which I recommend to your spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon; and if you can be successful in it, I need not say how much you will deserve of the town; but new toasts will owe to you their beauty, and new wits their fame. I am,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient humble servant,

'MARY.'

T.[a]

No. 349. THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1712.

—Quos ille timorum
Maximus haud urget, lethi metus: inde ruendi
In ferrum mens prona viris, animæque capaces
Mortis—

LUCAN. i. 454.

Thrice happy they beneath their northern skies,
Who that worst fear, the fear of death, despise!
Hence they no cares for this frail being feel,
But rush undaunted on the pointed steel,
Provoke approaching fate, and bravely scorn
To spare that life which must so soon return.

ROWE.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris,[b] to one who had lost a son that was a young

[a] This paper, No. 348, by Steele. See note on No. 346, *ad finem;* and No. 271, paragraph first.

[b] The reader hardly needs to be told that the authenticity of the epis-

man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father is, to the best of my memory, as follows. That he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: that, while he lived, he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed.[c] Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise till his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived for him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? 'You must first see us die,' said he, 'before that question can be answered.'

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions, and to preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

tles of Phalaris has been suspected, and is suspicious; but if the letters are good, it is of little consequence who wrote them. See Tat. Nos. 7, and 81, and notes.

[c] 'Yea speedily was he taken away, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul.—The Lord hath set him in safety,' &c.—Wisdom iv. 11, *& seq.*

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflection. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he showed at the close of it, is to be looked upon as a piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author abovementioned was so pleased with gaiety and humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas Moore.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle, dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected

as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last. He maintained the same cheerfulness of heart upon the scaffold which he used to show at his table; and, upon laying his head upon the block,[d] gave instances of that good humour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper on such an occasion, as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shown more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments than what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolutions in Portugal, written by the abbot de Vertot.

When don Sebastian, king of Portugal, had in-

[d] Upon laying his head on the block, he put his beard aside, saying, 'That he had committed no treason.' See other instances of his pleasantry in the Biog. Brit. art. More, note [PP] p. 3167, *et passim.*

vaded the territories of Muli Moluc, emperor of Morocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to the war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried under pretence of receiving orders from him as usual. Before the battle began, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but, finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where, laying his finger on his mouth to enjoin secrecy to his officers who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture. L.[e]

[e] By Addison, dated probably from his house in London, as this signature seems to denote. See No. 335, note, *ad finem;* and note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures.

*** Whereas, about nine weeks since, there was accidentally discovered by a husbandman at Stimefield, near Woodstock, in Oxfordshire, a large

No. 350. FRIDAY, April 11, 1712.

Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, si justitia vacat, pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est. Tull.

That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it wants justice, and fights for his own conveniency, is vicious.

Captain Sentry was last night at the Club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominick Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize, till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck: but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer, was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in a speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in

pavement of rich Mosaic work, of the ancient Romans, which is adorned with several figures alluding to Mirth and Concord, in particular that of Bacchus, seated on a panther. An exact delineation of the same is engraven and imprinted on a large elephant sheet of paper, and sold by Charles Lillie, at the corner of Beaufort-buildings, at 1s.—There are to be had, at the same place, at one guinea each, on a superfine atlas paper, some painted with the same variety of colours that the pavement is beautified with. This piece of antiquity is esteemed by the learned the most considerable ever found in Britain.—Spect. in folio.

the vessel, which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's inhumanity. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander; but though they received him against his command, they treated him when he was in the ship in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage. After having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery of stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him into Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable, and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. 'A good and truly bold spirit,' continued he, 'is ever actuated by reason and a sense of honour and duty. The affectation of such a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence of giving offence. This is visible in all the cocking youths you see about this town, who are noisy in assemblies, unawed by the

presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameless fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable; while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and disregarded, if not despised. There is a propriety in all things; and I believe what you scholars call just and sublime, in opposition to turgid and bombast expression, may give you an idea of what I mean, when I say modesty is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it. He that writes with judgment, and never rises into improper warmths, manifests the true force of genius; in like manner, he who is quiet and equal in his behaviour is supported in that deportment by what we may call true courage. Alas! it is not so easy a thing to be a brave man as the unthinking part of mankind imagine. To dare, is not all that there is in it. The privateer we were just now talking of, had boldness enough to attack his enemy, but not greatness of mind enough to admire the same quality exerted by that enemy in defending himself. Thus his base and little mind was wholly taken up in the sordid regard to the prize of which he failed, and the damage done to his own vessel; and therefore he used an honest man, who defended his own from him, in the manner as he would a thief that should rob him.

'He was equally disappointed, and had not spirit enough to consider, that one case would be laudable, and the other criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred, vengeance, are what tear the breasts of mean men in fight; but fame, glory, conquests, desires of opportunities to pardon and oblige their

opposers, are what glow in the minds of the gallant.' The captain ended his discourse with a specimen of his book-learning; and gave us to understand that he had read a French author on the subject of justness in point of gallantry. 'I love,' said Mr. Sentry, 'a critic who mixes the rules of life with annotations upon writers. My author,' added he, 'in his discourse upon epic poem, takes occasion to speak of the same quality of courage drawn in the two different characters of Turnus and Æneas. He makes courage the chief and greatest ornament of Turnus; but in Æneas there are many others which outshine it; among the rest, that of piety. Turnus is therefore all along painted by the poet full of ostentation, his language haughty and vain-glorious, as placing his honour in the manifestation of his valour: Æneas speaks little, is slow to action, and shows only a sort of defensive courage. If equipage and address make Turnus appear more courageous than Æneas, conduct and success prove Æneas more valiant than Turnus.' T.[f]

No. 351.[g] SATURDAY, April 12, 1712.

In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.
Virg. Æn. xii. 59.
On thee the fortunes of our house depend.

If we look into the three great heroic poems which have appeared in the world, we may observe that

[f] By Steele. In such editions of the Spectator as have been printed from the edition of 1712, in 8vo. the signature is omitted. The signature T, which is wanting in the first 8vo. is subscribed to No. 350, in the Spect. in folio, and in the edition of 1712 in 12mo. See note on T to 324, *ad finem*.

[g] Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost, p. xv.

they are built upon very slight foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan war; and, as the writing of history was not then in use among the Greeks, we may very well suppose that the tradition of Achilles and Ulysses had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge: though there is no question but he has wrought into his two poems such of their remarkable adventures as were still talked of among his contemporaries.

The story of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewise very bare of circumstances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embellishing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the course of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and settlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgment of the whole story, as collected out of the ancient historians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionysius Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critics have considered Virgil's fable with relation to this history of Æneas, it may not perhaps be amiss to examine it in this light so far as regards my present purpose. Whoever looks into the abridgment above-mentioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a superstitious observation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preserved this character in the person of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to those

on the ninth book in that poem. See Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 357, 363, and 369, and Bishop Newton's notes on this ninth book.

particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in history and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, and circumstanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or surprising. I believe very many readers have been shocked at that ludicrous prophecy which one of the harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book, namely, that before they had built their intended city, they should be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumstances that had been transmitted to the Romans in the history of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The historian above-mentioned acquaints us, that [h] a prophetess had foretold Æneas, he should take his voyage westward, till his companions should eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their flesh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniences, they afterwards fed on the cakes themselves; upon which one of the company said merrily, 'We are eating our tables.' They immediately took the hint, says the historian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit so material a particular in the history of Æneas, it may be worth while to consider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a passage in an heroic poem. The prophetess who foretells it, is an hungry harpy, as the person who discovers it is young Ascanius.

[h] The corrections made here are agreeable to the directions in No. 369 of the original publication in folio, which evidently appear to have been sent by Addison.

'Heus etiam mensas consumimus! inquit Iulus.'
Æn. vii. 116.
'See, we devour the plates on which we fed.'
DRYDEN.

Such an observation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into water-nymphs, which is the most violent machine in the whole Æneid, and has given offence to several critics, may be accounted for the same way. Virgil himself, before he begins that relation, premises, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was justified by tradition. What farther confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumstance in the history of Æneas, is, that Ovid has given a place to the same metamorphoses in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the critics I have met with have considered the fable of the Æneid in this light, and taken notice how the tradition on which it was founded authorizes those parts in it which appear most exceptionable. I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The history which was the basis of Milton's poem is still shorter than either that of the Iliad, or Æneid. The poet has likewise taken care to insert every circumstance of it in the body of his fable. The ninth book, which we are here to consider, is raised upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told, that the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field; that he tempted the woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that she was overcome by this temptation, and that Adam followed her example.

From these few particulars Milton has formed one of the most entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has disposed of these several circumstances among so many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole story looks only like a comment upon sacred writ, or rather seems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have insisted the longer on this consideration, as I look upon the disposition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more story in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole poem. Satan's traversing the globe, and still keeping within the shadow of the night, as fearing to be discovered by the angel of the sun, who had before detected him, is one of those beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his second series of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the most proper for his purpose, he again returns to Paradise; and, to avoid discovery, sinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and rises up again through a fountain that issued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, speaks as little as possible in his own person, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a soliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus restless in the destruction of man. He is then described as gliding through the garden, under the resemblance of a mist, in order to find out that creature in which he designed to tempt our first parents. This description has something in it very poetical and surprising:

'So saying, through each thicket, dank or dry,
Like a black mist low creeping, he led on
His midnight search, where soonest he might find
The serpent: him fast sleeping soon he found
In labyrinth of many a round self-rolled,
His head the midst, well-stor'd with subtle wiles.'

The author afterwards gives us a description of the morning, which is wonderfully suitable to a divine poem, and peculiar to that first season of nature. He represents the earth, before it was curst, as a great altar breathing out its incense from all parts, and sending up a pleasant savour to the nostrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worship, and filling up the universal concert of praise and adoration:

'Now when a sacred light began to dawn
In Eden on the humid flowers, that breath'd
Their morning incense, when all things that breathe,
From th' earth's great altar send up silent praise
To the Creator, and his nostrils fill
With grateful smell; forth came the human pair,
And join'd their vocal worship to the choir
Of creatures wanting voice —'

The dispute which follows between our two first parents, is represented with great art. It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of passion, and is managed with reason, not with heat. It is such a dispute as we may suppose might have happened in Paradise, had man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, and which the most ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. The force of love which the father of mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, and which is inserted in my last Saturday's paper, shows itself

here in many beautiful instances: as in those fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting from him:

'Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.'

In his impatience and amusement during her absence:

—'Adam the while,
Waiting desirous her return, had wove
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harvest queen.
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.'

But particularly in that passionate speech, where, seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to perish with her, rather than to live without her:

—'Some cursed fraud
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
Certain my resolution is to die:
How can I live without thee? how forego
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, and I
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!'

The beginning of this speech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the same spirit as the conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her

husband, the many pleasing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the story, with its gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe, are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular similitudes in my remarks on this great work, because I have given a general account of them in my paper on the first book. There is one, however, in this part of the poem which I shall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of any in the whole poem; I mean, that where the serpent is described as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to her destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance from her to give her his assistance. These several particulars are all of them wrought into the following similitude:

> —'Hope elevates, and joy
> Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,
> Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
> Condenses, and the cold environs round,
> Kindled through agitation to a flame,
> (Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,)
> Hovering and blazing with delusive light,
> Misleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
> To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,
> There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.'

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with all those transient flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet represents[1] in our first parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of sorrow, and mutual accusations which succeed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and described in very natural sentiments.

[1] Compares.

When Dido, in the fourth Æneid, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the earth trembled, the heavens were filled with flashes of lightning, and the nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical spirit, has described all nature as disturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit:

> 'So saying, her rash hand in evil hour
> Forth reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she eat:
> Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her seat
> Sighing, through all her works gave signs of woe
> That all was lost—'

Upon Adam's falling into the same guilt, the whole creation appears a second time in convulsions.

> —'He scrupled not to eat
> Against his better knowledge; not deceiv'd,
> But fondly overcome with female charm.
> Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
> In pangs, and nature gave a second groan;
> Sky lour'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops
> Wept at completing of the mortal sin.'

As all nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, these symptoms of trouble and consternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the fall of man.

Adam's converse with Eve after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth Iliad. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that she appeared more charming and desirable than she had ever done before, even when their loves were at the highest. The poet afterwards describes them as reposing on a summit of mount Ida, which

produced under them a bed of flowers, the lotus, the crocus, and the hyacinth; and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following passage in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech to Eve:

> "For never did thy beauty, since the day
> I saw thee first and wedded thee, adorn'd
> With all perfections, so inflame my sense
> With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
> Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree."
> So said he, and forbore not glance or toy
> Of amorous intent, well understood
> Of Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.
> Her hand he seiz'd, and to a shady bank,
> Thick over-head with verdant roof embower'd,
> He led her nothing loth; flowers were the couch,
> Pansies and violets, and asphodel,
> And hyacinth, Earth's freshest softest lap.
> There they their fill of love and love's disport
> Took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,
> The solace of their sin, till dewy sleep
> Oppress'd them.—

As no poet seems ever to have studied Homer more, or to have resembled him in the greatness of genius, than Milton, I think I should have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages which look like parallels in these two great authors. I might, in the course of these criticisms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expressions which are translated from the Greek poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purposely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only set off by being shown in the same light with several of the same nature in Homer, but by that means may be

also guarded against the cavils of the tasteless or ignorant. L.[k]

*** At the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, this present Saturday April 12, will be performed a comedy, called The Committee, or the faithful Irishman. The part of Teague to be performed by Mr. Griffith from Ireland. Last time of acting till Easter-Monday.—Spect. in folio.

No. 352. MONDAY, April 14, 1712.

—Si ad honestatem nati sumus, ea aut sola expetenda est, aut certe omni pondere gravior est habenda quam reliqua omnia.

Tull.

If we be made for honesty, either it is solely to be sought, or certainly to be estimated much more highly than all other things.

Will Honeycomb was complaining to me yesterday, that the conversation of the town is so altered of late years, that a fine gentleman is at a loss for matter to start discourse, as well as unable to fall in with the talk he generally meets with. Will takes notice, that there is now an evil under the sun which he supposes to be entirely new, because not mentioned by any satirist, or moralist, in any age. 'Men,' said he, 'grow knaves sooner than they ever did since the creation of the world before.' If you read the tragedies of the last age, you find the artful men, and persons of intrigue, are advanced very far in years, and beyond the pleasures and sallies of youth; but now Will observes, that the young have taken in the vices of the aged, and you shall

[k] By Addison, dated, as the signature seems to imply, from London. See No. 334, note, *ad finem*; and final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O. See also Spectator, No. 221, and note on cabalistical letters, &c.

have a man of five-and-twenty, crafty, false, and intriguing, not ashamed to over-reach, cozen, and beguile. My friend adds, that till about the latter end of king Charles's reign, there was not a rascal of any eminence under forty. In the places of resort for conversation, you now hear nothing but what relates to the improving men's fortunes, without regard to the methods towards it. This is so fashionable, that young men form themselves upon a certain neglect of every thing that is candid, simple, and worthy of true esteem; and affect being yet worse than they are, by acknowledging, in their general turn of mind and discourse, that they have not any remaining value for true honour and honesty; preferring the capacity of being artful to gain their ends, to the merit of despising those ends when they come in competition with their honesty. All this is due to the very silly pride that generally prevails, of being valued for the ability of carrying their point; in a word, from the opinion that shallow and unexperienced people entertain of the short-lived force of cunning. But I shall, before I enter upon the various faces which folly covered with artifice puts on to impose upon the unthinking, produce a great authority for asserting, that nothing but truth and ingenuity [m] has any lasting good effect, even upon a man's fortune and interest.

'Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to

[m] Ingenuity seems to be here used for ingenuousness.

have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty, and complexion.

'It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction; so that upon all accounts sincerrity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use, and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do, to repose the greatest trust and

confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

'Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable, than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow and unsound in it, and, because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

'Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be a falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means

honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast; and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

'And I have often thought, that God hath in his great wisdom hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs: these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect: they cannot see so far as to the remote consequence of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the Divine Providence hath hid his truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

'Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end;

all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

T.[n]

*** Just published, The Works of Dionysius Longinus. Translated from the Greek by Mr. Welsted.—Spect. in folio.

No. 353. TUESDAY, April 15, 1712.

In tenui labor—
Virg. Georg. iv. 6.
Though low the subject, it deserves our pains.

The gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter.

'Sir,

'I take the liberty to send you a fourth letter[o] upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts upon some particular tasks which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue; I shall in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

'The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect,

[n] By Steele. Transcribed from abp. Tillotson's Sermons, Vol. II. Serm. i. p. 9, edit. in folio. See final note to Spectator, No. 324, on the signature T; and No. 5, note on signature R, *ad finem*.

[o] See Spect. Nos. 307, 313, and 337. Also, two papers on dress, by the same author Nos. 277 and 319.

and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views, may be said to study for ornament; as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune; the other, to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning. In order to which I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

'The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having an opportunity to exert himself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

'I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows,[P] and have been good friends ever since. One of them was not only thought an impenetrable blockhead at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university: the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The

P Swift, and Mr. Stratford, a merchant. 'Stratford is worth a plumb, and is now lending the government 40,000*l.*; yet we were educated together at the same school and university.'—Swift's Works, vol. xxii. p. 10, cr. 8vo. Stratford was afterwards a bankrupt.

man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight-score pounds a-year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

'I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or no he ought to wish his son should be a great genius: but this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one, whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

'The fault therefore of our grammar-schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during the course of a man's life.

'Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman's affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

'Whilst I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which methinks every master should teach scholars; I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give a range

to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent's letter.

'I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

'The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the styles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

'Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accompts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

'You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents, and consequently are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still farther, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements to be as it were the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

'History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments: as the complete gentleman in some of our modern com-

edies makes his first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter or a dancing-master.

'The difference is, that in a lad of genius these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials: the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius with these little additions in the same light as I regard the grand seignior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Alcoran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade: though I need not to have gone for my instance farther than Germany, where several emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the last worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession.[q]

'I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to show in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities. I am, SIR,

X.[r] 'Yours, &c.'

*** Removed from Charing-cross to the Cooper's Arms on Great Tower-hill, the following rarities.—1. A little man, 3 feet high, and 32 years of age, straight and proportionable. Next, his wife, a woman 2 feet 9 inches, 30 years of age, now safely brought to bed, after a long and tedious labour, under the hands of eminent doctors. 3. Their little horse, 2 feet odd inches high, in a box: he performs several wonderful actions.—A satyr from the coast of Brazil, with several other wonderful creatures.—Spect. in folio.

[q] The instance of czar Peter is still more recent, and more remarkable.

[r] By Mr. Eustace Budgell.—See Spect. No. 553; explication of the letter X.

No. 354. WEDNESDAY, April 16, 1712.

—Cum magnis virtutibus affers
Grande supercilium.—
Juv. Sat. vi. 168.

Their signal virtues hardly can be borne,
Dash'd as they are with supercilious scorn.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'You have in some of your discourses described most sort of women in their distinct and proper classes, as the ape, the coquette, and many others; but I think you have never yet said any thing of a devotee. A devotee is one of those who disparage religion by their indiscreet and unseasonable introduction of the mention of virtue on all occasions. She professes she is what nobody ought to doubt she is; and betrays the labour she is put to, to be what she ought to be with cheerfulness and alacrity. She lives in the world, and denies herself none of the diversions of it, with a constant declaration, how insipid all things in it are to her. She is never herself but at church; there she displays her virtue, and is so fervent in her devotions, that I have frequently seen her pray herself out of breath. While other young ladies in the house are dancing, or playing at questions and commands, she reads aloud in her closet. She says, all love is ridiculous, except it be celestial; but she speaks of the passion of one mortal to another with too much bitterness for one that had no jealousy mixed with her contempt of it. If at any time she sees a man warm in his addresses to his mistress, she will lift up her eyes to heaven, and cry, "What nonsense is that fool talking! Will the bell never ring for prayers?" We have an eminent lady of this stamp in our country, who pretends to amusements very much above

the rest of her sex. She never carries a white shock-dog with bells under her arm, nor a squirrel or dor-mouse in her pocket, but always an abridged piece of morality, to steal out when she is sure of being observed. When she went to the famous ass-race (which I must confess was but an odd diversion to be encouraged by people of rank and figure), it was not, like other ladies, to hear those poor animals bray, nor see fellows run naked, or to hear country squires in bob wigs and white girdles make love at the side of a coach and cry, "Madam, this is dainty weather." Thus she describes the diversion; for she went only to pray heartily that nobody might be hurt in the crowd, and to see if the poor fellow's face, which was distorted with grinning, might any way be brought to itself again. She never chats over her tea, but covers her face, and is supposed in an ejaculation before she tastes a sup. This ostentatious behaviour is such an offence to true sanctity, that it disparages it, and makes virtue not only unamiable, but also ridiculous. The sacred writings are full of reflections which abhor this kind of conduct; and a devotee is so far from promoting goodness, that she deters others by her example. Folly and vanity in one of these ladies, is like vice in a clergyman; it does not only debase him, but makes the inconsiderate part of the world think the worse of religion. I am, SIR,

'Your humble servant,

'HOTSPUR.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'XENOPHON, in his short account of the Spartan commonwealth, speaking of the behaviour of their young men in the streets, says, "There was

so much modesty in their looks, that you might as soon have turned the eyes of a marble statue upon you as theirs; and that in all their behaviour they were more modest than a bride when put to bed upon her wedding night." This virtue, which is always joined to magnanimity, had such an influence upon their courage, that in battle an enemy could not look them in the face, and they durst not but die for their country.

'Whenever I walk into the streets of London and Westminster, the countenances of all the young fellows that pass by me make me wish myself in Sparta: I meet with such blustering airs, big looks, and bold fronts, that, to a superficial observer, would bespeak a courage above those Grecians. I am arrived to that perfection in speculation, that I understand the language of the eyes, which would be a great misfortune to me, had I not corrected the testiness of old age by philosophy. There is scarce a man in a red coat who does not tell me, with a full stare, he is a bold man; I see several swear inwardly at me, without any offence of mine, but the oddness of my person: I meet contempt in every street, expressed in different manners, by the scornful look, the elevated eyebrow, and the swelling nostrils of the proud and prosperous. The prentice speaks his disrespect by an extended finger, and the porter by stealing out his tongue. If a country gentleman appears a little curious in observing the edifices, signs, clocks, coaches, and dials, it is not to be imagined how the polite rabble of this town, who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule his rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and slily twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him; while the offended person

is swearing or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes all around his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherly somewhere rallies the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, "Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;" and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was in broad daylight with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that I will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence. I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant,

T.[s] 'Sophrosunius.'

*** A Course of Chymistry to be opened at the Laboratory of Mr. Edward Bright, chymist in White-friars, on Monday, April 28. The terms are, one guinea at the time of subscription, and one guinea and a half at the beginning of the course.—N. B. Above 200 operations will be discussed.—Spect. in folio, No. 356.

[s] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

No. 355. THURSDAY, April 17, 1712.

Non ego mordaci distrinxi carmine quenquam.
Ovid. Trist. ii. 563.

I ne'er in gall dipp'd my envenom'd pen
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I have been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and

unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: 'Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true. If they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natured man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable, and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease. His reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.'[t]

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no farther about it, and look upon my name at the head of it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting

[t] Epict. Ench. cap. 48 and 64, ed. Berk. 1670, 8vo.

of a reproach, who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit, or figure, to live at peace with himself, in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

The famous monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words, which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author: 'If it was a new thing, it may be I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap of stones that envy has cast at me without doing me any harm.'

The author here alludes to those monuments[n] of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead bodies by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any the finest satirical reply.

Thus far I thought necessary to explain myself in relation to those who have animadverted on this paper, and to show the reasons why I have not

[n] There are abundant monuments of the same kind in North Britain, where they are called 'cairns.'

thought fit to return them any formal answer. I must farther add, that the work would have been of very little use to the public, had it been filled with personal reflections and debates; for which reason I have never once turned out of my way to observe those little cavils which have been made against it by envy or ignorance. The common fry of scribblers, who have no other way of being taken notice of but by attacking what has gained some reputation in the world, would have furnished me with business enough, had they found me disposed to enter the lists with them.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccalini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. 'This,' says the author, 'was troubling himself to no manner of purpose. Had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.'

L.[w]

[w] By Addison, dated London. See No. 262, a paper on the same subject, by the same author.

No. 356. FRIDAY, April 18, 1712.

—Aptissima quæque dabunt dii.
Charior est illis homo, quam sibi!—
Juv. Sat. x. 349.

—The gods will grant
What their unerring wisdom sees they want:
In goodness, as in greatness, they excel;
Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half as well!
Dryden.

It is owing to pride, and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to a man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested, and divested of any views arising from self-love and vainglory. But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain at first sight to do any thing but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future regards in this or any other being; upon stricter inquiry they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity and depressed in adversity. But the Christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidding and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word Christian does not carry with it at first view all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderer, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society. Yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day,[x] with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer! When his agonies occur to him, how he will weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they. They could not raise their

[x] This paper was published on Good Friday, 1712, and is taken, almost verbatim, from the first publication of the author, in which he ascribes to Jesus Christ epithets that are not ascribed to him in the genuine records of Christianity. Omnipotent, Almighty, Creator, Lord of Nature, and Giver of Life, are the peculiar incommunicable attributes of His Father and our Father, of our God and His God.

little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who appeared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves: he in that place therefore would no longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed; whom when their Creator had touched, with a second life they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase to the distributer's hand, and see their God in person feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! But why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversations.

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though in the midst of those acts of divinity he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular prince, yet had not hitherto the apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized, that he whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death

which he foretold, that he took him aside and said, 'Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee:' for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than that of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit as a saviour and deliverer to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp, of a triumph; he came humble, meek, and lowly: with an unfelt new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive-branches, crying, with loud gladness and acclamation, 'Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!' At this great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven. He did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the hosannah. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his divine authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he for a time use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to, all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? Is this the Deliverer? Shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with benefits to conspire

his death. Our Lord was sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him; but Peter, with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, that though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

'But what heart can conceive, what tongue utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffetted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony! Oh, almighty sufferer, look down from thy triumphant infamy. Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! See, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise. Which are the quick? Which are the dead? Sure nature, all nature, is departing with her Creator.' T.[y]

[y] By Steele. Transcribed from the Christian Hero. See final note to No. 324.

No. 357.[z] SATURDAY, April 19, 1712.

—Quis talia fando
Temperet à lachrymis?—
Virg. Æn. ii. 6.
Who can relate such woes without a tear?

The tenth book of Paradise Lost has a greater variety of persons in it than any other in the whole poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all those who had any concern in it, and shows with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the last act of a well-written tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, and represented under those circumstances in which the determination of the action places them.

I shall therefore consider this book under four heads, in relation to the celestial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary persons, who have their respective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celestial persons. The guardian angels of Paradise are described as returning to heaven upon the fall of man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception with the sorrow which appeared in themselves, and in those spirits who are said to rejoice at

[z] Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost, p. xvi. on the tenth book of that poem. See Spect. Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 363, and 369; and bishop Newton's notes on this tenth book of Paradise Lost.

The motto to this paper in the original publication in folio, is the same with that which is now prefixed to No. 279.

Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.
Hor. Ars Poet. 316.

To each character he gives what best befits.

the conversion of a sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines:

> Up into heav'n from Paradise in haste
> Th' angelic guards ascended, mute and sad
> For man; for of his state by this they knew:
> Much wond'ring how the subtle fiend had stol'n
> Entrance unseen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
> From earth arriv'd at heav'n gate, displeas'd
> All were who heard; dim sadness did not spare
> That time celestial visages; yet mixt
> With pity, violated not their bliss.
> About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
> Th' æthereal people ran, to hear and know
> How all befel. They tow'rds the throne supreme
> Accountable made haste, to make appear,
> With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,
> And easily approv'd; when the Most High
> Eternal Father, from his secret cloud
> Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.'

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents, standing naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

'See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,
To waste and havoc yonder world, which I
So fair and good created;' &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings or of many waters:

'He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud
Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,
Through multitude that sung. "Just are thy ways,
Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,
Who can extenuate thee?'—

Though the author in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of scripture; I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

—'Behind her Death
Close following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horse'—

Which alludes to that passage in scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination; 'And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him; and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth.' Under this first head of celestial per-

sons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different posture to the sun from what it had before the fall of man, is conceived with that sublime imagination which was so peculiar to this great author:

> 'Some say he bid his angels turn ascance
> The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
> From the sun's axle; they with labour push'd
> Oblique the centric globe'—

We are in the second place to consider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is observed, by those who would set forth the greatness of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were discovered in his time. Asia, Africa, and Europe, are the several scenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more astonishing circumstances. Satan, having surrounded the earth seven times, departs at length from Paradise. We then see him steering his course among the constellations, and, after having traversed the

whole creation, pursuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His first appearance in the assembly of fallen angels is worked up with circumstances which give a delightful surprise to the reader; but there is no incident in the whole poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himself is described after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into this poem. The unexpected hiss which arises in this episode, the dimensions and bulk of Satan so much superior to those of the infernal spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human persons, come next under our consideration. Milton's art is no where more shown than in his conducting the parts of these our first parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the person who of-

fended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of Love for Eve that ruined Adam and his posterity. I need not add, that the author is justified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the most orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his poem with that kind of writing which the French critics call the *tendre*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all sorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now considering, are likewise drawn with such sentiments as do not only interest the reader in their afflictions, but raise in him the most melting passions of humanity and commiseration. When Adam sees the several changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a disorder of mind suitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and happiness; he is filled with horror, remorse, despair; in the anguish of his heart he expostulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked existence:

'Did I request thee, Maker, from my clay
To mould me man? Did I solicit thee
From darkness to promote me? or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my dust,
Desirous to resign, and render back
All I receiv'd'—

He immediately after recovers from his presumption, owns his doom to be just, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him:

'—Why delays
His hand to execute what his decree

Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with death. and lengthened out
To deathless pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my sentence, and be earth
Insensible! how glad would lay me down,
As in my mother's lap! There should I rest
And sleep secure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worse
To me, and to my offspring, would torment me
With cruel expectation'—

This whole speech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all those sentiments which we may suppose natural to a mind so broken and disturbed. I must not omit that generous concern which our first father shows in it for his posterity, and which is so proper to affect the reader:

—'Hide me from the face
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happiness! yet well, if here would end
The misery; I deserv'd it, and would bear
My own deservings: but this will not serve:
All that I eat, or drink, or shall beget,
Is propagated curse. O voice once heard
Delightfully, "Increase and multiply;"
Now death to hear!——
——In me all
Posterity stands curst! Fair patrimony,
That I must leave you, sons! O were I able
To waste it all myself, and leave you none!
So disinherited, how would you bless
Me now your curse! Ah, why should all mankind,
For one man's fault, thus guiltless be condemned,
If guiltless? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt?'—

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his existence, and wishing for death, without sympathizing with him in his distress?

'Thus Adam to himself lamented loud
Through the still night (not now as ere man fell);
Wholesome and cool and mild, but with black air,
Accompanied with damps and dreadful gloom;
Which to his evil conscience represented
All things with double terror. On the ground
Outstretch'd he lay: on the cold ground! and oft
Curs'd his creation; death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution—

The part of Eve in this book is no less passionate, and apt to sway the reader in her favour. She is represented with great tenderness as approaching Adam, but is spurned from him with a spirit of upbraiding and indignation conformable to the nature of man, whose passions had now gained the dominion over him. The following passage, wherein she is described as renewing her addresses to him, with the whole speech that follows it, have something in them exquisitely moving and pathetic:

'He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve,
Not so repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And tresses all disorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble; and embracing them besought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
"Forsake me not thus, Adam? Witness Heav'n
What love sincere, and rev'rence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd! thy suppliant
I beg, and clasp thy knees; bereave me not
(Whereon I live,) thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,
My only strength, and stay: Forlorn of thee,
Whither shall I betake me, where subsist?
While yet we live (scarce one short hour perhaps)
Between us two let there be peace," &c.

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterwards proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that, to prevent their guilt from descending upon

posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries, does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the last place, to consider the imaginary persons, or Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truths contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe that a reader, who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadowy and imaginary persons as may be introduced into heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer

and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry when they are just shown without being engaged in any series of action. Homer indeed represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his Iliad; but we must consider, that though we now regard such a person as entirely shadowy, and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other such allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us, that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effect which Minerva's ægis produced in battle, he tells us, that the brims of it were encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Diomedes; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that at the rising of the sun the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the

daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, 'Silence was pleased;' and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, 'Confusion heard his voice.' I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking, that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, 'Before him went the Pestilence.' It is certain this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood on her right hand, Phrenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the at-

mosphere with her breath. The very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

L.[a]

*** Loss of memory, or forgetfulness, certainly cured, by a grateful electuary, that strikes at the prime cause [which few apprehend] of forgetfulness; makes the head clear and easy; the spirits free, active, and undisturbed; corroborates and revives all the faculties, especially the memory, which it strengthens beyond imagination, and enables [though almost totally lost before] to remember the minutest circumstance to a wonder.—Pr. 2*s.* 6*d.* a pot.—Spect. in folio. See Tat. No. 224

No. 358. MONDAY, April 21, 1712.

—Desipere in loco.

Hor. 4 Od. xii. ult.

'Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.

Francis.

Charles Lillie attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield, near Woodstock.[b] A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lillie, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate upon so fine a piece of antiquity. Among other

[a] By Addison, London. See final notes to Nos. 334, and No. 7, on Addison's signatures C, L, I, O. See also No. 221, on cabalistical letters and notes.

[b] Engraved by Vertue in 1712. See an account of it in Gough's British Topography, vol ii. p. 88.

things, I remember he gave me his opinion, which he drew from the ornaments of the work, that this was the floor of a room dedicated to mirth and concord. Viewing this work, made my fancy run over the many gay expressions I had read in ancient authors, which contained invitations to lay aside care and anxiety, and give a loose to that pleasing forgetfulness wherein men put off their characters of business, and enjoy their very selves. These hours were usually passed in rooms adorned for that purpose, and set out in such a manner, as the objects all around the company gladden their hearts; which, joined to the cheerful looks of well-chosen and agreeable friends, gave new vigour to the airy, produced the latent fire of the modest, and gave grace to the slow humour of the reserved. A judicious mixture of such company, crowned with chaplets of flowers, and the whole apartment glittering with gay lights, cheered with a profusion of roses, artificial falls of water, and intervals of soft notes to songs of love and wine, suspended the cares of human life, and made a festival of mutual kindness. Such parties of pleasure as these, and the reports of the agreeable passages in their jollities, have in all ages awakened the dull part of mankind to pretend to mirth and good-humour without capacity for such entertainments: for, if I may be allowed to say so, there are an hundred men fit for any employment, to one who is capable of passing a night in company of the first taste, without shocking any member of the society, over-rating his own part of the conversation, but equally receiving and contributing to the pleasure of the whole company. When one considers such collections of companions in past times, and such as one might name in the present age, with how

much spleen must a man needs reflect upon the awkward gaiety of those who affect the frolic with an ill grace! I have a letter from a correspondent of mine, who desires me to admonish all loud, mischievous, airy, dull companions, that they are mistaken in what they call a frolic. Irregularity in itself is not what creates pleasure and mirth; but to see a man, who knows what rule and decency are, descend from them agreeably in our company, is what denominates him a pleasant companion. Instead of that, you find many whose mirth consists only in doing things which do not become them, with a secret consciousness that all the world know they know better: to this is always added something mischievous to themselves or others. I have heard of some very merry fellows among whom the frolic was started, and passed by a great majority, that every man should immediately draw a tooth; after which they have gone in a body and smoked a cobbler. The same company, at another night, has each man burned his cravat; and one perhaps, whose estate would bear it, has thrown a long wig and laced hat into the same fire.[c] Thus they have jested themselves stark-naked, and run into the streets, and frighted women very successfully. There is no inhabitant of any standing in Covent-garden, but can tell you an hundred good humours, where people have come off with little bloodshed, and yet scoured all the witty hours of the night. I know a gentleman that has several wounds in the head by watch-poles, and has been thrice run through the body, to carry on a good jest. He is very old for a man of so much good humour; but to this

[c] This alludes to a frolic of Sir Charles Sedley, related in the notes to the late edition of the Tatler.

day he is seldom merry but he has occasion to be valiant at the same time. But, by the favour of these gentlemen, I am humbly of opinion, that a man may be a very witty man, and never offend one statute of this kingdom, not excepting even that of stabbing.

The writers of plays have what they call unity of time and place to give a justness to their representation; and it would not be amiss if all who pretend to be companions would confine their action to the place of meeting; for a frolic carried farther may be better performed by other animals than men. It is not to rid much ground, or to do much mischief, that should denominate a pleasant fellow; but that is truly frolic which is the play of the mind, and consists of various and unforced sallies of imagination. Festivity of spirit is a very uncommon talent, and must proceed from an assemblage of agreeable qualities in the same person. There are some few whom I think peculiarly happy in it; but it is a talent one cannot name in a man, especially when one considers, that it is never very grateful but where it is regarded by him who possesses it in the second place. The best man that I know of for heightening the revel gaiety of a company is Estcourt,[d] whose jovial humour diffuses itself from the highest person at an entertainment to the meanest waiter. Merry tales, accompanied with apt gestures and lively representations of circumstances and persons, beguile the gravest mind into a consent to be as humorous as himself. Add to this, that when a man is in his good graces, he has a mimicry that does not debase the person he repre-

[d] See Tatler, Nos. 20, and 51; and Spect. Nos. 264, 370, and 468.

sents; but which, taking from the gravity of the character, adds to the agreeableness of it. This pleasant fellow gives one some idea of the ancient pantomime, who is said to have given the audience, in dumb-show, an exact idea of any character or passion, or an intelligible relation of any public occurrence, with no other expression than that of his looks and gestures. If all who have been obliged to these talents in Estcourt will be at Love for Love[e] to-morrow night, they will but pay him what they owe him, at so easy a rate as being present at a play which nobody would omit seeing that had or had not ever seen it before.

T[f]

*** The famous Bavarian Red Liquor gives a delightful blushing colour to the white or pale, not to be distinguished from a natural fine complexion, or perceived to be artificial by the nearest friend. It is nothing of paint, may safely be taken inwardly, cannot be rubbed off, and is certainly the best beautifier in the world. Price 3*s.* 6*d.* a bottle.—Spect. in folio. See Tat. No. 224.

No. 359. TUESDAY, April 22, 1712.

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam;
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.
Virg. Ecl. ii. 63.

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.
Wharton.

As we were at the club last night, I observed that my old friend sir Roger, contrary to his usual cus-

[e] A well-known and celebrated comedy, by W. Congreve, 4to. 1695.

[f] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on signature T, and No. 5, note on R, Richard, the christian name of the writer, knighted early in the reign of George I. with the sword, it is said, of his favourite hero the duke of Marlborough.

tom, sat very silent, and, instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and, as we were both observing him, we saw the knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, 'A foolish woman! I can't believe it.' Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the widow. My old friend started, and, recovering out of his brown study, told sir Andrew, that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the country, sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the widow. 'However,' says sir Roger, 'I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted republican into the bargain.'

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his particular province, interrupting our friend with a janty laugh, 'I thought, knight,' said he, 'thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known.' Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. 'I am now,' says he, 'upon the verge of fifty, (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore.) You may easily guess,' continued Will, 'that I have not lived so long in the world without having had

some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

'I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but, when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbad me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in the neighbourhood.

'I made my next application to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me, that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's inn, who would adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

'A few months after I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family. I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and in short made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house, in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

'I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behaviour. Her

maid indeed told me one day, that her mistress said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

'After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and, being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

'I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I had certainly borne away with flying colours, if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard frost.'

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold: and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall.

—'Oh! why did our
Creator wise! that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine?
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall, innumerable
Disturbances on earth, through female snares,
And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate; but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;

Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse: or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet already link'd, and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate, or shame:
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound.'

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention; and, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X.[g]

No. 360. WEDNESDAY, April 23, 1712.

—De paupertate tacentes
Plus poscente ferent.
Hor. 1 Ep. xvii. 43.
The man who all his wants conceals,
Gains more than he who all his wants reveals.
Duncombe.

I have nothing to do with the business of this day, any farther than affixing the piece of Latin on the head of my paper; which I think a motto not unsuitable, since if silence of our poverty is a recommendation, still more commendable is his modesty who conceals it by a decent dress.[h]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'There is an evil under the sun, which has not yet come within your speculation, and is the censure, disesteem, and contempt, which some young

[g] By Mr. E. Budgell. No. 555, explication of X.
[h] See No. 264, the character of Irus; and No. 280.

fellows meet with from particular persons, for the reasonable methods they take to avoid them in general. This is by appearing in a better dress than may seem to a relation regularly consistent with a small fortune; and therefore may occasion a judgment of a suitable extravagance in other particulars: but the disadvantage with which the man of narrow circumstances acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth in a little book called the Christian Hero,[1] that the appearing to be otherwise is not only pardonable, but necessary. Every one knows the hurry of conclusions that are made in contempt of a person that appears to be calamitous; which makes it very excusable to prepare oneself for the company of those that are of a superior quality and fortune, by appearing to be in a better condition than one is, so far as such appearance shall not make us really of worse.

'It is a justice due to the character of one who suffers hard reflections from any particular person upon this account, that such persons would inquire into his manner of spending his time; of which, though no farther information can be had than that he remains so many hours in his chamber, yet, if this is cleared, to imagine that a reasonable creature, wrung with a narrow fortune, does not make the best use of this retirement, would be a conclusion extremely uncharitable. From what has, or will be said, I hope no consequence can be extorted, implying that I would have any young fellow spend more time than the common leisure which his studies require, or more money than his fortune or allowance may admit of, in the pursuit of an acquaintance with

[1] See No. 356, and note on Steele's Christian Hero.

his betters: for as to his time, the gross of that ought to be sacred to more substantial acquisitions; for each irrevocable moment of which he ought to believe he stands religiously accountable. As to his dress, I shall engage myself no farther than in the modest defence of two plain suits a-year: for being perfectly satisfied in Eutrapelus's contrivance of making a Mohock of a man, by presenting him with laced and embroidered suits, I would by no means be thought to controvert that conceit, by insinuating the advantages of foppery. It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him, than one of much better parts, whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality. A man's appearance falls within the censure of every one that sees him; his parts and learning very few are judges of; and even upon these few, they can't at first be well intruded; for policy and good breeding will counsel him to be reserved among strangers, and to support himself only by the common spirit of conversation. Indeed among the injudicious, the words 'delicacy, idiom, fine images, structure of periods, genius, fire,' and the rest, made use of with a frugal and comely gravity, will maintain the figure of immense reading, and the depth of criticism.

'All gentlemen of fortune, at least the young and middle-aged, are apt to pride themselves a little too much upon their dress, and consequently to value others in some measure upon the same consideration. With what confusion is a man of figure obliged to return the civilities of the hat to a person whose air and attire hardly entitle him to it! for whom, nevertheless, the other has a particular esteem, though he

is ashamed to have it challenged in so public a manner. It must be allowed, that any young fellow that affects to dress and appear genteelly, might, with artificial management, save ten pound a-year; as, instead of fine holland, he might mourn in sackcloth, and in other particulars be proportionably shabby: but of what service would this sum be to avert any misfortune, whilst it would leave him deserted by the little good acquaintance he has, and prevent his gaining any other? As the appearance of an easy fortune is necessary towards making one, I don't know but it might be of advantage sometimes to throw into one's discourse certain exclamations about bank-stock, and to show a marvellous surprise upon its fall, as well as the most affected triumph upon its rise. The veneration and respect which the practice of all ages has preserved to appearances, without doubt suggested to our tradesmen that wise and politic custom, to apply and recommend themselves to the public by all those decorations upon their sign-posts and houses, which the most eminent hands in the neighbourhood can furnish them with. What can be more attractive to a man of letters, than that immense erudition of all ages and languages, which a skilful bookseller, in conjunction with a painter, shall image upon his column, and the extremities of his shop? The same spirit of maintaining a handsome appearance reigns among the grave and solid apprentices of the law (here I could be particularly dull in proving the word apprentice to be significant of a barrister): and you may easily distinguish who has most lately made his pretensions to business, by the whitest and most ornamental frame of his window: if, indeed, the chamber is a ground-room, and has rails before it, the finery is of necessity more

extended, and the pomp of business better maintained. And what can be a greater indication of the dignity of dress, than that burthensome finery which is the regular habit of our judges, nobles, and bishops, with which, upon certain days, we see them encumbered? And though it may be said, this is awful, and necessary for the dignity of the state, yet the wisest of them have been remarkable, before they arrived at their present stations, for being very well-dressed persons. As to my own part, I am near thirty; and since I left school have not been idle, which is a modern phrase for having studied hard. I brought off a clean system of moral philosophy, and a tolerable jargon of metaphysics, from the university; since that, I have been engaged in the clearing part of the perplexed style and matter of the law, which so hereditarily descends to all its professors. To all which severe studies I have thrown in, at proper interims, the pretty learning of the classics. Notwithstanding which, I am what Shakspeare calls a fellow of no mark or likelihood; which makes me understand the more fully, that since the regular methods of making friends and a fortune by the mere force of a profession is so very slow and uncertain, a man should take all reasonable opportunities, by enlarging a good acquaintance, to court that time and chance which is said to happen to every man.'

T.[k]

[k] By Steele. See final note to No. 324, on T.

No. 361. THURSDAY, April 24, 1712.

Tartaream intendit vocem; quâ protinùs omnis
Contremuit domus—
Virg. Æn. vii. 514.
The blast Tartarean spreads its notes around;
The house astonish'd trembles at the sound.

I have lately received the following letter from a country gentleman:

'Mr. Spectator,

'The night before I left London I went to see a play called The Humourous Lieutenant.[1] Upon the rising of the curtain I was very much surprised with the great concert of cat-calls which was exhibited that evening, and began to think with myself that I had made a mistake, and gone to a music-meeting instead of the play-house. It appeared indeed a little odd to me, to see so many persons of quality, of both sexes, assembled together at a kind of caterwawling; for I cannot look upon that performance to have been any thing better, whatever the musicians themselves might think of it. As I had no acquaintance in the house to ask questions of, and was forced to go out of town early the next morning, I could not learn the secret of this matter. What I would therefore desire of you is, to give me some account of this strange instrument, which I found the company called a cat-call; and particularly to let me know whether it be a piece of music lately come from Italy. For my own part, to be free with

[1] A tragi-comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, in folio, 1699: the plot taken from Antigonus and Demetrius, given by Plutarch, and other writers of their lives; and the incident of the Humourous Lieutenant seems borrowed from the story of Lucullus's soldier, related by Horace, Epist. lib. ii. ep. 2.

you, I would rather hear an English fiddle: though I durst not show my dislike while I was in the playhouse, it being my chance to sit the very next man to one of the performers. I am, SIR,

'Your most affectionate friend and servant,

'JOHN SHALLOW, Esq.'

In compliance with squire Shallow's request, I design this paper as a dissertation upon the cat-call. In order to make myself a master of the subject, I purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at the two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A Fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds, and other melodious animals; 'and what,' says he, 'was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat that lived under the same roof with them?' He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string music in general.[m]

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the

[m] The strings being made of cat-gut.

ancient comedy; for which reason it has still a place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me, namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain, that the roasting of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species, than this instrument, if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But, notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into the playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this, who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-call which was placed in the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest at the celebrated performance lately exhibited at Drury-lane.

Having said thus much concerning the origin of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with

the voice of the actor who pronounces it, as the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. * * * .[n] In short, a bad poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call, as many people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music, has the following passage.

'I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those martial ones now in use; an instrument that shall sink the spirits, and shake the nerves, and curdle the blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider.'

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frighted heroes of the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humourous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve

[n] Not being yet determined with whose name to fill up the gap in this dissertation which is marked with asterisks, I shall defer it until this paper appears with others in a volume.—Spect. in folio, No. 361.

the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call; the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid-note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call.° L.[p]

*** At the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane will be presented this evening, the tragedy of Julius Cæsar; with the death of Brutus and Cassius. Written by W. Shakspeare.—To-morrow, the tragedy of Hamlet, for the benefit of Mr. Booth.—Spect. in folio.

†††There being a small number left of The Lucubrations of Isaac Bickerstaff, printed on royal and medium paper, in 4 vols. 8vo. they are to be sold by J. Tonson, &c. N. B. Those who have the 1st and 2d, may have the 3d and 4th volumes, to complete their sets.—Spect. in folio, No. 360, *ad finem.*

° There is no signature annexed to No. 361, in the edit. in 8vo. of 1712; but it is distinguished by an L in the edition of 1712 in 12mo. and it has the same signature in the original publication in folio.

[p] By Addison, dated, as it seems, London. See final note to No. 7, on the signatures C, L, I, O; Spectator, No. 221, and notes on cabalistical letters, &c.

No. 362. FRIDAY, April 25, 1712.

Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus—
Hor. 1 Ep. xix. 6.

He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,
He lik'd his glass, on his own evidence.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'Temple, April 24.

'Several of my friends were this morning got over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday [q] with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude therefore to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company, to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit, who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs,[r] that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Colly-Mully-Puff, [s] of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say

[q] The anniversary of queen Anne's coronation, April 23, 1702.

[r] See No. 28, on sign-posts, &c., and note.

[s] 'This little man, who had nothing at all striking in his appearance, and was but just able to support the basket of pastry which he carried on his head, sung in a very peculiar tone the cant words which passed into his name. This singularity was very advantageous to him, as it rendered him one of the most noted of the cries in London.' See. No. 251.

I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or, in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or putrefied; witness the wheel-barrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs, and currants, which you see vended by a merchant dressed in a second-hand suit of a foot soldier. You should consider that a child may be poisoned for the worth of a farthing; but except his poor parents send to one certain doctor [t] in town, they can have no advice for him under a guinea. When poisons are thus cheap, and medicines thus dear, how can you be negligent in inspecting what we eat and drink, or take no notice of such as the abovementioned citizens, who have been so serviceable to us of late in that particular? It was a custom among the old Romans, to do him particular honours who had saved the life of a citizen; how much more does the world owe to those who prevent the death of multitudes? As these men deserve well of your office, so such as act to the detriment of our health, you ought to represent to themselves and their fellow-subjects in the colours which they deserve to wear. I think it would be for the public good, that all who vend wines should be under oaths in that behalf. The chairman at a quarter-sessions should inform the country, that the vintner who mixes wine to his customers shall (upon proof that the drinker thereof died within a year and a day after taking it) be deemed guilty of wilful murder, and the jury shall be instructed to inquire and pre-

[t] There was a doctor about this time, perhaps, as he said, a regular bred physician, who advertised his readiness to attend patients at determinate distances all over London, &c., for the small fees of a shilling, &c., to half-a-crown a time each visit. Whether he 'flew in a chariot or on foot,' is not remembered. See No. 21. It seems, however, from this paper, that his success induced others to imitate his example.

sent such delinquents accordingly. It is no mitigation of the crime, nor will it be conceived that it can be brought in chance-medley or manslaughter, upon proof that it shall appear wine joined to wine, or right Herefordshire poured into Port O Port; but his selling it for one thing, knowing it to be another, must justly bear the foresaid guilt of wilful murder: for that he the said vintner did an unlawful act willingly in the false mixture, and is therefore with equity liable to all the pains to which a man would be, if it were proved he designed only to run a man through the arm, whom he whipped through the lungs. This is my third year at the Temple, and this is, or should be, law. An ill intention well proved should meet with no alleviation, because it outran itself. There cannot be too great severity used against the injustice as well as cruelty of those who play with men's lives, by preparing liquors, whose nature, for aught they know, may be noxious when mixed, though innocent when apart: and Brooke and Hellier, who have insured our safety at our meals, and driven jealousy from our cups in conversation, deserve the custom and thanks of the whole town; and it is your duty to remind them of the obligation.

'I am, Sir, your humble servant,

'Tom Pottle.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I am a person who was long immured in a college, read much, saw little; so that I knew no more of the world than what a lecture or a view of the map taught me. By this means I improved in my study, but became unpleasant in conversation. By conversing generally with the dead, I grew

almost unfit for the society of the living; so by a long confinement I contracted an ungainly aversion to conversation, and ever discoursed with pain to myself, and little entertainment to others. At last I was in some measure made sensible of my failing, and the mortification of never being spoke[u] to, or speaking, unless the discourse ran upon books, put me upon forcing myself amongst men. I immediately affected the politest company, by the frequent use of which I hoped to wear off the rust I had contracted; but, by an uncouth imitation of men used to act in public, I got no farther than to discover I had a mind to appear a finer thing than I really was.

Such I was, and such was my condition, when I became an ardent lover, and passionate admirer of the beauteous Belinda. Then it was that I really began to improve. This passion changed all my fears and diffidences in my general behaviour, to the sole concern of pleasing her. I had not now to study the action of a gentleman; but love possessing all my thoughts, made me truly be the thing I had a mind to appear. My thoughts grew free and generous; and the ambition to be agreeable to her I admired, produced in my carriage a faint similitude of that disengaged manner of my Belinda. The way we are in at present is, that she sees my passion, and sees I at present forbear speaking of it through prudential regards. This respect to her she returns with much civility, and makes my value for her as little misfortune to me as is consistent with discretion. She sings very charmingly, and is readier to do so at my request, because she knows

[u] The preterite for the participle.

I love her. She will dance with me rather than another for the same reason. My fortune must alter from what it is, before I can speak my heart to her; and her circumstances are not considerable enough to make up for the narrowness of mine. But I write to you now, only to give you the character of Belinda, as a woman that has address enough to demonstrate a gratitude to her lover, without giving him hopes of success in his passion. Belinda has from a great wit, governed by as great prudence, and both adorned with innocence, the happiness of always being ready to discover her real thoughts. She has many of us, who now are her admirers; but her treatment of us is so just and proportioned to our merit towards her, and what we are in ourselves, that I protest to you I have neither jealousy nor hatred towards my rivals. Such is her goodness, and the acknowledgment of every man who admires her, that he thinks he ought to believe she will take him who best deserves her. I will not say that this peace among us is not owing to self-love, which prompts each to think himself the best deserver. I think there is something uncommon and worthy of imitation in this lady's character. If you will please to print my letter, you will oblige the little fraternity of happy rivals, and in a more particular manner,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

T.[w] 'Will Cymon.'

[w] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 324, and 334.

No. 363.[x] SATURDAY, April 26, 1712.

—Crudelis ubique
Luctus, ubique pavor, et plurima mortis imago.
Virg. Æn. ii. 368.

All parts resound with tumults, plaints, and fears,
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Dryden.

Milton has shown a wonderful art in describing that variety of passions which arose in our first parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We see them gradually passing from the triumph of their guilt, through remorse, shame, despair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are represented as prostrating themselves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: to which the poet joins this beautiful circumstance, that they offered up their penitential prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their sentence:

—'They forthwith to the place
Repairing where he judg'd them, prostrate fell
Before him rev'rent, and both confess'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground—'

'There is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy

[x] Continuation of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost, p. xvii. on the eleventh book of that poem. See bishop Newton's notes on this book, in his edition of Milton's Paradise Lost; and Spectator, Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, and 369.

[y] This paragraph was not in the original paper in folio; it was added on the republication of the papers in volumes, when the eighteen numbers, of which Addison's critique on Paradise Lost consists, seem to have been carefully revised by their author, and to have undergone various and considerable alterations in consequence of his revisal.

of Sophocles, where Œdipus, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience,) desires that he may be conducted to mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with, in a short allegory, formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ, 'And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne; and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God.'[z]

> —'To heaven their prayers
> Flew up, nor miss'd the way, by envious winds
> Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they pass'd
> Dimensionless through heav'nly doors, then clad
> With incense, where the golden altar fum'd,
> By their great Intercessor, came in sight
> Before the Father's throne—'

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, which Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein Ezekiel,

[z] Rev. viii. 3, 4.

speaking of the angels who appeared to him in a vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about:

> — 'The cohort bright
> Of watchful cherubim, four faces each
> Had, like a double Janus, all their shape
> Spangled with eyes —'

The assembling of all the angels of heaven to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man, which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fail before him:

> — 'Yet lest they faint
> At the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,
> For I behold them soften'd, and with tears
> Bewailing their excess, all terror hide.'

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad, after the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each of them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a side effect upon

the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens, filled with an host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear with all its lustre and magnificence:

—'Why in the east
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light
More orient in that western cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heavenly bands
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition —'

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in the familiar manner with which Raphael the sociable spirit entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:

—'Th' archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial: but as man
Clad to meet man: over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Melibœan, or the grain
Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old,
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:
His starry helm, unbuckled, show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.

Adam bow'd low; he kingly from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declar'd.'

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish.

'Must I then leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flow'rs,
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave you names;
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?'

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

'This most afflicts me, that departing hence
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent,
With worship, place by place where he vouchsaf'd
Presence divine; and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd;
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,

Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flow'rs.
In yonder nether world, where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footsteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.'

The angel afterwards leads Adam to the highest mount of Paradise, and lays before him a whole hemisphere, as a proper stage for those visions which were to be represented on it. I have before observed how the plan of Milton's poem is in many particulars greater than that of the Iliad or Æneid. Virgils hero, in the last of these poems, is entertained with a sight of all those who are to descend from him; but though that episode is justly admired as one of the noblest designs in the whole Æneid, every one must allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's vision is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole species.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his sons and daughters, the first objects he is presented with, exhibit to him the story of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much closeness and propriety of expression. The curiosity and natural horror which arises in Adam at the sight of the first dying man, is touched with great beauty.

'But have I now seen death? Is this the way
I must return to native dust? O sight
Of terror foul, and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!'

The second vision sets before him the image of death, in a great variety of appearances. The angel,

to give him a general idea of those effects which his guilt had brought upon his posterity, places before him a large hospital, or lazar-house, filled with persons lying under all kinds of mortal diseases. How finely has the poet told us that the sick persons languished under lingering and incurable distempers, by an apt and judicious use of such imaginary beings as those I mentioned in my last Saturday's paper.[a]

'Dire was the tossing, deep the groans; Despair
Tended the sick, busy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death his dart
Shook, but delay'd to strike, tho' oft invok'd
With vows, as their chief good and final hope.'

The passion which likewise arises in Adam on this occasion, is very natural.

'Sight so deform what heart of rock could long
Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
Though not of woman born; compassion quell'd
His best of man, and gave him up to tears.'

The discourse between the angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contrast and opposition of incidents, the author, after this melancholy prospect of death and sickness, raises up a scene of mirth, love, and jollity. The secret pleasure that steals into Adam's heart, as he is intent upon this vision, is imagined with great delicacy. I must not omit the description of the loose female troop, who seduced the sons of God, as they are called in scripture.

'For that fair female troop thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of goddesses, so blythe, so smooth, so gay,

[a] No. 357.

Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestic honour, and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress, and troule the tongue, and roll the eye:
To these that sober race of men, whose lives
Religious titled them the sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly, to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair atheists —'

The next vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of war. Adam at the sight of it melts into tears, and breaks out into that passionate speech:

—'O what are these!
Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death
Inhumanly to men, and multiply
Ten thousandfold the sin of him who slew
His brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they, but of their brethren, men of men?'

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his visions, after having raised in the mind of his reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of war, passes on to those softer images of triumphs and festivals, in that vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

As it is visible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the universal deluge, the reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here see the wolf swimming among the sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations, which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great catastrophe of nature. If our poet has imitated that verse in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but sea, and that this sea had no shore to it, he has not set the thought in

such a light as to incur the censure which critics have passed upon it. The latter part of that verse in Ovid is idle and superfluous, but just and beautiful in Milton.

'Jamque mare et tellus nullum discrimen habebant,
Nil nisi pontus erat; deërant quoque littora ponto.'
OVID. Met. i. 291.

'Now seas and earth were in confusion lost;
A world of waters, and without a coast.'
DRYDEN.

—'Sea cover'd sea,
Sea without shore—'
MILTON.

In Milton the former part of the description does not forestall the latter. How much more great and solemn on this occasion is that which follows in our English poet,

—'And in their palaces,
Where luxury late reign'd, sea-monsters whelp'd
And stabled—'

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the sea-calfs lay in those places where the goats were used to browse! The reader may find several other parallel passages in the Latin and English description of the deluge, wherein our poet has visibly the advantage. The sky's being overcharged with clouds, the descending of the rains, the rising of the seas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are such descriptions as every one must take notice of. The circumstance relating to Paradise is so finely imagined, and suitable to the opinions of many learned authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

—'Then shall this mount
Of Paradise by might of waves be mov'd

Out of his place, push'd by the horned flood;
With all his verdure spoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great river to th' op'ning gulph,
And there take root; an island salt and bare,
The haunt of seals and orcs and sew-mews clang.'

The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:

'How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold
The end of all thy offspring, end so sad,
Depopulation! Thee another flood,
Of tears and sorrow, a flood, thee also drown'd,
And sunk thee as thy sons; till gently rear'd
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stoodst at last,
Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns
His children all in view destroy'd at once.'

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of Paradise Lost, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must farther add, that, had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man

would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect. L.[b]

No. 364. MONDAY, April 28, 1712.

—Navibus atque
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.
Hor. 1 Ep. xi. 29.
Anxious through seas and land to search for rest,
Is but laborious idleness at best.
Francis.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow, to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great

[b] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See No. 334, note on L, *ad finem*.

scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education, with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

'I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparation for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to 'travel.' The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered myself enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this summer to show her son his estate in a distant county, in which he had never yet been. But she soon took care to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young master's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, that it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things; that she had resolved he should make the tour of France and Italy, but could not bear to have him out of her sight, and therefore intended to go along with him.

'I was going to rally her for so extravagant a resolution, but found myself not in a fit humour to meddle with a subject that demanded the most soft and delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of dropping something that might seem to bear hard either upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion; being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my

opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem; I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole matter to the Spectator.

'When I came to reflect at night, as my custom is, upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but believe that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon pretence of learning men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a particular stamp of folly. I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though I could call to mind some not extremely unlike it. From hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble into the general notion of travelling, as it is now made a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and taw, and, under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is willing to be banished for thirty pounds a-year and a little victuals, send him crying and sniveling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as children do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing variety of strange things; strange indeed to one that is not prepared to comprehend the reasons and meaning of them; whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

'Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature, than to consider how men should fall into so palpable a mistake? It is a large field, and may very well exercise a sprightly genius; but I don't remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, Sir, you would make people understand, that 'travel' is

really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

'Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts, is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as possibly may have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these advantages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first principles of manners and behaviour? To endeavour it, is to build a gaudy structure without any foundation; or, if I may be allowed the expression, to work a rich embroidery upon a cobweb.

'Another end of travelling, which deserves to be considered, is the improving our taste of the best authors of antiquity, by seeing the places where they lived, and of which they wrote; to compare the natural face of the country with the descriptions they have given us, and observe how well the picture agrees with the original. This must certainly be a most charming exercise to the mind that is rightly turned for it; besides that it may in a good measure be made subservient to morality, if the person is capable of drawing just conclusions concerning the uncertainty of human things, from the ruinous alterations time and barbarity have brought upon so many palaces, cities and whole countries, which make the most illustrious figures in history. And this hint may be not a little improved by examining every spot of

ground that we find celebrated as the scene of some famous action, or retaining any footsteps of a Cato, Cicero, or Brutus, or some such great virtuous man. A nearer view of any such particular, though really little and trifling in itself, may serve the more powerfully to warm a generous mind to an emulation of their virtues, and a greater ardency of ambition to imitate their bright examples, if it comes duly tempered and prepared for the impression. But this I believe you will hardly think those to be, who are so far from entering into the sense and spirit of the ancients, that they don't yet understand their language with any exactness.[c]

'But I have wandered from my purpose, which was only to desire you to save, if possible, a fond English mother, and mother's own son, from being shown a ridiculous spectacle through the most polite parts of Europe. Pray tell them, that though to be sea-sick, or jumbled in an outlandish stage-coach, may perhaps be healthful for the constitution

[c] The following paragraph, in the first edition of this paper in folio, whether written originally by the earl of Hardwicke, or inserted afterwards by Sir R. Steele, was probably suppressed on the first re-publication, at the request of Addison. It is re-printed here from the Spect. in folio, No, 364.

'I cannot quit this head without paying my acknowledgments to one of the most entertaining pieces this age has produced, for the pleasure it gave me. You will easily guess, that the book I have in my head, is Mr. Addison's Remarks upon Italy. That ingenious gentleman has with so much art and judgment applied his exact knowledge of all the parts of classical learning, to illustrate the several occurrences of his travels, that his work alone is a pregnant proof of what I have said. Nobody that has a taste this way, can read him going from Rome to Naples, and making Horace and Silius Italicus his chart, but he must feel some uneasiness in himself to reflect that he was not in his retinue. I am sure I wished it ten times in every page, and that not without a secret vanity to think, in what state I should have travelled the Appian road, with Horace for a guide, and in company with a countryman of my own, who, of all men living, knows best how to follow his steps.'

of the body, yet it is apt to cause such dizziness in young empty heads, as too often lasts their life-time.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'PHILIP HOMEBRED.'[d]

'SIR, 'Birchen Lane.

'I was married on Sunday last, and went peaceably to bed; but, to my surprise, was awakened the next morning by the thunder of a set of drums. These warlike sounds methinks are very improper in a marriage concert, and give great offence; they seem to insinuate that the joys of this state are short, and that jars and discord soon ensue. I fear they have been ominous to many matches, and sometimes proved a prelude to a battle in the honey-moon. A nod from you may hush them; therefore, pray, Sir, let them be silenced, that for the future none but soft airs may usher in the morning of a bridal night; which will be a favour not only to those who come after, but to me, who can still subscribe myself,

'Your most humble and most obedient servant,

'ROBIN BRIDEGROOM.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM one of that sort of women whom the gayer part of our sex are apt to call a prude. But to show them that I have very little regard to their raillery, I shall be glad to see them all at The

[d] This letter on travelling was written by Mr. Philip Yorke, afterwards Earl of Hardwicke, who was likewise the author of another paper in the Spectator, which his son could not particularly remember. This information is given on the authority of Dr. Thomas Birch, in a letter dated June 15, 1764. Steele, as he says in the introduction to No. 360, did nothing more to this paper, than affix, perhaps, the piece of Latin at the top, and subjoin the following letters, and the signature T.

Amorous Widow, or, The Wanton Wife, which is to be acted for the benefit of Mrs. Porter on Monday the 28th instant. I assure you, I can laugh at an amorous widow, or wanton wife, with as little temptation to imitate them, as I could at any other vicious character. Mrs. Porter[e] obliged me so very much in the exquisite sense she seemed to have of the honourable sentiments and noble passions in the character of Hermione, that I shall appear in her behalf at a comedy, though I have no great relish for any entertainments where the mirth is not seasoned with a certain severity, which ought to recommend it to people who pretend to keep reason and authority over all their actions. I am, Sir,

'Your frequent reader,

T.[f] 'Altamira.'

No. 365.* TUESDAY, April 29, 1712.

Vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus—
Virg. Georg. iii. 272.

But most in spring; the kindly spring inspires
Reviving heat, and kindles genial fires.

[adapted.]

Flush'd by the spirit of the genial year,
Be greatly cautious of your sliding hearts.
Thomson's Spring, 160, &c.

The author of the Menagiana acquaints us, that, discoursing one day with several ladies of quality

[e] See Hughes's Correspondence, vol. i. p. 217, 218; and vol. iii. p. 75. This excellent actress, being overturned in a chaise in 1730, had the misfortune to have one of her thighs dislocated; two years after, she appeared on the stage, and, with the help of a cane, played queen Elizabeth in the Earl of Essex, for her own benefit.

[f] By Steele; transcribed. See final note to No. 324, on signature T.

* This paper gave birth to another fine paper on the same subject, by

about the effects of the month of May, which infuses a kindly warmth into the earth and all its inhabitants, the marchioness of S——, who was one of the company, told him, that though she would promise to be chaste in every month besides, she could not engage for herself in May. As the beginning therefore of this month is now very near, I design this paper for a caveat to the fair sex, and publish it before April is quite out, that if any of them should be caught tripping, they may not pretend they had not timely notice.

I am induced to this, being persuaded the abovementioned observation is as well calculated for our climate as for that of France, and that some of our British ladies are of the same constitution with the French marchioness.

I shall leave it among physicians to determine what may be the cause of such an anniversary inclination; whether or no it is that the spirits, after having been as it were frozen and congealed by winter, are now turned loose and set a rambling; or that the gay prospects of fields and meadows, with the courtship of the birds in every bush, naturally unbend the mind and soften it to pleasure; or that, as some have imagined, a woman is prompted by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it be, the effects of this month on the lower part of the sex, who act without disguise, are very visible. It is at this time that we see the young wenches in a country parish dancing round a May-pole, which

the late earl of Chesterfield, which the curious may see in a periodical work, intitled The World.

one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relique of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit to mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month that we see the ruddy milk-maid exerting herself in a most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and like the virgin Tarpeia,[g] oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactors lay upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

'For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear,
If not the first, the fairest of the year;
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.
The sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep;
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.'

Accordingly among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers from all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes heavy complaints of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted

[g] T. Livii Hist. Dec. I. lib. i. cap. xi.

unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May, and if he does not carry his point, he will never think of her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female sex, and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next place lay down some rules and directions for the better avoiding those calentures which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never to venture abroad in the fields but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in a flowery meadow, and shall farther observe to them, that Proserpine was out a maying when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes when he mentions

> —'That fair field
> Of Enna, where Proserpine gath'ring flowers,
> Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis
> Was gather'd—

Since I am got into quotations, I shall conclude this head with Virgil's advice to young people, while they are gathering wild strawberries and nosegays, that they should have a care of the snake in the grass.

In the second place, I cannot but approve those prescriptions which our astrological physicians give in their almanacks for this month; such as are 'a spare and simple diet, with the moderate use of phlebotomy.'

Under this head of abstinence I shall also advise my fair readers to be in a particular manner careful how they meddle with romances, chocolate, novels,

and the like inflamers, which I look upon as very dangerous to be made use of during this great carnival of nature.

As I have often declared that I have nothing more at heart than the honour of my dear countrywomen, I would beg them to consider whenever their resolutions begin to fail them, that there are but one-and-thirty days of this soft season, and that if they can but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of the fair sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves up to their most innocent entertainments. If they cannot forbear the playhouse, I would recommend tragedy to them rather than comedy; and should think the puppet-show much safer for them than the opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

The reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to war against nature in the cause of honour. As for that abandoned crew who do not think virtue worth contending for, but give up their reputation at the first summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the same easy creature in all months of the year, and makes no difference between May and December.[h]

[h] In the original publication in folio, No. 365 has the signature X annexed to it, signifying that it was written by Mr. Eustace Budgell. See No. 555. It has the same signature in the first editions of 1712, in 8vo. and 12mo. which is wanting in several subsequent copies. See an address of congratulation and admonition to the fair sex, in consequence of the caveat in this paper, No. 395.

No. 366. WENESDAY, April 30, 1712.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor æstivâ recreatur aurâ,
Dulcè ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulcè loquentem.
Hor. 1 Od. xxii. 17.

Set me where on some pathless plain
The swarthy Africans complain,
To see the chariot of the sun
So near the scorching country run;
The burning zone, the frozen isles,
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles;
All cold, but in her breast, I will despise,
And dare all heat, but that of Celia's eyes.
Roscommon.

There are such wild inconsistencies in the thoughts of a man in love, that I have often reflected there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with phrenzy, but that his distemper has no malevolence in it to any mortal. That devotion to his mistress kindles in his mind a general tenderness, which exerts itself towards every object as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to endeavour at certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind at ease; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which is only describing distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; every sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and be suitable to the circumstances of the character. Where this rule is transgressed, the humble servant, in all the fine things he says, is but showing his mistress how well he can dress, instead of saying how well he loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man as wit and turn is passion.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'THE following verses are a translation of a Lapland love-song, which I met with in Scheffer's history of that country. I was agreeably surprised to find a spirit of tenderness and poetry in a region which I never suspected for delicacy. In hotter climates, though altogether uncivilized, I had not wondered if I had found some sweet wild notes among the natives, where they live in groves of oranges, and hear the melody of birds about them. But a Lapland lyric, breathing sentiments of love and poetry, not unworthy old Greece or Rome; a regular ode from a climate pinched with frost, and cursed with darkness so great a part of the year; where it is amazing that the poor natives should get food, or be tempted to propagate their species; this, I confess, seemed a greater miracle to me than the famous stories of their drums, their winds, and enchantments.

'I am the bolder in commending this northern song, because I have faithfully kept to the sentiments, without adding or diminishing; and pretend to no greater praise from my translation than they who smooth and clean the furs of that country which have suffered by carriage. The numbers in the original are as loose and unequal as those in which the British ladies sport their Pindarics; and perhaps the fairest of them might not think it a disagreeable present from a lover. But I have ventured to bind it in stricter measures, as being more proper for our tongue, though perhaps wilder graces may better suit the genius of the Laponian language.

[1] This Lapland love song is ascribed to Mr. Ambrose Phillips. See Tat. No. 12; Spect. Nos. 223, 229, 393, note; 406, and Guard. *passim*, notes on Mr. A. Phillips.

'It will be necessary to imagine, that the author of this song, not having the liberty of visiting his mistress at her father's house, was in hopes of spying her at a distance in her fields.

I.

"Thou rising sun, whose gladsome ray
Invites my fair to rural play,
Dispel the mist and clear the skies,
And bring my Orra to my eyes.

II.

"Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb that pine-tree's topmost bough,
Aloft in air that quiv'ring plays,
And round and round for ever gaze.

III.

"My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping maid?
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

IV.

"Oh! could I ride the clouds and skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise:
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

V.

"My bliss too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies:
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Not storms or night shall keep me here.

VI.

"What may for strength with steel compare?
Oh! love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enchains the mind.

VII.

"No longer then perplex thy breast;
When thoughts torment, the first are best:
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay:
Away to Orra, haste away."

'MR. SPECTATOR, April the 10th.

'I AM one of those despicable creatures called a chambermaid, and have lived with a mistress for some time, whom I love as my life, which has made my duty and pleasure inseparable. My greatest delight has been in being employed about her person; and indeed she is very seldom out of humour for a woman of her quality. But here lies my complaint, Sir. To bear with me is all the encouragement she is pleased to bestow upon me; for she gives her cast-off clothes from me to others; some she is pleased to bestow in the house to those that neither want nor wear them, and some to hangers-on, that frequent the house daily who come dressed-out in them. This, Sir, is a very mortifying sight to me, who am a little necessitous for clothes, and love to appear what I am; and causes an uneasiness, so that I can't serve with that cheerfulness as formerly, which my mistress takes notice of, and calls envy and ill-temper at seeing others preferred before me. My mistress has a younger sister lives in the house with her, that is some thousands below her in estate, who is continually heaping her favours on her maid; so that she can appear every Sunday, for the first quarter, in a fresh suit of clothes of her mistress's giving, with all other things suitable. All this I see without envying, but not without wishing my mistress would a little consider what a discouragement it is to me to have my perquisites divided between fawners and jobbers, which others enjoy entire to themselves. I have spoke to my mistress, but to little purpose; I have desired to be discharged (for indeed I fret myself to nothing), but that she answers with silence. I beg, Sir, your di-

rection what to do, for I am fully resolved to follow your counsel, who am,

'Your admirer and humble servant,

'CONSTANTIA COMB-BRUSH.

'I beg that you will put it in a better dress, and let it come abroad, that my mistress, who is an admirer of your speculations, may see it.'

T.[k]

*** At Drury-lane on the preceding evening, April 29, was presented, for the benefit of Mr. Johnson, Volpone, or the Fox, &c. The part of Fox, by Mr. Powell; Moses, by Mr. Wilkes; Old Corbaccio, by Mr. Johnson; and the other parts to the best advantage. Dancing by Mr. Prince, Mrs. Bicknell, and others.—Spect. in folio, No. 365.

No. 367. THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1712.

—Perituræ parcite chartæ.

JUV. Sat i. 18.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

I HAVE often pleased myself with considering the two kinds of benefits which accrue to the public from these my speculations, and which, were I to speak after the manner of logicians, I would distinguish into the material and the formal. By the latter I understand those advantages which my readers receive, as their minds are either improved or delighted by these my daily labours; but having already several times descanted on my endeavours in this light, I shall at present wholly confine myself to the consideration of the former. By the word

[k] By Steele. See final notes to Nos. 6, and 324, on R and T, Steele's signatures.—N. B. The letter T was sometimes the signature of Mr. T. Tickell.—See No. 410, final note.

material, I mean those benefits which arise to the public from these my speculations, as they consume a considerable quantity of our paper-manufacture, employ our artisans in printing, and find business for great numbers of indigent persons.

Our paper-manufacture takes into it several mean materials, which could be put to no other use, and affords work for several hands in the collection of them which are incapable of any other employment. Those poor retailers, whom we see so busy in every street, deliver in their respective gleanings to the merchant. The merchant carries them in loads to the paper-mill, where they pass through a fresh set of hands, and give life to another trade. Those who have mills on their estates by this means considerably raise their rents, and the whole nation is in a great measure supplied with a manufacture, for which formerly she was obliged to her neighbours.

The materials are no sooner wrought into paper, but they are distributed among the presses, where they again set innumerable artists at work, and furnish business to another mystery. From hence, accordingly as they are stained with news or politics, they fly through the town in Post-men, Post-boys, Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examiners. Men, women, children contend who shall be the first bearers of them, and get their daily sustenance by spreading them. In short, when I trace in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectators, I find so many hands employed in every step they take through their whole progress, that while I am writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my witty

readers, they will be apt to tell me that my paper, thus printed and published, is still beneficial to the public on several occasions. I must confess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for this twelve-month past. My landlady often sends up her little daughter to desire some of my old Spectators, and has frequently told me, that the paper they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap spice in. They likewise make a good foundation for a mutton-pye, as I have more than once experienced, and were very much sought for last Christmas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that a linen fragment undergoes by passing through the several hands above-mentioned. The finest pieces of Holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new whiteness more beautiful than the first, and often return in the shape of letters to their native country. A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into billets-doux, and come into her possession a second time. A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out, with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after having officiated for some years as a towel or napkin, may by this means be raised from a dunghill, and become the most valuable piece of furniture in a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured to vie with one another for the reputation of the finest printing. Absolute governments, as well as republics, have encouraged an art which seems to be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever invented among the sons of men. The present king of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particularly distinguished himself by the promoting of this use-

ful art, insomuch that several books have been printed in the Louvre at his own expense, upon which he sets so great a value, that he considers them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign princes and ambassadors. If we look into the commonwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find that in this particular they have made themselves the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elzevir and Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any pensioner of the one or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England, and the great encouragement which has been given to learning for some years last past, has made our own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its late triumphs and conquests. The new edition which is given us of Cæsar's Commentaries,[1] has already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes, and is a work that does honour to the English press. It is no wonder that an edition should be very correct, which has passed through the hands of one of the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers this age has produced. The beauty of the paper, of the character, and of the several cuts with which this noble work is illustrated, makes it the finest book that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not come the first into any art, generally carries it to greater heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a British printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will

[1] A most beautiful edition of Cæsar's Memoirs, published about this time in folio, by Dr. Samuel Clarke.

be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. When men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as great or valuable, which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this paper so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance. L.[m]

*** At Drury-lane, on this evening, May 1, was presented a revived play, called The Rival Queens, with the Death of Alexander the Great. For the next day, May 2, was announced, the Stratagem, with dancing by Mons. Legard and Mrs. Stantlow, for her own benefit. And for Saturday, May 3, The Rover; or, The Banished Cavaliers; with the farce of The Stage Coach.—Spect. in folio.

†‡† Daffy's Elixir Salutis, prepared by Cath. Daffy, from the original receipt of her father, Mr. Thomas Daffy, who imparted it to his kinsman Mr. Anth. Daffy; and it is said that Catharine Daffy's brother, Mr. Daniel Daffy, apothecary in Nottingham, made the elixir by the same recipe during his life, &c.—Spect. in folio.

No. 368. FRIDAY, May 2, 1712.

—Nos decebat
Lugere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,
Humanæ vitæ vario reputantes mala:
At qui labores morte finissit graves,
Omnes amicos laude et lætitiâ exequi.
EURIP. apud TULL.

When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief should welcome him to care:
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.

As the Spectator is in a kind a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and

[m] By Addison, dated London. See Addison's Works, 4to. vol. iii. p. 414; and final note to No. 334, on signature L.

politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of an heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

'SIR, 'Paris, April 18, 1712.

'It is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of madam de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether a man of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances as much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and greatness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her to her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady. Her quality placed her above any application to her on the account of his passion: but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head (upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood) to send for monsieur Festeau on that occasion. I happened to be there at that time, and my near relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped

bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden tremor, which made me take the liberty to speak of it to my cousin with some apprehension. She smiled, and said, she knew Mr. Festeau had no inclination to do her injury. He seemed to recover himself, and smiling also proceeded in his work. Immediately after the operation, he cried out that he was the most unfortunate of all men, for that he had opened an artery instead of a vein. It is as impossible to express the artist's distraction as the patient's composure. I will not dwell on little circumstances, but go on to inform you, that within three days time it was thought necessary to take off her arm. She was so far from using Festeau as it would be natural for one of a lower spirit to treat him, that she would not let him be absent from any consultation about her present condition; and on every occasion asked whether he was satisfied in the measures that were taken about her. Before this last operation she ordered her will to be drawn, and, after having been about a quarter of an hour alone, she bid the surgeons, of whom poor Festeau was one, go on in their work. I know not how to give you the terms of art, but there appeared such symptoms after the amputation of her arm, that it was visible she could not live four and twenty hours. Her behaviour was so magnanimous throughout this whole affair, that I was particularly curious in taking notice of what passed, as her fate approached nearer and nearer, and took notes of what she said to all about her, particularly word for word what she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which was as follows:

"Sir you give me inexpressible sorrow for the anguish with which I see you overwhelmed. I am

removed to all intents and purposes from the interests of human life, therefore I am to begin to think like one wholly unconcerned in it. I do not consider you as one by whose error I have lost my life; no, you are my benefactor, as you have hastened my entrance into a happy immortality. This is my sense of this accident; but the world in which you live may have thoughts of it to your disadvantage; I have therefore taken care to provide for you in my will, and have placed you above what you have to fear from their ill-nature."

'While this excellent woman spoke these words, Festeau looked as if he received condemnation to die, instead of a pension for his life. Madam de Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock the next night, and though she must have laboured under the most exquisite torments, she possessed her mind with so wonderful a patience, that one may rather say she ceased to breathe, than she died at that hour. You, who had not the happiness to be personally known to this lady, have nothing but to rejoice in the honour you had of being related to so great merit; but we, who have lost her conversation, cannot so easily resign our own happiness by reflection upon hers.

'I am, Sir,
'Your affectionate kinsman,
'and most obedient, humble servant,
'Paul Regnaud.'

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind, than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man, whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of

singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct, which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article, nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praiseworthy, which made her capable of beholding death, not as the dissolution, but consummation of her life. T.[n]

No. 369.[o] SATURDAY, May 3, 1712.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures,
Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus—
Hor. Ars Poet. 279

—What we hear moves less than what we see.
Roscommon.

Milton, after having represented in vision the history of mankind to the first great period of nature, despatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has devised a very handsome reason for the angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though doubtless the true reason was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have shadowed out so mixed and complicated a story in visible objects. I could wish, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have cost him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part

[n] Spect. No. 368, has the signature T in the Spect. in folio, and in the edition of 1712, in 12mo. This seems to signify that Steele transcribed it. See final note to No. 324. T was also the signature of Mr. T. Tickell.

[o] Conclusion of Addison's critique on Milton's Paradise Lost, p. xviii. on the twelfth book of that poem. See bishop Newton's notes on this book, in his edition of Milton's Paradise Lost; and Spectator, Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and this last, No. 369.

of the history of mankind in vision, and part in narrative, is as if an history-painter should put in colours one-half of his subject, and write down the remaining part of it. If Milton's poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in some places the author has been so attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, rises very happily on several occasions, where the subject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confusion which he describes among the builders of Babel, and in his short sketch of the plagues of Egypt. The storm of hail and fire, with the darkness that overspread the land for three days, are described with great strength. The beautiful passage which follows, is raised upon noble hints in scripture.

—'Thus with ten wounds
The river-dragon tam'd at length submits
To let his sojourners depart; and oft
Humbles his stubborn heart; but still, as ice,
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Pursuing whom he late dismiss'd, the sea
Swallows him with his host: but them let pass
As on dry land between two crystal walls;
Aw'd by the rod of Moses so to stand
Divided—'

The river-dragon is an allusion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This allusion is taken from that sublime passage in Ezekiel: 'Thus saith the Lord God, behold I am against thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lieth in the midst of his rivers, which hath said, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myself.' Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the same descrip-

tion, which is copied almost word for word out of the history of Moses:

'All night he will pursue, but his approach
Darkness defends between till morning watch;
Then through the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his host,
And craze their chariot wheels: when by command
Moses once more his potent rod extends
Over the sea: the sea his rod obeys:
On their embattell'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war—'

As the principal design of this episode was to give Adam an idea of the holy person who was to reinstate human nature in that happiness and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himself to the line of Abraham, from whence the Messiah was to descend. The angel is described as seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the land of promise, which gives a particular liveliness to this part of the narration:

'I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith
He leaves his gods, his friends, his native soil
Ur of Chaldea, passing now the ford
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
Of herds, and flocks, and num'rous servitude;
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth
With God, who call'd him in a land unknown.
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents
Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
Of Moreh; there by promise he receives
Gift to his progeny of all that land;
From Hamath northward to the desert south;
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)'

As Virgil's vision in the sixth Æneid probably gave Milton the hint of this whole episode, the last line is a translation of that verse where Anchises men-

tions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter:

'Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terræ.'

The poet has very finely represented the joy and gladness of heart which arises in Adam upon his discovery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and transport:

'O goodness infinite, goodness immense!
That all this good of evil shall produce,' &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, sorrows and disquietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction. Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has shown a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest invention, by finding out a method to supply this natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves the adversary of mankind, in the last view which he gives of him, under the lowest state of mortification and disappointment. We see him chewing ashes, groveling in the dust, and loaden with supernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two first parents are comforted by dreams and visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in a manner raised to a greater happiness than that which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is represented miserable in the height of his tri-

umphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speeches of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorders of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind, without a secret pleasure and satisfaction:

'Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know;
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise;
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress
Wearied I fell asleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go,
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.
This farther consolation yet secure
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore."

The following lines, which conclude the poem, rise in a most glorious blaze of poetical images and expressions.

Heliodorus in his Æthiopics acquaints us, that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals, as the former do not stir their feet, nor proceed step by step, but slide over the surface of the earth by an uniform swimming of the whole body. The reader may observe with how poetical a description Milton has attributed the same kind of motion to the angels who were to take possession of Paradise.

'So spake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but answer'd not; for now too nigh

Th' archangel stood; and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river, o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rers heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet—'

The author helped his invention in the following passage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel who in holy writ has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumstances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made use of on this occasion.

'In either hand the hast'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eastern gate
Led them direct: and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd,
They looking back,' &c.

The scene which our first parents are surprised with, upon their looking back on Paradise, wonderfully strikes the reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they shed on that occasion.

They looking back, all th' eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

'If I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow.

'They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.'

These two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration:

> 'The world was all before them, where to choose
> Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.'

The number of books in Paradise Lost is equal to those of the Æneid. Our author in his first edition had divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the seventh and the eleventh each of them into two different books by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

Those who have read Bossu, and many of the critics who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in Paradise Lost. Though I can by no means think with the last mentioned French author, that an epic writer first of all pitches upon a certain moral as the groundwork and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a story to it; I am however of opinion, that no just heroic poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in Milton, is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined. It is in short this, that obedience to the will of God makes men happy, and that disobedience makes them miserable. This is visibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradise while they kept

the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as soon as they had transgressed. This is likewise the moral of the principal episode, which shows us how an innumerable multitude of angels fell from their state of bliss, and were cast into hell upon their disobedience. Besides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the soul of the fable, there are an infinity of under-morals which are to be drawn from the several parts of the poem, and which makes this work more useful and instructive than any other poem in any language.

Those who have criticised on the Odyssey, the Iliad, and Æneid, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months or days contained in the action of each of those poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, he will find, that from Adam's first appearance in the fourth book, to his expulsion from Paradise in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is described in the three first books, as it does not pass within the regions of nature, I have before observed that it is not subject to any calculations of time.

I have now finished my observations on a work which does an honour to the English nation. I have taken a general view of it under these four heads, the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language, and made each of them the subject of a particular paper. I have in the next place spoken of the censures which our author may incur under each of these heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been disposed to dwell on so ungrateful a subject. I believe, however, that the severest reader will not find any little fault in heroic poetry,

which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of Paradise Lost, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have, therefore, bestowed a paper upon each book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties; and, to determine wherein they consist, I have endeavoured to show how some passages are beautiful by being sublime, others by being soft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the passion, which by the moral, which by the sentiment, and which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to show how the genius of the poet shines by an happy invention, a distant allusion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in scripture. I might have inserted also several passages in Tasso, which our author has imitated; but, as I do not look upon Tasso to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with such quotations as might do more honour to the Italian than to the English poet. In short, I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to poetry, and which may be met with in the works of this great author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entered upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgment I have

a value for, as well as the uncommon demands which my bookseller tells me have been made for these particular discourses, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

L.[p]

No. 370. MONDAY, May 5, 1712.

— Totus mundus agit histrionem.
— All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
SHAKSPEARE.

Many of my fair readers, as well as very gay and well-received persons of the other sex, are extremely perplexed at the Latin sentences at the head of my speculations. I do not know whether I ought not to indulge them with translations of each of them: however, I have to-day taken down from the top of the stage in Drury-lane a bit of Latin which often stands in their view, and signifies that, 'The whole world acts the player.' It is certain that if we look all round us, and behold the different employments of mankind, you hardly see one who is not, as the player is, in an assumed character. The lawyer, who is vehement and loud in a cause wherein he knows he has not the truth of the question on his side, is a player as to the personated part, but incomparably meaner than he as to the prostitution of himself for hire; because the pleader's falsehood introduces injustice; the player feigns for no other end but to divert or instruct you. The divine, whose passions transport him to say any thing with

[p] By Addison, dated, as it seems, from London. See final note to No. 334, on signature L.

any view but promoting the interests of true piety and religion, is a player with a still greater imputation of guilt, in proportion to his depreciating a character more sacred. Consider all the different pursuits and employments of men, and you will find half their actions tend to nothing else but disguise and imposture; and all that is done which proceeds not from a man's very self, is the action of a player. For this reason it is that I make so frequent mention of the stage. It is with me a matter of the highest consideration, what parts are well or ill performed, what passions or sentiments are indulged or cultivated, and consequently what manners and customs are transfused from the stage to the world, which reciprocally imitate each other. As the writers of epic poems introduce shadowy persons, and represent vices and virtues under the character of men and women; so I, who am a Spectator in the world, may perhaps sometimes make use of the names of the actors on the stage, to represent or admonish those who transact affairs in the world. When I am commending Wilks[q] for representing the tenderness of a husband and a father in Macbeth, the contrition of a reformed prodigal in Harry the Fourth, the winning emptiness of a young man of good-nature and wealth in The Trip to the Jubilee, the officiousness of an artful servant in The Fox; when thus I celebrate Wilks, I talk to all the world who are engaged in any of those circumstances. If I were to speak of merit neglected,[r] misapplied, or misunderstood, might I not say Estcourt has a great capacity? But it is not the interest of others

[q] See Tat. No. 112.

[r] See Spect. Nos. 358, and 468.

who bear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon him what cannot become him, or keep out of his hands any thing in which he would shine. Were one to raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him one might say, if Lord Foppington was not on the stage (Cibber[s] acts the false pretensions to a genteel behaviour so very justly), he would have in the generality of mankind more that would admire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of an usurer, the absurdity of a rich fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of half courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of half wit, might be for ever put out of countenance by proper parts for Dogget.[t] Johnson, by acting Corbacchio the other night, must have given all who saw him a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulancy of a peevish old fellow, who loves and hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman[u] in the Fop's Fortune; where, in the character of Don Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Pinkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb-scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of fear and hunger. He wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his

[s] See Tat. No. 182; and Spect. No. 546.
[t] See Guardian, No. 82.
[u] See Tat. Nos. 4, 20, and 188; Spect. Nos. 31, and 455.

victuals. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification of the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Pinkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time; as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre,[w] if dancing were more regarded, and taught to all the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell,[x] joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent characters of female life. An amiable modesty in one aspect of a dancer, an assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an impatience of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, and well acted solicitude to please, would revive in the company all the fine touches of mind raised in observing all the objects of affection or passion they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments as these would polish the town into judgment in their gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take in reformation from vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for this sort of

[w] See Spect. Nos. 334, and 466.

[x] See Tat. Nos. 3, and 11; and Guard. No. 50.

dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, when sure the romp will do her best for her own benefit, will be of my mind. T.[y]

No. 371. TUESDAY, May 6, 1712.

Jamne igitur laudas, quod de sapientibus unum
Ridebat?
Juv. Sat. x. 28.
And shall the sage[z] your approbation win,
Whose laughing features wore a constant grin?

I shall communicate to my reader the following letter for the entertainment of this day.

'Sir,

'You know very well that our nation is more famous for that sort of men who are called "whims" and "humourists," than any other country in the world; for which reason it is observed, that our English comedy excels that of all other nations in the novelty and variety of its characters.

'Among those innumerable sets of whims which our country produces, there are none whom I have regarded with more curiosity than those who have invented any particular kind of diversion for the entertainment of themselves or their friends. My letter shall single out those who take delight in sorting a company that has something of burlesque and ridicule in its appearance. I shall make myself under-

[y] No. 370 has the signature T in the original publication in folio, and in the edition of 1712 in 12mo. which seems to signify that it was by Steele, transcribed; or by Mr. Tickell. See final note to No. 324.

[z] Democritus.

stood by the following example. One of the wits of the last age, who was a man of a good estate,[a] thought he never laid out his money better than in a jest: as he was one year at the Bath, observing that, in the great confluence of fine people, there were several among them with long chins, a part of the visage by which he himself was very much distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score of these remarkable persons who had their mouths in the middle of their faces. They had no sooner placed themselves about the table, but they began to stare upon one another, not being able to imagine what had brought them together. Our English proverb says,

'Tis merry in the hall,
When beards wag all.'

It proved so in the assembly I am now speaking of, who seeing so many peaks of faces agitated with eating, drinking, and discourse, and observing all the chins that were present meeting together very often over the centre of the table, every one grew sensible of the jest, and came into it with so much good humour, that they lived in strict friendship and alliance from that day forward.

'The same gentleman some time after packed together a set of oglers, as he called them, consisting of such as had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His diversion on this occasion was to see the cross bows, mistaken signs, and wrong connivances, that passed amidst so many broken and refracted rays of sight.

'The third feast which this merry gentleman exhibited was to the stammerers, whom he got together

[a] Villiers, the last duke of Buckingham, and father of the late lady Mary Wortley Montague. See New. Tat. No. 18, notes; and *ibidem*, p. 11, note.

in a sufficient body to fill his table. He had ordered one of his servants, who was placed behind a screen, to write down their table-talk, which was very easy to be done without the help of short-hand. It appears by the notes which were taken, that though their conversation never fell, there were not above twenty words spoken during the first course; that, upon serving up the second, one of the company was a quarter of an hour in telling them that the ducklings and asparagus were very good; and that another took up the same time in declaring himself of the same opinion. This jest did not, however, go off so well as the former; for one of the guests being a brave man, and fuller of resentment than he knew how to express, went out of the room, and sent the facetious inviter a letter in writing, which, though it was afterwards dropped by the interposition of friends, put a stop to these ludicrous entertainments.

'Now, Sir, I dare say you will agree with me, that as there is no moral in these jests, they ought to be discouraged, and looked upon rather as pieces of unluckiness than wit. However, as it is natural for one man to refine upon the thought of another, and impossible for any single person, how great soever his parts may be, to invent an art, and bring it to its utmost perfection; I shall here give you an account of an honest gentleman of my acquaintance, who, upon hearing the character of the wit above mentioned, has himself assumed it, and endeavoured to convert it to the benefit of mankind. He invited half a dozen of his friends one day to dinner, who were each of them famous for inserting several redundant phrases in their discourse, as, "D'ye hear me?—D'ye see?—That is,—And so, Sir." Each of his guests making frequent use of his particular elegance, ap-

peared so ridiculous to his neighbour, that he could not but reflect upon himself as appearing equally ridiculous to the rest of the company. By this means, before they had sat long together, every one, talking with the greatest circumspection, and carefully avoiding his favourite expletive, the conversation was cleared of its redundancies, and had a greater quantity of sense, though less of sound in it.

'The same well-meaning gentleman took occasion, at another time, to bring together such of his friends as were addicted to a foolish habitual custom of swearing. In order to show them the absurdity of the practice, he had recourse to the invention abovementioned, having placed an amanuensis in a private part of the room. After the second bottle, when men open their minds without reserve, my honest friend began to take notice of the many sonorous but unnecessary words that had passed in his house since their sitting down at table, and how much good conversation they had lost by giving way to such superfluous phrases. "What a tax," says he, "would they have raised for the poor, had we put the laws in execution upon one another!" Every one of them took this gentle reproof in good part; upon which he told them, that knowing their conversation would have no secrets in it, he had ordered it to be taken down in writing, and, for the humour-sake, would read it to them, if they pleased. There were ten sheets of it, which might have been reduced to two, had there not been those abominable interpolations I have before mentioned. Upon the reading of it in cold blood, it looked rather like a conference of fiends than of men. In short, every one trembled at himself upon hearing calmly what he had pro-

nounced amidst the heat and inadvertency of discourse.

'I shall only mention another occasion wherein he made use of the same invention to cure a different kind of men, who are the pests of all polite conversation, and murder time as much as either of the two former, though they do it more innocently; I mean, that dull generation of story-tellers. My friend got together about half a dozen of his acquaintance, who were infected with this strange malady. The first day, one of them sitting down, entered upon the siege of Namur, which lasted till four o'clock, their time of parting. The second day a North Briton took possession of the discourse, which it was impossible to get out of his hands so long as the company stayed together. The third day was engrossed after the same manner by a story of the same length. They at last began to reflect upon this barbarous way of treating one another, and by this means awakened out of that lethargy with which each of them had been seized for several years.

'As you have somewhere declared, that extraordinary and uncommon characters of mankind are the game which you delight in, and as I look upon you to be the greatest sportsman, or, if you please, the Nimrod among this species of writers, I thought this discovery would not be unacceptable to you.

I.[b] 'I am, Sir,' &c.

*** This evening, May 6, for the benefit of Mrs. Bicknell, The Constant Couple, or a Trip to the Jubilee. Sir H. Wildair, Mr. Wilks; lady Lurewell, Mrs. Oldfield. Dancing by Mr. Prince, Mr. Thurmond, and Mrs. Bicknell.—Spect. in folio.

††† Sold by auction this day, part of the library of Sir W. Temple. *Ibidem.*

[b] By Addison, dated most probably from Islington.—See No. 7, final note on Addison's signatures, C, L, I, O; and No. 221, on capital and cabalistical letters, &c.

No. 372.[c] WEDNESDAY, May 7, 1712.

—Pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.
Ovid. Met. i. 758.

To hear an open slander, is a curse;
But not to find an answer, is a worse.
Dryden.

'MR. SPECTATOR, 'May 6, 1712.

'I am sexton of the parish of Covent-garden, and complained to you some time ago, that as I was tolling in to prayers at eleven in the morning, crowds of people of quality hastened to assemble at a puppet-show on the other side of the garden. I had at the same time a very great disesteem for Mr. Powell and his little thoughtless commonwealth, as if they had enticed the gentry into those wanderings: but let that be as it will, I now am convinced of the honest intentions of the said Mr. Powell and company; and send this to acquaint you, that he has given all the profits which shall arise to-morrow night by his play to the use of the poor charity children of this parish. I have been informed, Sir, that in Holland all persons who set up any show, or act any stage-play, be the actors either of wood and wire, or flesh and blood, are obliged to pay out of their gain such a proportion to the honest and industrious poor in the neighbourhood; by this means they make diversion and pleasure pay a tax to labour and industry. I have been told also, that all the time of Lent, in Roman catholic countries, the persons of condition administer to the necessities of the poor, and attend the beds of lazars and diseased persons. Our protestant ladies and gentlemen are

[c] In the original publication in folio, the motto is wanting.

so much to seek for proper ways of passing time, that they are obliged to punchinello for knowing what to do with themselves. Since the case is so, I desire only you would intreat our people of quality, who are not to be interrupted in their pleasure, to think of the practice of any moral duty, that they would at least fine for their sins, and give something to these poor children; a little out of their luxury and superfluity would atone, in some measure, for the wanton use of the rest of their fortunes. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if the ladies who haunt the cloisters and passages of the play-house, were, upon every offence, obliged to pay to this excellent institution of schools of charity. This method would make offenders themselves do service to the public. But in the mean time I desire you would publish this voluntary reparation which Mr. Powell does our parish, for the noise he has made in it by the constant rattling of coaches, drums, trumpets, triumphs, and battles. The destruction of Troy, adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action. I am,

'SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'RALPH BELLFRY.

'I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath, are false and groundless.'[d]

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'MY employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the Ex-

[d] See Tatler with notes, *passim*, and Spectator, No. 277.

change, has given me occasion to observe a certain enormity, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hatbands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain slinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice; and would therefore have them, without raillery, advised to send the Florence and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor. I am SIR,

'Your most humble servant,

'HUMPHRY TRANSFER.'

'MR. SPECTATOR, May 6.

'I WAS last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves "the lawyer's club." You must know, Sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting every one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives

his judgment according to the experience he has met with. If it happens that any one puts a case of which they have had no precedent, it is noted down by their clerk Will Goosequill (who registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go the next day with it to a counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meeting; but had you been there to have heard them relate their methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, with the applause that is given to him who has done it most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him says, he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken in, as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted, upon the recommendation of one of their principals, as a very honest, good-natured fellow, that will never be in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked upon several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of this is only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

'I am, with respect, your humble servant,

'H. R.'

T.[e]

[e] By Steele, transcribed. See No. 324, note on T, sometimes the signature perhaps of Mr. T. Tickell.

No. 373. THURSDAY, May 8, 1712.

Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbrâ.
Juv. Sat. xiv. 10.

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

Mr. Locke, in his treatise of Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and most palpable abuse of words, he says, is, when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should constantly be used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. 'A definition,' says he, 'is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known.' He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of, since, upon the forementioned ground, he does not scruple to say, that he thinks 'morality is capable of demonstration as well as the mathematics.'

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than those two, modesty and assurance. To say, such an one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish,

awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it, 'the reflection of an ingenious[f] mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censures of others.

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and

[f] Ingenious seems to be here used for ingenuous.

ingenuity,[g] than they could have been by the most pathetic oration: and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take 'assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind.' That which generally gives a man assurance is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and, from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice.

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the modesty and assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince abovementioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without assurance he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared never so scandalous.

From what has been said it is plain, that modesty and assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed

[g] Ingenuity seems here to be used in the sense of ingenuousness.

and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say, 'a modest assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

X.[h]

[h] By Mr. E. Budgell.—See Spect. No. 555.

No. 374. FRIDAY, May 9, 1712.

Nil actum credens, dum quid superesset agendum.
LUCAN, ii. 657.

He reckon'd not the past, while aught remain'd
Great to be done, or mighty to be gain'd.
ROWE.

THERE is a fault, which, though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination. As we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately, so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any farther than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit, to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be, to manage the instant in which we stand with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflections so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praiseworthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not make up for past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians. But we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day, to-day which passes while we

are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive. This instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinences of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone. Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness. Go to neither——Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity till yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will, in the effects upon his reputation, be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said that he thought nothing done while there was left any thing for him to do, went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he passed through; but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review, in

case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his to demonstrate, that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes for his own conduct. It is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

'My part is now but begun, and my glory must be sustained by the use I make of this victory; otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me: I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all men of honour, who take part with me, the terms I offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinius is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune: let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general who can expose himself like a private man, during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after victory.'

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour

and virtue is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream, the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

'Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then, because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow? If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived to a fulness of days and of glory: what is there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes? Cæsar has not yet died; Cæsar is prepared to die.' T.[1]

*** At Drury-lane, May 8, The Mourning Bride. The M. Bride, by Mrs. Bradshaw; the King, by Mr. Keen; Osmin, Mr. Booth.—May 9, being Friday, Venice Preserved, for the benefit of Mrs. Rogers, who played Belvidera.—On Saturday, May 10, The Tempest.—Spect. in folio.

[1] By Steele, transcribed; although it is not improbable that the letter T was used as a signature by Mr. T. Tickell. See final notes to No. 324, and 410.

No. 375. SATURDAY, May 10, 1712.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris
Rectè beatum; rectius occupat
Nomen beati, qui deorum
Muneribus sapienter uti,
Duramque callet pauperiem pati;
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.
Hor. 4 Od. ix. 45.

We barbarously call them blest,
Who are of largest tenements possest,
While swelling coffers break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire, man:
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n:
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:
Who poison less than falsehood fear,
Loth to purchase life so dear.
Stepney.

I have more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I shall therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life for the speculation of this day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good fashion and credit, was by a train of accidents, and by an unavoidable perplexity in his affairs, reduced to a low condition. There is a modesty usually attending faultless poverty, which made him rather choose to reduce his manner of living to his present circumstances, than solicit his friends in order to support the show of an estate when the substance was gone. His wife, who was a woman of sense and virtue, behaved herself on this occasion with uncommon decency, and never appeared so amiable in his eyes as now. Instead of upbraiding him with the ample

fortune she had brought, or the many great offers she had refused for his sake, she redoubled all the instances of her affection, while her husband was continually pouring out his heart to her in complaints that he had ruined the best woman in the world. He sometimes came home at a time when she did not expect him, and surprised her in tears, which she endeavoured to conceal, and always put on an air of cheerfulness to receive him. To lessen their expense, their eldest daughter (whom I shall call Amanda) was sent into the country, to the house of an honest farmer, who had married a servant of the family. This young woman was apprehensive of the ruin which was approaching, and had privately engaged a friend in the neighbourhood to give her an account of what passed from time to time in her father's affairs. Amanda was in the bloom of her youth and beauty; when the lord of the manor, who often called in at the farmer's house as he followed his country sports, fell passionately in love with her. He was a man of great generosity, but from a loose education had contracted a hearty aversion to marriage. He therefore entertained a design upon Amanda's virtue, which at present he thought fit to keep private. The innocent creature, who never suspected his intentions, was pleased with his person; and having observed his growing passion for her, hoped by so advantageous a match she might quickly be in a capacity of supporting her impoverished relations. One day, as he called to see her, he found her in tears over a letter she had just received from her friend, which gave an account that her father had lately been stripped of every thing by an execution. The lover, who with some difficulty found out the cause of her grief, took this occasion to

make her a proposal. It is impossible to express Amanda's confusion when she found his pretensions were not honourable. She was now deserted of all her hopes, and had no power to speak; but rushing from him in the utmost disturbance, locked herself up in her chamber. He immediately despatched a messenger to her father with the following letter:

'SIR,

'I HAVE heard of your misfortunes, and have offered your daughter, if she will live with me, to settle on her four hundred pounds a-year, and to lay down the sum for which you are now distressed. I will be so ingenuous as to tell you that I do not intend marriage: but if you are wise, you will use your authority with her not to be too nice, when she has an opportunity of saving you and your family, and of making herself happy.

'I am, &c.'

This letter came to the hands of Amanda's mother: she opened and read it with great surprise and concern. She did not think it proper to explain herself to the messenger, but, desiring him to call again the next morning, she wrote to her daughter as follows:

'DEAREST CHILD,

'YOUR father and I have just received a letter from a gentleman who pretends love to you, with a proposal that insults our misfortunes, and would throw us to a lower degree of misery than any thing which is come upon us. How could this barbarous man think that the tenderest of parents would be tempted to supply their wants by giving

up the best of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and cruel artifice to make this proposal at a time when he thinks our necessities must compel us to any thing: but we will not eat the bread of shame; and therefore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid the snare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pitying us: it is not so bad as you perhaps have been told. All things will yet be well, and I shall write my child better news.

'I have been interrupted; I know not how I was moved to say things would mend. As I was going on, I was startled by the noise of one that knocked at the door, and hath brought us an unexpected supply of a debt which has long been owing. Oh! I will now tell thee all. It is some days I have lived almost without support, having conveyed what little money I could raise to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to think where he is, yet be assured he will be soon at liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, but I have concealed it from him. I have no companion at present besides little Fanny, who stands watching my looks as I write, and is crying for her sister. She says she is sure you are not well, having discovered that my present trouble is about you. But do not think I would thus repeat my sorrows to grieve thee. No, it is to entreat thee not to make them insupportable, by adding what would be worse than all. Let us bear cheerfully an affliction, which we have not brought on ourselves; and remember there is a Power who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loss of thy innocence. Heaven preserve my dear child! Thy affectionate mother,

'____.'

The messenger, notwithstanding he promised to deliver this letter to Amanda, carried it first to his master, who he imagined would be glad to have an opportunity of giving it into her hands himself. His master was impatient to know the success of his proposal, and therefore broke open the letter privately to see the contents. He was not a little moved at so true a picture of virtue in distress; but at the same time was infinitely surprised to find his offers rejected. However, he resolved not to suppress the letter, but carefully sealed it up again, and carried it to Amanda. All his endeavours to see her were in vain, till she was assured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that she should read it without leaving the room. While she was perusing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepest attention. Her concern gave a new softness to her beauty, and when she burst into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her sorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was resolved to make reparation for having been the occasion of it. My reader will not be displeased to see the second epistle which he now wrote to Amanda's mother.

'MADAM,

'I AM full of shame, and will never forgive myself if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. It was far from my intention to add trouble to the afflicted; nor could any thing but my being a stranger to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if I live, I shall endeavour to make you amends, as a son. You cannot be unhappy while

Amanda is your daughter; nor shall be, if any thing can prevent it, which is in the power of,

'MADAM, your most obedient humble servant,

'——.'

This letter he sent by his steward, and soon after went up to town himself to complete the generous act he had now resolved on. By his friendship and assistance, Amanda's father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married Amanda, and enjoyed the double satisfaction of having restored a worthy family to their former prosperity, and of making himself happy by an alliance to their virtues.[k]

No. 376. MONDAY, MAY 12, 1712.

—Pavone ex Pythagoreo.
PERS. Sat. vi. 11.

From the Pythagorean peacock.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE observed that the officer you some time ago appointed as inspector of signs has not done his duty so well as to give you an account of

[k] Spect. No. 375, has no signature in the original publication in folio; it was written by Mr. John Hughes. The following information, on which this assignment rests, is given at the close of No. 357. 'I question not but my reader will be very well pleased to hear, that the gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing letter [No. 357], and who was the author of the 210th speculation, on the immortality of the soul, the 375th on virtue in distress, the 525th on conjugal love, and two or three other very fine ones, among those which are not lettered at the end, will soon publish a noble poem, intitled 'An Ode to the Creator of the World, occasioned by the fragments of Orpheus.' See Spect. No. 357, and Hughes's Correspondence, vol. iii. p. 8. note; *et ibidem*, vol. i. p. 213.

very many strange occurrences in the public streets which are worthy of, but have escaped, your notice. Among all the oddnesses which I have ever met with, that which I am now telling you gave me most delight. You must have observed that all the criers in the street attract the attention of the passengers, and of the inhabitants in the several parts, by something very particular in their tone itself, in the dwelling upon a note, or else making themselves wholly unintelligible by a scream. The person I am so delighted with has nothing to sell, but very gravely receives the bounty of the people, for no other merit but the homage they pay to his manner of signifying to them that he wants a subsidy. You must sure have heard speak of an old man, who walks about the city, and that part of the suburbs which lies beyond the Tower, performing the office of a day-watchman, followed by a goose, which bears the bob of his ditty, and confirms what he says with a quack, quack. I gave little heed to the mention of this known circumstance, till, being the other day in those quarters, I passed by a decrepit old fellow with a pole in his hand, who just then was bawling out, 'Half an hour after one o'clock;' and immediately a dirty goose behind made her response, 'Quack, quack.' I could not forbear attending this grave procession for the length of half a street, with no small amazement to find the whole place so familiarly acquainted with a melancholy midnight voice at noon-day, giving them the hour, and exhorting them of the departure of time, with a bounce at their doors. While I was full of this novelty, I went into a friend's house, and told him how I was diverted with their whimsical monitor and his equipage. My friend gave me the

history; and interrupted my commendation of the man, by telling me the livelihood of these two animals is purchased rather by the good parts of the goose than of the leader; for it seems the peripatetick who walked before her was a watchman in that neighbourhood; and the goose, of herself, by frequent hearing this tone, out of her natural vigilance, not only observed, but answered it very regularly, from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her in partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such, as, like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how, in all ages and times, the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and, under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures, with their eyes open, through thick and thin, for they know not what, they know not why.

'All which is humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by,

'Sir, your most humble servant,

'Michael Gander.'

'Mr. Spectator,

'I have for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies,

which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them an humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful, becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something very wanting in the air of my ladies, different from what I observe in those that are esteemed your fine-bred women. Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve for the future to give my youg ladies that accomplishment. But upon imparting my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared, that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the trainbands, that has a great interest in her parish; she recommends Mr. Trott[1] for the prettiest master in town; that no man teaches a jig like him; that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable; and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholars of any master in town; besides, there is madam Prim, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of her own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way; for, besides a very soft air

[1] See No. 296, concluding letters; No. 308, let. 4; No. 314, let. 2; and No. 316, let. 1.

he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff box; teaches to twirl, slip, or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces; for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire therefore, according to the inclosed direction, you will send your correspondent who has writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms, and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars, in their very features and limbs, bear witness how careful I have been in the other parts of their education.

'I am, SIR, your most humble servant,

T.[m] 'RACHAEL WATCHFUL.'

*** At Drury-lane, May 12, The History of C. Marius; written by Shakspeare, and altered by the late Mr. Otway.—O. Marius, Mr. Powell; Y. Marius, Mr. Booth; and Lavinia, by Mrs. Bradshaw. On Tuesday, May 13, The Old Bachelor.—Fondlewife, Mr. Dogget; Bellmont, Mr. Wilks; Sir J. Wittol, Mr. Bullock; Capt. Bluff, Mr. Johnson; and Setter, by Mr. Norris. With The Stage-Coach.—Spect. in folio.

[m] By Steele, transcribed: the letter T was likewise used as a signature by Mr. T. Tickell. See final notes to Nos. 324, and 410.

No. 377. TUESDAY, May 13, 1712.

Quid quisque vitet nunquam homini satis
Cautum est in horas—

Hor. 2 Od. xiii. 13.

What each should fly, is seldom known;
We unprovided, are undone.

Creech.

Love was the mother of poetry, and still produces, among the most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand imaginary distresses and poetical complaints. It makes a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts a brutal rustic into a gentle swain. The most ordinary plebeian or mechanic in love bleeds and pines away with a certain elegance and tenderness of sentiments which this passion naturally inspires.

These inward languishings of a mind infected with this softness, have given birth to a phrase which is made use of by all the melting tribe, from the highest to the lowest, I mean that of 'dying for love.'

Romances, which owe their very being to this passion, are full of these metaphorical deaths. Heroes and heroines, knights, squires, and damsels, are all of them in a dying condition. There is the same kind of mortality in our modern tragedies, where every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. Many of the poets, to describe the execution which is done by this passion, represent the fair sex as basilisks that destroy with their eyes; but I think Mr. Cowley has with greater justness of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine that sends an arrow from every part.

I have often thought, that there is no way so

effectual for the cure of this general infirmity, as a man's reflecting upon the motives that produce it. When the passion proceeds from the sense of any virtue or perfection in the person beloved, I would by no means discourage it; but if a man considers that all his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths rise from some little affectations of coquetry, which are improved into charms by his own fond imagination, the very laying before himself the cause of his distemper, may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

It is in this view that I have looked over the several bundles of letters which I have received from dying people, and composed out of them the following bill of mortality, which I shall lay before my reader without any farther preface, as hoping that it may be useful to him in discovering those several places where there is most danger, and those fatal arts which are made use of to destroy the heedless and unwary.

Lysander, slain at a puppet-show on the third of September.

Thyrsis shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

T. S. wounded by Zelinda's scarlet stocking, as she was stepping out of a coach.

Will Simple smitten at the opera by the glance of an eye that was aimed at one who stood by him.

Tho. Vainlove, lost his life at a ball.

Tim. Tattle, killed by the tap of a fan on his left shoulder by Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly with her in a bow-window.

Sir Simon Softly, murdered at the playhouse in Drury-lane by a frown.

Philander, mortally wounded by Cleora, as she was adjusting her tucker.

Ralph Gapley, esq. hit by a random-shot at the ring.

F. R. caught his death upon the water, April the 1st.

W. W. killed by an unknown hand, that was playing with the glove off upon the side of the front-box in Drury-lane.

Sir Christopher Crazy, bart. hurt by the brush of a whalebone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through the sticks of a fan at St. James's church.

Damon, struck through the heart by a diamond necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Francis Goosequill, William Meanwell, Edward Callow, esqrs. standing in a row, fell all four at the same time, by an ogle of the widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing to tread upon a lady's tail as he came out of the playhouse, she turned full upon him and laid him dead upon the spot.

Dick Tastewell slain by a blush from the queen's box in the third act of the Trip to the Jubilee.

Samuel Felt, haberdasher, wounded in his walk to Islington, by Mrs. Susanna Cross-stitch, as she was clambering over a stile.

R. F., T. W., S. I., M. P., &c. put to death in the last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off in the twenty-first year of his age by a white-wash.

Musidorus, slain by an arrow that flew out of a dimple in Belinda's left cheek.

Ned Courtly, presenting Flavia with her glove (which she had dropped on purpose), she received it, and took away his life with a courtesy.

John Gosselin, having received a slight hurt from a pair of blue eyes, as he was making his escape, was despatched by a smile.

Strephon killed by Clarinda as she looked down into the pit.

Charles Careless shot flying by a girl of fifteen, who unexpectedly popped her head upon him out of a coach.

Josiah Wither, aged threescore and three, sent to his long home by Elizabeth Jetwell, spinster.

Jack Freelove murdered by Melissa in her hair.

William Wiseacre, gent. drowned in a flood of tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, esq. of the Middle temple, barrister at law, assassinated in his chambers the 6th instant by Kitty Sly, who pretended to come to him for his advice.

I.[n]

No. 378. WEDNESDAY, May 14, 1712

Aggredere O! magnos, adherit, jam tempus, honores.
VIRG. Ecl. iv. 48.

Mature in years, to ready honours move.
DRYDEN.

I WILL make no apology for entertaining the reader with the following poem, which is written by a great genius, a friend of mine [o] in the country, who is not ashamed to employ his wit in the praise of his Maker.

[n] By Addison, dated, it is thought, from Islington. See final note to No. 7.

[o] Pope. See No. 534.

MESSIAH:

A sacred Eclogue, composed of several passages of Isaiah the prophet.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,
Delight no more — O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun,
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
Th' ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring:
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance;
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowr'y top perfumes the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;
A God! a God! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo earth receives him from the bending skies!
Sink down ye mountains; and ye valleys rise!
With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold!

Isa. xlii. 18. Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!
xxxv. 5, 6. He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day,
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe;
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear,
From every face He wipes off every tear.
xxv. 8. In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
xl. 11. And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lamb he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
Mankind shall thus his guardian care engage,
ix. 6. The promis'd father of the future age.
ii. 4. No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
lxv. 21, 22. Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
xxxv. 1, 7. The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear:
On rifted rocks the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles and the bulrush nods.
xli. 19 and lv. 13. Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
xi. 6, 7, 8. The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet:
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall play.

Isa. lx. 1.	Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
	Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
lx. 4.	See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
	See future sons and daughters yet unborn
	In crowding ranks on every side arise,
	Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
lx. 3.	See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
	Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
	See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
lx. 6.	And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
	For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
	And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
	See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
lx. 19, 20.	And break upon thee with a flood of day!
li. 6.	No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
	Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn,
	But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
	One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
	O'erflow thy courts; The LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine
	Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
li. 6, and	The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
liv. 10.	Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
	But fixt His word, His saving power remains;
	Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

T.[q]

*** At Drury-lane, May 15, The Spanish Friar. Gomez, Mr. Norris; Friar, Mr. Estcourt; Lorenzo, Mr. Wilks.—Farce. The Walking Statue.—Spect. in folio.

[q] By Steele, transcribed, as he probably received it under the injunction of secrecy. See No. 534, letters assigned A. Dapperwit, and Spectator. T, supposed to be Steele's editorial signature, was sometimes used as a mark by Mr. Tickell. See final note to Nos. 324, 410, and note *ad finem*.

No. 379. THURSDAY, May 15, 1712.

Scire tuum nihil est nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.
PERS. Sat. i. 27.

—Science is not science till reveal'd.
DRYDEN.

I HAVE often wondered at that ill-natured position which has been sometimes maintained in the schools, and is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that 'A man's knowledge is worth nothing, if he communicates what he knows to any one besides.' There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a good-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries its own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put in the dress of words, without which indeed we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them ourselves. When they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shows us whether they are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself that in the course of these my speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of

themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received several letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet. I am charged by another with laying open the arcana or secrets of prudence, to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shown itself in all ages: there is still extant an epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures; concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Luisa de Padilla, a lady of great learning, and countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discreto [q], wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers, which ought only to have been reserved for the knowledge of the great.

These objections are thought by many of so much weight, that they often defend the abovementioned authors, by affirming they have affected such an obscurity in their style and manner of

[q] See Spect. No. 293, and note; and No. 409. Notes on B. Gratian, and his publications.

writing, that, though every one may read their works, there will be but very few who can comprehend their meaning.

Persius, the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for another reason; with which however, Mr. Cowley is so offended, that, writing to one of his friends, 'You,' says he, 'tell me, that you do not know whether Persius be a good poet or no, because you cannot understand him; for which very reason I affirm that he is not so.'

However, this art of writing unintelligibly has been very much improved, and followed by several of the moderns, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation many have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, that they may be still more abstruse, to write without any meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in throwing so many words at a venture into different periods, and leaving the curious reader to find out the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics to signify several things, expressed a man who confined his knowledge and discoveries altogether within himself, by the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides, which, though it was illuminated within, afforded no manner of light or advantage to such as stood by it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries I happen to make, I should much rather be compared to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and wastes itself for the benefit of every passenger. I shall conclude this paper with the story of Rosi-

crusius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform my readers that this man was the founder of the Rosicrusian sect, and that his disciples still pretend to new discoveries which they are never to communicate the rest of mankind.[r]

'A certain person having occasion to dig somewhat deep in the ground, where this philosopher lay interred, met with a small door, having a wall on each side of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of finding some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to force open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a very fair vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour sitting by a table, and leaning on his left arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man had no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning posture, stood bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, when the statue with a furious blow broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

'Upon the report of this adventure, the country people soon came with lights to the sepulchre and discovered that the statue, which was made of brass, was nothing more than a piece of clock-work; that the floor of the vault was all loose, and underlaid with several springs, which, upon any man's entering, naturally produced that which had happened.'

Rosicrusius, say his disciples, made use of this method, to show the world that he had re-invented

[r] See Comte de Gabalis, par l' Abbé Villars. 1742. 2 vol. in 12mo.; and Pope's Works, ed. of Warb. vol. 1, p. 109. 12mo. 1770. 6 vol.

the ever-burning lamps of the ancients, though he was resolved no one should reap any advantage from the discovery.

X.[8]

*** At the Hay-market, on May 17, a new English Opera, Calypso and Telemachus. By subscription. The author was Mr. John Hughes; it was set to music by Mr. Galliard. To take off the subscription for it, the duke of Shrewsbury, then lord Chamberlain, ordered the house to be opened at the lowest prices or not at all. Such was the passion for Italian music in 1712, that this opera was represented under very great disadvantages; but it was afterwards more successfully revived in Lincoln's-inn-fields.—See Spect. No. 405, paragr. 1, and note on S. Nicolini.

No. 380. FRIDAY, May 16, 1712.

Rivalem patienter habe —

Ovid. Ars Am. ii. 538.

With patience bear a rival in thy love.

'SIR, 'Thursday, May 8, 1712.

'The character you have in the world of being the ladies' philosopher, and the pretty advice I have seen you give to others in your papers, make me address myself to you in this abrupt manner, and to desire your opinion of what in this age a woman may call a lover. I have lately had a gentleman that I thought made pretensions to me, insomuch that most of my friends took notice of it, and thought we were really married; which I did not take much pains to undeceive them, and especially a young gentlewoman of my particular acquaintance who was then in the country. She coming to town, and seeing our intimacy so great, she gave herself the liberty of taking me to task concerning it: I inge-

[8] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

nuously told her we were not married, but I did not know what might be the event. She soon got acquainted with the gentleman, and was pleased to take upon her to examine him about. Now, whether a new face had made a greater conquest than the old, I will leave you to judge: but I am informed that he utterly denied all pretensions to courtship, but withal professed a sincere friendship for me; but, whether marriages are proposed by way of friendship or not, is what I desire to know, and what I may really call a lover. There are so many who talk in a language fit only for that character, and yet guard themselves against speaking in direct terms to the point, that it is impossible to distinguish between courtship and conversation. I hope you will do me justice both upon my lover and my friend, if they provoke me farther. In the mean time I carry it with so equal a behaviour, that the nymph and the swain too are mightily at a loss: each believes I, who know them both well, think myself revenged in their love to one another, which creates an irreconcileable jealousy. If all comes right again, you shall hear farther from,

'Sir, your most obedient servant,

'Mirtilla.'

'Mr. Spectator, 'April 28, 1712.

'Your observations on persons that have behaved themselves irreverently at church,[t] I doubt not, have had a good effect on some that have read them; but there is another fault which has hitherto escaped your notice, I mean of such persons as are there very zealous and punctual to perform an ejaculation, that is only preparatory to the service of

[t] See Spect. No. 259.

the church, and yet neglect to join in the service itself. There is an instance of this in a friend of Will Honeycomb's, who sits opposite to me. He seldom comes in till the prayers are about half over; and when he has entered his seat (instead of joining with the congregation) he devoutly holds his hat before his face for three or four moments, then bows to all his acquaintance, sits down, takes a pinch of snuff (if it be the evening service perhaps takes a nap), and spends the remaining time in surveying the congregation. Now, sir, what I would desire is, that you would animadvert a little on this gentleman's practice. In my opinion, this gentleman's devotion, cap in hand, is only a compliance with the custom of the place, and goes no farther than a little ecclesiastical good-breeding. If you will not pretend to tell us the motives that bring such triflers to solemn assemblies, yet let me desire that you will give this letter a place in your paper, and I shall remain,

'Sir, your obliged humble servant,

'J. S.'[u]

'Mr. Spectator, 'May the 5th.

'The conversation at a club of which I am a member, last night falling upon vanity and the desire of being admired, put me in mind of relating how agreeably I was entertained at my own door last Thursday by a clean fresh-coloured girl, under the most elegant and best-furnished milk-pail I had ever observed. I was glad of such an opportunity of seeing the behaviour of a coquette in low life, and

[u] Perhaps the initials of Swift's name, in whose works there is a sermon on sleeping at Church.

how she received the extraordinary notice that was taken of her; which I found had affected every muscle of her face in the same manner as it does the features of a first-rate toast at a play, or in an assembly. This hint of mine made the discourse turn upon the sense of pleasure; which ended in a general resolution, that the milk-maid enjoys her vanity as exquisitely as the woman of quality. I think it would not be an improper subject for you to examine this frailty, and trace it to all conditions of life; which is recommended to you as an occasion of obliging many of your readers, among the rest,

'Your most humble servant,

'T. B.'

'SIR, 'May 12, 1712.

'COMING last week into a coffee-house not far from the Exchange with my basket under my arm, a Jew of considerable note, as I am informed, takes half a dozen oranges of me, and at the same time slides a guinea into my hand; I made him a courtesy, and went my way. He followed me, and, finding I was going about my business, he came up with me, and told me plainly, that he gave me the guinea with no other intent but to purchase my person for an hour. "Did you so, Sir?" says I; "you gave it me then to make me wicked; I will keep it to make me honest. However, not to be in the least ungrateful, I promise you I will lay it out in a couple of rings, and wear them for your sake." I am so just, Sir, besides, as to give every body that asks how I came by my rings this account of my benefactor; but, to save me the trouble of telling my tale over and over again, I humbly beg

the favour of you so to tell it once for all, and you will extremely oblige,

'Your humble servant,

'BETTY LEMON.'

'SIR, 'St. Bride's, May 15, 1712.

''TIS a great deal of pleasure to me, and I dare say will be no less satisfactory to you, that I have an opportunity of informing you, that the gentlemen and others of the parish of St. Bride have raised a charity-school of fifty girls, as before of fifty boys. You were so kind to recommend the boys to the charitable world, and the other sex hope you will do them the same favour in Friday's Spectator, for Sunday next, when they are to appear with their humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride. Sir, the mention of this may possibly be serviceable to the children; and sure no one will omit a good action attended with no expense. I am, SIR,

'Your very humble servant,

T.[w] 'THE SEXTON.'

[w] By Steele, transcribed: the let. T seems likewise to have been at times the signature of Mr. Tickell.—See final notes to Nos. 324. and 410.

No. 381.[x] SATURDAY, May 17, 1712.

Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secùs in bonis
Ab insolenti temperatam
Lætitiâ moriture Deli.
HOR. 3 Od. ii. 1.

Be calm, my Delius, and serene,
However fortune change the scene.
In thy most dejected state,
Sink not underneath the weight;
Nor yet, when happy days begin,
And the full tide comes rolling in,
Let a fierce, unruly joy
The settled quiet of the mind destroy.
ANON.

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart that is inconsistent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred Person who was the great pattern of perfection was never seen to laugh.

[x] Paper I. See the continuation of this essay, Spect. No. 387; the sequel and conclusion in No. 393.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a serious and composed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of the soul. His imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good-humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its

third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be

otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those improveable faculties which in a few years, and even

at its first setting out, have made so considerable a progress, and which will be still receiving an increase of perfection, and consequently an increase of happiness! The consciousness of such a being spreads a perpetual diffusion of joy through the soul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himself every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness to a good mind is its consideration of that Being on whom we have our dependance, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the first faint discoveries of his perfections, we see every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourselves everywhere upheld by his goodness, and surrounded with an immensity of love and mercy. In short, we depend upon a Being, whose power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whose goodness and truth engage him to make those happy who desire it of him, and whose unchangeableness will secure us in this happiness to all eternity.

Such considerations, which every one should perpetually cherish in his thoughts, will banish from us all that secret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are subject to when they lie under no real affliction; all that anguish which we may feel from any evil that actually oppresses us, to which I may likewise add those little cracklings of mirth and folly that are apter to betray virtue than support it; and establish us in such an even and cheerful temper, as makes us pleasing to ourselves, to those with whom we converse, and to Him whom we were made to please. I.[y]

[y] By Addison, who appears to have been, when this paper was dated, at Islington. See final note to No. 7.

No. 382. MONDAY, May 19, 1712.

Habes confitentem reum.
Tull.
The accused confesses his guilt.

I ought not to have neglected a request of one of my correspondents so long as I have; but I dare say I have given him time to add practice to profession. He sent me some time ago a bottle or two of excellent wine to drink the health of a gentleman who had by the penny post advertised him of an egregious error in his conduct. My correspondent received the obligation from an unknown hand with the candour which is natural to an ingenuous mind; and promises a contrary behaviour in that point for the future. He will offend his monitor with no more errors of that kind, but thanks him for his benevolence. This frank carriage makes me reflect upon the amiable atonement a man makes in an ingenuous acknowledgment of a fault. All such miscarriages as flow from inadvertency are more than repaid by it; for reason, though not concerned in the injury, employs all its force in the atonement. He that says he did not design to disoblige you in such an action, does as much as if he should tell you, that, though the circumstance which displeased was never in his thoughts, he has that respect for you, that he is unsatisfied till it is wholly out of yours. It must be confessed, that when an acknowledgment of an offence is made out of poorness of spirit, and not conviction of heart, the circumstance is quite different. But in the case of my correspondent, where both the notice is taken, and the return made in private, the affair begins and ends with the highest

grace on each side. To make the acknowledgment of a fault in the highest manner graceful, it is lucky when the circumstances of the offender place him above any ill consequences from the resentment of the person offended. A dauphin of France, upon a review of the army, and a command of the king to alter the posture of it by a march of one of the wings, gave an improper order to an officer at the head of a brigade, who told his highness, he presumed he had not received the last orders, which were to move a contrary way. The prince, instead of taking the admonition, which was delivered in a manner that accounted for his error with safety to his understanding, shaked a cane at the officer, and, with the return of opprobrious language, persisted in his own orders. The whole matter came necessarily before the king, who commanded his son, on foot, to lay his right hand on the gentleman's stirrup as he sat on horseback in sight of the whole army, and ask his pardon. When the prince touched his stirrup, and was going to speak, the officer, with an incredible agility, threw himself on the earth, and kissed his feet.

The body is very little concerned in the pleasure or sufferings of souls truly great; and the reparation, when an honour was designed this soldier, appeared as much too great to be borne by his gratitude, as the injury was intolerable to his resentment.

When we turn our thoughts from these extraordinary occurrences into common life, we see an ingenuous kind of behaviour not only make up for faults committed, but in a manner expiate them in the very commission. Thus many things wherein a man has pressed too far, he implicitly excuses, by

owning, 'This is a trespass; you'll pardon my confidence; I am sensible I have no pretension to this favour;' and the like. But commend me to those gay fellows about town who are directly impudent, and make up for it no otherwise than by calling themselves such, and exulting in it. But this sort of carriage, which prompts a man against rules to urge what he has a mind to, is pardonable only when you sue for another. When you are confident in preference of yourself to others of equal merit, every man that loves virtue and modesty ought, in defence of those qualities, to oppose you. But, without considering the morality of the thing, let us at this time behold only the natural consequence of candour when we speak of ourselves.

The Spectator writes often in an elegant, often in an argumentative, and often in a sublime style, with equal success; but how would it hurt the reputed author of that paper to own, that, of the most beautiful pieces under his title, he is barely the publisher? There is nothing but what a man really performs can be an honour to him; what he takes more than he ought in the eye of the world, he loses in the conviction of his own heart; and a man must lose his consciousness, that is, his very self, before he can rejoice in any falsehood without inward mortification.

Who has not seen a very criminal at the bar, when his counsel and friends have done all that they could for him in vain, prevail upon the whole assembly to pity him, and his judge to recommend his case to the mercy of the throne, without offering any thing new in his defence, but that he, whom before we wished convicted, became so out of his own mouth, and took upon himself all the shame

and sorrow we were just before preparing for him? The great opposition to this kind of candour arises from the unjust idea people ordinarily have of what we call an high spirit. It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in any thing; nor is it a diminution of greatness of spirit to have been in the wrong. Perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore he is not degraded by the acknowledgment of an imperfection: but it is the work of little minds to imitate the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. It would swell this paper to too great a length, should I insert all the quarrels and debates which are now on foot in this town; where one party, and in some cases both, *is* sensible of being on the faulty side, and *have* not spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the case is very common: for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high spirit, to throw away from it all which itself disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a shame, as that which disables the heart from acquiring a liberality of affections and sentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple; the disingenuous spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is entangled with an after-light of guilt, sorrow, and perplexity. T.[z]

[z] By Steele. See note on the letter T as a signature, No. 324, *ad finem.* It is likewise supposed to have been adopted as his mark by Mr. Thomas Tickell. See No. 410, final note and references, *ibidem.*

No. 383. TUESDAY, May. 20, 1712.

Criminibus debent hortos.—
Juv. Sat. i. 75.
A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking on a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and, upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring-Garden,[a] in case it proved a good evening. The knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my land-

[a] This place, now known only by the name of Faux-hall, was originally the habitation of Sir Samuel Moreland, who built a fine room there in 1667. The house was afterwards rebuilt: and, about the year 1730, Mr. Jonathan Tyers became the occupier of it; and, from a large garden belonging to it, planted with stately trees, and laid out in shady walks, it obtained the name of Spring-Garden. The house being converted into a tavern, soon became a place of entertainment much frequented by the votaries of pleasure. Mr. Tyers opened it in 1732, with an advertisement of a Ridotto al Fresco, a term which the people of this country had till that time been strangers to. The reputation and success of these summer entertainments, encouraged the proprietor to make his garden a place of musical entertainment for every evening during the summer season. He decorated it with paintings; engaged a band of excellent musicians; issued silver tickets for admission at a guinea each; set up an organ in the orchestra, and in a conspicuous part of the garden erected a fine statue of Handel, the work of Roubillac. See a full account, and some entertaining particulars, of this place, in the history of Lambeth, 1786, 4to. p. 97—119.

lady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him; being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stairs, but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, 'You must know,' says sir Roger, 'I never make use of any body to row me, that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man, that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg.'

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Fauxhall.[b] Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and, hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London bridge was a greater

[b] In the original publication in folio, it is printed Fox-hall.

piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice, to take a survey of this great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. 'A most heathenish sight!' says sir Roger: 'there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow.'

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned in sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a wenching at his years; with a great deal of the like Thames-ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring-Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me, it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. 'You must understand,' says the knight, 'there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moon-light nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!' He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the knight, being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her she was a wanton baggage; and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale, and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to a waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the knight's command with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend thinking himself obliged, as a member of the quorum, to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the

bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden, if there were more nightingales, and fewer strumpets. I.[c]

No. 384. WEDNESDAY, May 21, 1712.

'Hague, May 24, N. S. The same republican hands, who have so often since the chevalier de St. George's recovery, killed him in our public prints, have now reduced the young dauphin of France to that desperate condition of weakness, and death itself, that it is hard to conjecture what method they will take to bring him to life again. Meantime we are assured by a very good hand from Paris, that on the 20th instant this young prince was as well as ever he was known to be since the day of his birth. As for the other, they are now sending his ghost, we suppose, (for they never had the modesty to contradict their assertions of his death,) to Commerci in Lorrain, attended only by four gentlemen, and a few domestics of little consideration. The baron de Bothmar [d] having delivered in his credentials to qualify him as an ambassador to this state (an office to which his greatest enemies will acknowledge him to be equal), is gone to Utrecht, whence he will proceed to Hanover, but not stay long at that court, for fear the peace should be made during his lamented absence.'

Post-Boy, May 20.

I should be thought not able to read, should I overlook some excellent pieces lately come out. My lord bishop of St. Asaph has just now published some sermons, the preface to which seems to me to determine a great point. He has, like a good man and a good Christian, in opposition to all the flattery and base submission of false friends to princes, asserted, that Christianity left us where it found us as to our civil rights. The present entertainment shall consist only of a sentence out of the Post-Boy, and the said preface of the lord of St. Asaph. I should think it a little odd if the author of the Post-Boy should with impunity call men republicans for a

[c] By Addison, dated at his summer-house at Islington. See final note to Nos. 7, and 221.

[d] Ambassador from Hanover, and afterwards agent here for the Hanoverian family.

gladness on the report of the death of the pretender; and treat baron Bothmar, the minister of Hanover, in such a manner as you see in my motto. I must own, I think every man in England concerned to support the succession of that family.[e]

'THE publishing a few sermons, whilst I live, the latest of which was preached about eight years since, and the first above seventeen, will make it very natural for people to inquire into the occasion of doing so; and to such I do very willingly assign these following reasons:

'First, from the observations I have been able to make for these many years last past upon our public affairs, and from the natural tendency of several principles and practices that have of late been studiously revived, and from what has followed thereupon, I could not help both fearing and presag-

[e] By Dr. William Fleetwood. See Spect. No. 106. Four Sermons. 1. On the death of queen Mary, 1694. 2. On the death of the duke of Gloucester, 1700. 3. On the death of king William, 1701. 4. On the queen's accession to the throne, in 1702. With a preface. Lond. 1712, 8vo. This preface, which overflowed, Dr. Johnson says, with whiggish principles, was ordered to be burnt by the house of commons; which made the preface and the sermons more generally read and more generally admired. Whatever faction has power, may burn what they please, or rather what displeases them; and those writings will ever displease a faction most, that it is least able to disprove. The fire is a conclusive, but not a convincing argument; it will certainly destroy any book, but it refutes none. See Biog. Brit. art. Fleetwood [Wm.] p. 1974, edit. 1, and note.

This No. of the Spectator, as its author the bishop of St. Asaph informs us, in a letter to Dr. Burnet, bp. of Salisbury, 'conveyed above fourteen thousand copies of the condemned preface into people's hands that would otherwise have never seen or heard of it.' The annotator has been credibly informed, that this paper of the Spectator, on the day of its first appearance, was not published till 12 o'clock, that it might come out precisely at the hour of her majesty's breakfast, and that no time might be left for deliberating about serving it up with that meal as usual. See Tatler with Notes, No. 271, note, p. 452, &c. on Dr. Johnson's erroneous calculation of the numbers of the Spectators published daily.

ing that these nations would some time or other, if ever we should have an enterprising prince upon the throne, of more ambition than virtue, justice, and true honour, fall into the way of all other nations, and lose their liberty.

'Nor could I help foreseeing to whose charge a great deal of this dreadful mischief, whenever it should happen, would be laid; whether justly or unjustly, was not my business to determine; but I resolved, for my own particular part, to deliver myself, as well as I could, from the reproaches and the curses of posterity, by publicly declaring to all the world, that, although in the constant course of my ministry I have never failed, on proper occasions, to recommend, urge, and insist upon the loving, honouring, and the reverencing the prince's person, and holding it, according to the laws, inviolable and sacred; and paying all obedience and submission to the laws, though never so hard and inconvenient to private people: yet did I never think myself at liberty, or authorised to tell the people, that either Christ, St. Peter, or St. Paul, or any other holy writer, had, by any doctrine delivered by them, subverted the laws and constitutions of the country in which they lived, or put them in a worse condition with respect to their civil liberties than they would have been had they not been Christians. I ever thought it a most impious blasphemy against that holy religion, to father any thing upon it that might encourage tyranny, oppression, or injustice, in a prince, or that easily tended to make a free and happy people slaves and miserable. No. People may make themselves as wretched as they will, but let not God be called into that wicked party. When force and violence, and hard necessity, have brought the yoke

of servitude upon a people's neck, religion will supply them with a patient and submissive spirit under it till they can innocently shake it off: but certainly religion never puts it on. This always was, and this at present is, my judgment of these matters: and I would be transmitted to posterity (for the little share of time such names as mine can live) under the character of one who loved his country, and would be thought a good Englishman, as well as a good clergyman.

'This character I thought would be transmitted by the following sermons, which were made for and preached in a private audience, when I could think of nothing else but doing my duty on the occasions that were then offered by God's providence, without any manner of design of making them public: and for that reason I give them now as they were then delivered; by which I hope to satisfy those people who have objected a change of principles to me, as if I were not now the same man I formerly was. I never had but one opinion of these matters; and that I think is so reasonable and well-grounded, that I believe I can never have any other.

'Another reason of my publishing these sermons at this time is, that I have a mind to do myself some honour by doing what honour I could to the memory of two most excellent princes, and who have very highly deserved at the hands of all the people of these dominions, who have any true value for the protestant religion, and the constitution of the English Government, of which they were the great deliverers and defenders. I have lived to see their illustrious names very rudely handled, and the great benefits they did this nation treated slightly and contemptuously. I have lived to see our deliverance

from arbitrary power and popery traduced and vilified by some who formerly thought it was their greatest merit, and made it part of their boast and glory, to have had a little hand and share in bringing it about; and others who, without it, must have lived in exile, poverty, and misery, meanly disclaiming it, and using ill the glorious instruments thereof. Who could expect such a requital of such merit? I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the number of unthankful people: and as I loved and honoured those great princes living, and lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a monument of praise as lasting as anything of mine can be; and I choose to do it at this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

'The sermon that was preached upon the duke of Gloucester's death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the others. The loss of that most promising and hopeful prince was at that time, I saw, unspeakably great; and many accidents since have convinced us that it could not have been overvalued. That precious life, had it pleased God to have prolonged it the usual space, had saved us many fears and jealousies, and dark distrusts, and prevented many alarms, that have long kept us, and will keep us still, waking and uneasy. Nothing remained to comfort and support us under this heavy stroke, but the necessity it brought the king and nation under of settling the succession in the house of Hanover, and giving it an hereditary right by act of parliament, as long as it continues protestant. So much good did God, in his merciful providence, produce from a misfortune, which we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored!

'The fourth sermon was preached upon the queen's accession to the throne, and the first year in which that day was solemnly observed (for by some accident or other it had been overlooked the year before); and every one will see, without the date of it, that it was preached very early in this reign, since I was able only to promise and presage its future glories and successes, from the good appearances of things, and the happy turn our affairs began to take; and could not then count up the victories and triumphs that, for seven years after, made it, in the prophet's language, a name and a praise among all the people of the earth. Never did seven such years together pass over the head of any English monarch, nor cover it with so much honour. The crown and sceptre seemed to be the queen's least ornaments; those other princes wore in common with her, and her great personal virtues were the same before and since: but such was the fame of her administration of affairs at home; such was the reputation of her wisdom and felicity in choosing ministers; and such was then esteemed their faithfulness and zeal, their diligence and great abilities in executing her commands; to such a height of military glory did her great general and her armies carry the British name abroad; such was the harmony and concord betwixt her and her allies; and such was the blessing of God upon all her counsels and undertakings; that I am as sure as history can make me, no prince of ours was ever yet so prosperous and successful, so loved, esteemed, and honoured by their subjects and their friends, nor near so formidable to their enemies. We were, as the world imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to lead to such a peace as would have answered all the prayers of our reli-

gious queen, the care and vigilance of a most able ministry, the payments of a willing and obedient people, as well as all the glorious toils and hazards of the soldiery; when God, for our sins, permitted the spirit of discord to go forth, and by troubling sore the camp, the city, and the country, (and oh, that it had altogether spared the places sacred to his worship!) to spoil, for a time, this beautiful and pleasing prospect, and give us in its stead, I know not what —— Our enemies will tell the rest with pleasure. It will become me better to pray to God to restore us to the power of obtaining such a peace as will be to his glory, the safety, honour, and the welfare of the queen and her dominions, and the general satisfaction of all her high and mighty allies.[f]

'May 2, 1712.'

*** For the benefit of Mr. Pack, at Drury-lane, Othello. The part of Othello by Mr. Booth; Iago, by Mr. Powell; Roderigo by Mr. Pack; and Desdemona by Mrs. Bradshaw.

No. 385. THURSDAY, May 22, 1712.

—Theseâ pectora juncta fide.
Ovid. 1 Trist. iii. 66.

Breasts that with sympathizing ardour glow'd,
And holy friendship, such as Theseus vow'd.

I intend the paper for this day as a loose essay upon friendship, in which I shall throw my observations together without any set form, that I may avoid repeating what has been often said on this subject.

Friendship is a strong and habitual inclination in

[f] By Dr. William Fleetwood. In the first 8vo. edition the signature T was affixed to this paper.

two persons to promote the good and happiness of one another. Though the pleasures and advantages of friendship have been largely celebrated by the best moral writers, and are considered by all as great ingredients of human happiness, we very rarely meet with the practice of this virtue in the world.

Every man is ready to give in a long catalogue of those virtues and good qualities he expects to find in the person of a friend, but very few of us are careful to cultivate them in ourselves.

Love and esteem are the first principles of friendship,[g] which always is imperfect where either of these two is wanting.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a man whom we cannot esteem; so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmths of friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

Friendship immediately banishes envy under all its disguises. A man who can once doubt whether he should rejoice in his friend's being happier than himself, may depend upon it that he is an utter stranger to this virtue.

There is something in friendship so very great and noble, that in those fictitious stories which are invented to the honour of any particular person, the au-

[g] In ancient mythology, Friendship made a conspicuous and an elegant figure among the deities of polytheism.

This goddess was represented in a plain morning gown, her left side bare, and her hand pointing to her heart, with these words, 'Far and near.'

Her head had only a crown of pomegranate flowers tied round it, out of which grew four pomegranates with this inscription, 'Winter and summer.'

The bottom of her gown was bound about by these words, 'Life and death.'

thors have thought it as necessary to make their hero a friend as a lover. Achilles has his Patroclus, and Æneas his Achates. In the first of these instances we may observe, for the reputation of the subject I am treating of, that Greece was almost ruined by the hero's love, but was preserved by his friendship.

The character of Achates suggests to us an observation we may often make on the intimacies of great men, who frequently choose their companions rather for the qualities of the heart than those of the head, and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffensive, complying temper, to those endowments which make a much greater figure among mankind. I do not remember that Achates, who is represented as the first favourite, either gives his advice, or strikes a blow, through the whole Æneid.

A friendship which makes the least noise, is very often most useful: for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Atticus one of the best men of ancient Rome, was a very remarkable instance of what I am here speaking. This extraordinary person, amidst the civil wars of his country, when he saw the designs of all parties equally tended to the subversion of liberty, by constantly preserving the esteem and affection of both the competitors, found means to serve his friends on either side: and, while he sent money to young Marius, whose father was declared an enemy of the commonwealth, he was himself one of Sylla's chief favourites, and always near that general.

During the war between Cæsar and Pompey, he still maintained the same conduct. After the death of Cæsar, he sent money to Brutus in his troubles, and did a thousand good offices to Antony's wife and friends when that party seemed ruined. Lastly,

even in that bloody war between Antony and Augustus, Atticus still kept his place in both their friendships; insomuch that the first, says Cornelius Nepos, whenever he was absent from Rome in any part of the empire, writ punctually to him what he was doing; what he read, and whither he intended to go; and the latter gave him constantly an exact account of all his affairs.

A likeness of inclinations in every particular is so far from being requisite to form a benevolence in two minds towards each other, as it is generally imagined, that I believe we shall find some of the firmest friendships to have been contracted between persons of different humours; the mind being often pleased with those perfections which are new to it, and which it does not find among its own accomplishments. Besides that a man in some measure supplies his own defects, and fancies himself at second-hand possessed of those good qualities and endowments, which are in the possession of him who in the eye of the world is looked on as his other self.

The most difficult province in friendship is the letting a man see his faults and errors, which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him not so much to please ourselves as for his own advantage. The reproaches therefore of a friend should always be strictly just, and not too frequent.

The violent desire of pleasing in the person reproved, may otherwise change into a despair of doing it, while he finds himself censured for faults he is not conscious of. A mind that is softened and humanized by friendship cannot bear frequent reproaches; either it must quite sink under the op-

pression, or abate considerably of the value and esteem it had for him who bestows them.

The proper business of friendship is to inspire life and courage; and a soul thus supported, outdoes itself; whereas, if it be unexpectedly deprived of these succours, it droops and languishes.

We are in some measure more inexcusable if we violate our duties to a friend than to a relation; since the former arise from a voluntary choice, the latter from a necessity to which we could not give our own consent.

As it has been said on one side, that a man ought not to break with a faulty friend, that he may not expose the weakness of his choice; it will doubtless hold much stronger with respect to a worthy one, that he may never be upbraided for having lost so valuable a treasure which was once in his possession.

X.[h]

No. 386. FRIDAY, May 17, 1712.

Cum tristibus severè, cum remissis jucundè, cum senibus graviter, cum juventute comiter vivere.

Tull.

The piece of Latin on the head of this paper is part of a character extremely vicious, but I have set down no more than may fall in with the rules of justice and honour. Cicero spoke it of Catiline, who, he said, 'lived with the sad severely, with the cheerful agreeably, with the old gravely, with the young pleasantly;' he added, 'with the wicked boldly,

[h] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555. See, on the subject of this paper, No. 68, &c. &c. Index, art. Friendship.

with the wanton lasciviously.' The two last instances of his complaisance I forbear to consider, having it in my thoughts at present only to speak of obsequious behaviour as it sits upon a companion in pleasure, not a man of design and intrigue. To vary with every humour in this manner, cannot be agreeable, except it comes from a man's own temper and natural complexion; to do it out of an ambition to excel that way, is the most fruitless and unbecoming prostitution imaginable. To put on an artful part to obtain no other end but an unjust praise from the undiscerning, is of all endeavours the most despicable. A man must be sincerely pleased to become pleasure, or not to interrupt that of others: for this reason it is a most calamitous circumstance, that many people who want to be alone, or should be so, will come into conversation. It is certain that all men, who are the least given to reflection, are seized with an inclination that way, when, perhaps, they had rather be inclined to company; but indeed they had better go home and be tired with themselves, than force themselves upon others to recover their good-humour. In all this the cases of communicating to a friend a sad thought or difficulty, in order to relieve an heavy heart, stands excepted; but what is here meant is, that a man should always go with inclination to the turn of the company he is going into, or not pretend to be of the party. It is certainly a very happy temper to be able to live with all kinds of dispositions, because it argues a mind that lies open to receive what is pleasing to others, and not obstinately bent on any particularity of its own.

This is it that makes me pleased with the character of my good acquaintance Acasto. You meet him at the tables and conversations of the wise, the

impertinent, the grave, the frolic, and the witty; and yet his own character has nothing in it that can make him particularly agreeable to any one sect of men; but Acasto has natural good sense, good nature, and discretion, so that every man enjoys himself in his company; and though Acasto contributes nothing to the entertainment, he never was at a place where he was not welcome a second time. Without these subordinate good qualities of Acasto, a man of wit and learning would be painful to the generality of mankind, instead of being pleasing. Witty men are apt to imagine they are agreeable as such, and by that means grow the worst companions imaginable; they deride the absent or rally the present in a wrong manner, not knowing that if you pinch or tickle a man till he his uneasy in his seat, or ungracefully distinguished from the rest of the company, you equally hurt him.

I was going to say, the true art of being agreeable in company (but there can be no such thing as art in it) is to appear well pleased with those you are engaged with, and rather to seem well entertained, than to bring entertainment to others. A man thus disposed is not indeed what we ordinarily call a good companion, but essentially is such, and in all the parts of his conversation has something friendly in his behaviour, which conciliates men's minds more than the highest sallies of wit or starts of humour can possibly do. The feebleness of age in a man of this turn has something which should be treated with respect, even in a man no otherwise venerable. The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds from alacrity, and not insolence, has also its allowances. The companion who is formed for such by nature, gives to every character of life its due

regards, and is ready to account for their imperfections, and receive their accomplishments as if they were his own. It must appear that you receive law from, and not give it to your company, to make you agreeable.

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antony, says, that *in eo facetiæ erant, quæ nullâ arte tradi possunt:* 'He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art.' This quality must be of the kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life, is to be acquired; but that which no one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; for he who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration of what the company they have now entered are upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, and make distinct relations of the occurrences they last met with, as if they had been despatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances. It is unpardonable to those who are met to enjoy one another, that a fresh man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from Change, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stocks go; and, though you are never so intently employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place, and tell you Mrs. Such-a-one is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this sub-

ject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, which, it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones. T.[i]

No. 387. SATURDAY, May 24, 1712.

Quid purè tranquillet —
Hor. 1 Ep. xviii. 102.
What calms the breast and makes the mind serene.

In my last Saturday's paper[k] I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to it which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings and secret murmurs of the heart give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember, in my own observation, to have met with any old men, or with such who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and

[i] By Steele.
[k] Spect. No. 381. See the conclusion of this essay in No. 393.

cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain cheerfulness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this last consideration, I shall here take notice, that the world in which we are placed is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we consider the world in its subserviency to man, one would think it was made for our use; but if we consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green rather than any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakening or grieving it. For this reason

several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher[1] accounts for it in the following manner. All colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain, for which reason the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of cheerful.

To consider farther this double end in the works of nature, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, and which are always lodged in flowers or blossoms. Nature seems to hide her principal design, and to be industrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman after the same manner is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landscape, and making every thing smile about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but the harvest, and the increase which is to arise from it.

We may farther observe how Providence has

[1] Sir Isaac Newton.

taken care to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, by having formed it after such a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in them; as from the wildness of rocks and deserts, and the like grotesque parts of nature. Those who are versed in philosophy may still carry this consideration higher, by observing that if matter had appeared to us endowed only with those real qualities which it actually possesses, it would have made but a very joyless and uncomfortable figure: and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us such imaginary qualities, and tastes and colours, sounds and smells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is conversant in the lower stations of nature, might have his mind cheered and delighted with agreeable sensations! In short, the whole universe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raise in us pleasure, amusement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will suggest to him the vicissitude of day and night, the change of seasons, with all that variety of scenes which diversify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual succession of beautiful and pleasing images.

I shall not here mention the several entertainments of art, with the pleasures of friendship, books, conversation, and other accidental diversions of life, because I would only take notice of such incitements to a cheerful temper as offer themselves to persons of all ranks and conditions, and which may sufficiently show us that Providence did not design this world should be filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man should be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this cheerfulness of temper,

as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are observed to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our island, and often conveys herself to us in an easterly wind. A celebrated French novelist, in opposition to those who begin their romances with the flowery season of the year, enters on his story thus. 'In the gloomy month of November, when the people of England hang and drown themselves, a disconsolate lover walked out into the fields,' &c.

Every one ought to fence against the temper of his climate or constitution, and frequently to indulge in himself those considerations which may give him a serenity of mind, and enable him to bear up cheerfully against those little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a satiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that I would engage my reader to consider the world in its most agreeable lights, I must own there are many evils which naturally spring up amidst the entertainments that are provided for us; but these, if rightly considered, should be far from overcasting the mind with sorrow, or destroying that cheerfulness of temper which I have been recommending. This interspersion of evil with good, and pain with pleasure, in the works of nature, is very truly ascribed by Mr. Locke, in his Essay on Human Understanding, to a moral reason, in the following words:

'Beyond all this we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do

with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of complete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him with whom "there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore." L.[m]

No. 388. MONDAY, May 6, 1712.

—Tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior: sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. ii. 174.

For thee I dare unlock the sacred spring,
And arts disclos'd by ancient sages sing.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'It is my custom, when I read your papers, to read over the quotations in the authors from whence you take them. As you mentioned a passage lately out of the second chapter of Solomon's Song,[n] it occasioned my looking into it; and upon reading it I thought the ideas so exquisitely soft and tender, that I could not help making this paraphrase of it; which, now it is done, I can as little forbear sending to you. Some marks of your approbation, which I have already received, have given me so sensible a taste of them, that I cannot forbear endeavouring after them as often as I can with any appearance of success.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient
humble servant.'[n]

[m] By Addison, London. The signature is omitted in some editions; but it was annexed to the original publication in folio, and in the first edition of 1712 in 8vo.—See final note to Nos. 7 and 221.

[n] See Spect. No. 327.

THE SECOND CHAPTER OF SOLOMON'S SONG.°

I.

"As when in Sharon's field the blushing rose
Does its chaste bosom to the morn disclose,
Whilst all around the Zephyrs bear
The fragrant odours through the air;
Or as the lily in the shady vale
Does o'er each flow'r with beauteous pride prevail,
And stands with dews and kindest sunshine blest,
In fair pre-eminence, superior to the rest:
So if my Love, with happy influence, shed
His eyes bright sunshine on his lover's head,
Then shall the rose of Sharon's field
And whitest lilies to my beauties yield.
Then fairest flow'rs with studious art combine,
The roses with the lilies join,
And their united charms are less than mine.

II.

"As much as fairest lilies can surpass
A thorn in beauty, or in height the grass;
So does my Love, among the virgins, shine.
Adorn'd with graces more than half divine;
Or as a tree, that, glorious to behold,
Is hung with apples all of ruddy gold,
Hesperian fruit, and beautifully high,
Extends its branches to the sky;
So does my Love the virgins eyes invite:
'Tis he alone can fix their wand'ring sight,
Among ten thousand eminently bright.

III.

"Beneath his pleasing shade
My wearied limbs at ease I laid,
And on his fragrant boughs reclin'd my head.
I pull'd the golden fruit with eager haste;
Sweet was the fruit, and pleasing to the taste:
With sparkling wine he crown'd the bowl,
With gentle ecstasies he fill'd my soul;
Joyous we sat beneath the shady grove,
And o'er my head he hung the banners of his love.

° See Dr. Croxall's first attempt at a version of this fine song in the Select Collection of Miscellany Poems, 1780, vol. iv. p. 120.

"I faint! I die! my lab'ring breast
Is with the mighty weight of love opprest!
I feel the fire possess my heart,
And pain convey'd to ev'ry part.
Thro' all my veins the passion flies,
My feeble soul forsakes its place,
A trembling faintness seals my eyes,
And paleness dwells upon my face:
O! let my Love with pow'rful odours stay
My fainting love-sick soul, that dies away;
One hand beneath me let him place,
With t'other press me in a chaste embrace.

V.

"I charge you, nymphs of Sion, as you go
Arm'd with the sounding quiver and the bow,
Whilst thro' the lonesome woods you rove,
You ne'er disturb my sleeping Love.
Be only gentle Zephyrs there,
With downy wings to fan the air;
Let sacred silence dwell around,
To keep off each intruding sound:
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,
May he to joys, unknown till then, arise.

VI.

"But see! he comes! with what majestic gait
He onward bears his lovely state!
Now through the lattice he appears,
With softest words dispels my fears.
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the pleasures love can give,
For now the sullen winter's past,
No more we fear the northern blast:
No storms nor threat'ning clouds appear,
No falling rain deforms the year.
My love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VII.

"Already see! the teeming earth
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth.
The dews, and soft descending show'rs,
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.

Hark! the birds melodious sing,
And sweetly usher in the spring.
Close by his fellow sits the dove,
And billing whispers her his love.
The spreading vines with blossoms swell,
Diffusing round a grateful smell.
Arise, my fair one, and receive
All the blessings love can give:
For love admits of no delay,
Arise, my fair, and come away.

VIII.

"As to its mate the constant dove
Flies through the covert of the spicy grove,
So let us hasten to some lonesome shade.
There let me safe in thy lov'd arms be laid,
Where no intruding hateful noise
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice;
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace:
For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

IX.

"As all of me, my Love, is thine,
Let all of thee be ever mine.
Among the lilies we will play,
Fairer, my Love, thou art than they;
Till the purple morn arise,
And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes;
Till the gladsome beams of day
Remove the shades of night away;
Then when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,
Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,
Glad to behold the light again
From Bether's mountains darting o'er the plain."

T.[p]

q Steele's editorial signature.—It has been said, that a poetical translation of a chapter in the Proverbs, and another poetical translation from the Old Testament, were the productions of a Mr. Parr, a dissenting minister at Morton-Hampstead, in Devonshire.

No. 389. TUESDAY, May 27, 1712.

—Meliora pii docuere parentes.

Hor.*

Their pious sires a better lesson taught.

Nothing has more surprised the learned in England, than the price which a small book, intitled Spaccio della Bestia triomfante, bore in a late auction.[q] This book was sold for thirty pounds. As it was written by one Jordanus Brunus, a professed atheist, with a design to depreciate religion, every one was apt to fancy, from the extravagant price it bore, that there must be something in it very formidable.

I must confess that, happening to get a sight of one of them myself, I could not forbear perusing it with this apprehension; but found there was so very little danger in it, that I shall venture to give my readers a fair account of the whole plan upon which this wonderful treatise is built.

* The fol. Spect. cites Horace as the authority for this quotation; but it is not to be found there.

[q] The book here mentioned was bought by Walter Clavel, esq, at the auction of the library of C. Barnard, esq. in 1711, for twenty-eight pounds. The same copy became successively the property of Mr. John Nichols, of Mr. Joseph Ames, of Sir Peter Thompson, and of M. C. Tutet, esq. among whose books it was lately sold by auction, at Mr. Gerard's in Litchfield-street. The author of this book, Giordano Bruno, was a native of Nola in the kingdom of Naples, and burnt at Rome by the order of the Inquisition in 1600. Morhoff, speaking of atheists, says, *Jordanum tamen Brunum huic classi non annumerarem, —— manifesto in illo atheismi vestigia non deprehendo.*'—Polyhist. i. 1. 8, 22. Bruno published many other writings said to be atheistical. The book spoken of here was printed, not at Paris, as is said in the title-page, nor in 1544, but at London, and in 1584, 12mo. dedicated to Sir Philip Sydney. It was for some time so little regarded, that it was sold with five other books of the same author for twenty-five pence French, at the sale of Mr. Bigor's library in 1706, but it is now very scarce, and has been sold at the exorbitant price of 50*l.*—Niceron. Hommes Illust. tom. xvii. p. 211. There was an edition of it in English in 1713.

The author pretends, that Jupiter once upon a time resolved on a reformation of the constellations: for which purpose, having summoned the stars together, he complains to them of the great decay of the worship of the gods, which he thought so much the harder, having called several of those celestial bodies by the names of the heathen deities, and by that means made the heavens as it were a book of the pagan theology. Momus tells him that this is not to be wondered at, since there were so many scandalous stories of the deities. Upon which the author takes occasion to cast reflections upon all other religions, concluding that Jupiter, after a full hearing, discarded the deities out of heaven, and called the stars by the names of the moral virtues.

This short fable, which has no pretence in it to reason or argument, and but a very small share of wit, has however recommended itself, wholly by its impiety, to those weak men who would distinguish themselves by the singularity of their opinions.

There are two considerations which have been often urged against atheists, and which they never yet could get over. The first is, that the greatest and most eminent persons of all ages have been against them, and always complied with the public forms of worship established in their respective countries, when there was nothing in them either derogatory to the honour of the Supreme Being, or prejudicial to the good of mankind.

The Platos and Ciceros[r] among the ancients; the

[r] 'What! was there nothing derogatory to the honour of God, in the religion of their countries that gave birth to the Platos or Ciceros? I leave this to be decided by every Christian reader. Observe that this paper is signed X, which we are told is the mark of Mr. Budgell.'—Gen. Dict. vol. iii. p. 626, art. Bruno.

Bacons, the Boyles, and the Lockes, among our own countrymen, are all instances of what I have been saying; not to mention any of the divines however celebrated, since our adversaries challenge all those, as men who have too much interest in this case to be impartial evidences.

But what has been often urged as a consideration of much more weight, is not only the opinion of the better sort, but the general consent of mankind to this great truth; which I think could not possibly have come to pass, but from one of the three following reasons: either that the idea of a God is innate and co-existent with the mind itself; or, that this truth is so very obvious, that it is discovered by the first exertion of reason in persons of the most ordinary capacities; or, lastly, that it has been delivered down to us through all ages by a tradition from the first man.

The atheists are equally confounded, to whichever of these three causes we assign it; they have been so pressed by this last argument from the general consent of mankind, that after great search and pains they pretend to have found out a nation of atheists, I mean that polite people the Hottentots.

I dare not shock my readers with the description of the customs and manners of these barbarians, who are in every respect scarce one degree above brutes, having no language among them but a confused gabble, which is neither well understood by themselves or others.

It is not however to be imagined how much the atheists have gloried in these their good friends and allies.

Whatever may be reasonably objected to Mr. Budgell's character or writing, this censure seems to be unmerited, or *outrée*.

If we boast of a Socrates or a Seneca, they may now confront them with these great philosophers the Hottentots.

Though even this point has, not without reason, been several times controverted, I see no manner of harm it could do religion, if we should entirely give them up this elegant part of mankind.

Methinks nothing more shows the weakness of their cause, than that no division of their fellow-creatures join with them, but those among whom they themselves own reason is almost defaced, and who have little else but their shape which can entitle them to any place in the species.

Besides these poor creatures, there have now and then been instances of a few crazed people in several nations, who have denied the existence of a deity.

The catalogue of these is however very short: even Vanini,[s] the most celebrated champion for the cause, professed before his judges that he believed the existence of a God; and, taking up a straw which lay before him on the ground, assured them, that alone was sufficient to convince him of it; alleging several arguments to prove that it was impossible nature alone could create any thing.

I was the other day reading an account of Casi-

[s] Lucilio Vanini, a Neapolitan, was a priest, it is said, of no very regular life, and of atheistical principles, which he industriously disseminated both by his writings and conversation. In the 34th year of his age he had his tongue cut out, and was burnt at Thoulouse, Feb. 19, 1619.—See Schramm De Vita & Scriptis J. C. Vanini, 4to. Custrini, 1709: Durand, La Vie & les Sentimens de L. Vanini, 12mo. Rot. 1717; and Le Roche's Memoirs of Literature, vol. i. p. 314, art. 77; and vol. v. art. 27, p. 198. Apol. pro Julio Cesare Vanino. Cosmopoli, typis Philaletheis, 1712. The trial of Vanini lasted half a year; and he was hurried from the bar to the place of execution, being burnt alive the same day that sentence was passed upon him, on the evidence of one witness, &c.

mir Lyszynski,[t] a gentleman of Poland, who was convicted and executed for this crime. The manner of his punishment was very particular. As soon as his body was burnt, his ashes were put into a cannon, and shot into the air towards Tartary.

I am apt to believe, that if something like this method of punishment should prevail in England (such is the natural good sense of the British nation), that whether we rammed an atheist whole into a great gun, or pulverized our infidels, as they do in Poland, we should not have many charges.

I should however propose while one ammunition lasted, that instead of Tartary, we should always keep two or three cannons ready pointed towards the Cape of Good Hope, in order to shoot our unbelievers into the country of the Hottentots.

In my opinion, a solemn judicial death is too great an honour for an atheist, though I must allow the method of exploding him, as it is practised in this ludicrous kind of martyrdom, has something in it proper enough to the nature of his offence.

There is indeed a great objection against this manner of treating them. Zeal for religion is of so effective a nature, that it seldom knows where to rest; for which reason I am afraid, after having dis-

[t] Casimir Lyszynski, a Polish knight, suffered in the manner described here at Warsaw, in 1689. '*O Deum*, (says Mosheim,) *divinumque providentiam negatam; justene an injuste viæ plane, nisi judicii actis inspectis decerni potest.*' The acts and records of this trial were (Mosheim says) in the library of Zach. Cowr. ab Uffenback, '*unde quorsum pervenerint* (adds he) *ignoro.*' Mosh. Eccl. Hist. sect. xvii. sect. i. p. 23. From this passage of Mosheim, and from Morhoff's not mentioning Lyszynski among the atheistical or deistical writers, who have been injudiciously confounded together, it would seem that he never published any writing, and that he suffered for speaking freely his opinions, whatever they might be in themselves, very odious to his countrymen, who from their dislike to them, or it may be to himself, put him to this barbarous death.

charged our atheists, we might possibly think of shooting off our sectaries; and as one does not foresee the vicissitude of human affairs, it might one time or other come to a man's own turn to fly out of the mouth of a demiculverin.

If any of my readers imagine that I have treated these gentlemen in too ludicrous a manner, I must confess, for my own part, I think reasoning against such unbelievers upon a point that shocks the common sense of mankind, is doing them too great an honour, giving them a figure in the eye of the world, and making people fancy that they have more in them than they really have.

As for those persons who have any scheme of religious worship, I am for treating such with the utmost tenderness, and should endeavour to show them their errors with the greatest temper and humanity: but as these miscreants are for throwing down religion in general, for stripping mankind of what themselves own is of excellent use in all great societies, without once offering to establish any thing in the room of it, I think the best way of dealing with them, is to retort their own weapons upon them, which are those of scorn and mockery.

X.[a]

[a] By Mr. Eustace Budgell.—See Spect. No. 555.

No. 390. WEDNESDAY, May 28, 1712.

Non pudendo sed non faciendo id quod non decet impudentiæ nomen effugere debemus.
TULL.

It is not by blushing, but by not doing what is unbecoming, that we ought to guard against the imputation of impudence.

MANY are the epistles I receive from ladies extremely afflicted that they lie under the observation of scandalous people, who love to defame their neighbours, and make the unjustest interpretation of innocent and indifferent actions. They describe their own behaviour so unhappily, that there indeed lies some cause of suspicion upon them. It is certain, that there is no authority for persons who have nothing else to do, to pass away hours of conversation upon the miscarriages of other people; but since they will do so, they who value their reputation should be cautious of appearances to their disadvantage; but very often our young women, as well as the middle-aged, and the gay part of those growing old, without entering into a formal league for that purpose, to a woman agree upon a short way to preserve their characters, and go on in a way that at best is only not vicious. The method is, when an ill-natured or talkative girl has said any thing that bears hard upon some part of another's carriage, this creature, if not in any of their little cabals, is run down for the most censorious dangerous body in the world. Thus they guard their reputation rather than their modesty; as if guilt lay in being under the imputation of a fault, and not in a commission of it. Orbicilla is the kindest poor thing in town, but the most blushing creature living. It is true, she has not lost the sense of shame, but she has lost the sense of innocence. If she had more confidence, and never

did any thing which ought to stain her cheeks, would she not be much more modest without that ambiguous suffusion, which is the livery both of guilt and innocence? Modesty consists in being conscious of no ill, and not in being ashamed of having done it. When people go upon any other foundation than the truth of their own hearts for the conduct of their actions, it lies in the power of scandalous tongues to carry the world before them, and make the rest of mankind fall in with the ill for fear of reproach. On the other hand, to do what you ought, is the ready way to make calumny either silent, or infectually malicious. Spenser, in his Fairy Queen, says admirably to young ladies under the distress of being defamed:

> 'The best,' said he, 'that I can you advise,
> Is to avoid th' occasion of the ill;
> For when the cause, whence evil doth arise,
> Removed is, th' effect surceaseth still.
> Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your will,
> Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight:
> Use scanty diet, and forbear your fill:
> Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight:
> So shall you soon repair your present evil plight.'

Instead of this care over their words and actions, recommended by a poet in old queen Bess's days, the modern way is to do and say what you please, and yet be the prettiest sort of woman in the world. If fathers and brothers will defend a lady's honour, she is quite as safe as in her own innocence. Many of the distressed, who suffer under the malice of evil tongues, are so harmless that they are every day they live asleep till twelve at noon; concern themselves with nothing but their own persons till two; take their necessary food between that time and four;

visit, go to the play, and sit up at cards till towards the ensuing morn; and the malicious world shall draw conclusions from innocent glances, short whispers, or pretty familiar railleries with fashionable men, that these fair ones are not as rigid as vestals. It is certain, say these 'goodest' creatures very well, that virtue does not consist in constrained behaviour and wry faces: that must be allowed; but there is a decency in the aspect and manner of ladies, contracted from an habit of virtue, and from general reflections, that regard a modest conduct, all which may be understood, though they cannot be described. A young woman of this sort claims an esteem mixed with affection and honour, and meets with no defamation: or, if she does, the wild malice is overcome with an undisturbed perseverance in her innocence. To speak freely, there are such coveys of coquettes about this town, that if the peace were not kept by some impertinent tongues of their own sex, which keep them under some restraint, we should have no manner of engagement upon them to keep them in any tolerable order.

As I am a Spectator, and behold how plainly one part of womankind balance the behaviour of the other, whatever I may think of tale-bearers or slanderers, I cannot wholly suppress them, no more than a general would discourage spies. The enemy would easily surprise him whom they knew had no intelligence of their motions. It is so far otherwise with me, that I acknowledge I permit a she-slanderer or two in every quarter of the town to live in the characters of coquettes, and take all the innocent freedoms of the rest, in order to send me information of the behaviour of their respective sisterhoods.

But as the matter of respect to the world, which

looks on, is carried on, methinks it is so very easy to be what is in the general called virtuous, that it need not cost one hour's reflection in a month to preserve that appellation. It is pleasant to hear the pretty rogues talk of virtue and vice among each other. 'She is the laziest creature in the world, but I must confess, strictly virtuous; the peevishest hussey breathing, but as to her virtue, she is without blemish. She has not the least charity for any of her acquaintance, but I must allow rigidly virtuous.' As the unthinking part of the male world call every man a man of honour who is not a coward, so the crowd of the other sex terms every woman who will not be a wench, virtuous.

T.[z]

[z] By Steele; transcribed. See final note to No. 524, on letter T.

No. 391. THURSDAY, May 29, 1712.

—Non tu prece poscis emaci,
Quæ nisi seductis nequeas committere divis.
At bona pars procerum tacitâ libabit acerrâ.
Haud cuivis promptum est, murmurque humilesque susurros
Tollere de templis; et aperto vivere voto.
Mens bona, fama, fides, hæc clarè, et ut audiat hospes.
Illa sibi introrsùm, et sub lingua immurmurat: ô si
Ebullit patrui præclarum funus! Et ô si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule! pupillumve utinam quem proximus hæres
Impello, expungam!

Pers. Sat. ii. v. 8.

—Thou know'st to join
No bribe unhallow'd to a prayer of thine;
Thine which can ev'ry ear's full test abide,
Nor need be mutter'd to the gods aside!
No, thou aloud may'st thy petitions trust:
Thou need'st not whisper, other great ones must.
For few, my friend, few dare like thee be plain,
And prayer's low artifice at shrines disdain.
Few from their pious mumblings dare depart,
And make profession of their inmost heart.
Keep me, indulgent Heaven, through life sincere,
Keep my mind sound, my reputation clear,
These wishes they can speak, and we can hear.
Thus far their wants are audibly exprest;
Then sinks the voice, and muttering groans the rest.
Hear, hear at length, good Hercules, my vow,
O chink some pot of gold beneath my plow.
Could I, O could I, to my ravish'd eyes,
See my rich uncle's pompous funeral rise:
Or could I once my ward's cold corpse attend;
Then all were mine.

Where Homer represents Phœnix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentments, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. 'The gods,' says he, 'suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that Prayers are the daughters of

Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess Atē, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air, and, being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth, grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they entreat their father to give his orders to the goddess Atē, to punish him for his hardness of heart.' This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for whether the goddess Atē signifies injury, as some have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am more apt to think, the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think by some passages in it that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable, without any farther inquiries after the author.

'Menippus, the philosopher, was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when for his entertainment he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices,

which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words "riches," "honour," and "long life," repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be the prayer of his friend Licander the philosopher. This was succeeded by the petition of one who had just laden a ship, and promised Jupiter, if he took care of it, and returned it home again full of riches, he would make him an offering of a silver cup. Jupiter thanked him for nothing; and bending down his ear more attentively than ordinary, heard a voice complaining to him of the cruelty of his Ephesian widow, and begging him to breed compassion in her heart. "This," says Jupiter, "is a very honest fellow. I have received a great deal of incense from him; I will not be so cruel to him as not to hear his prayers." He was then interrupted with a whole volley of vows which were made for the health of a tyrannical prince by his subjects who prayed for him in his presence. Menippus was surprised, after having listened to prayers offered up with so much ardour and devotion, to hear low whispers from the same assembly, expostulating with Jove for suffering such a tyrant to live, and asking him how his thunder could lie idle. Jupiter was so offended at these prevaricating rascals, that he took down the first vows, and puffed away the last. The philosopher seeing a great cloud mounting upwards, and making its way directly to the trap-door, inquired of Jupiter what

it meant. "This," says Jupiter, "is the smoke of a whole hecatomb, that is offered me by the general of an army, who is very importunate with me to let him cut off an hundred thousand men that are drawn up in array against him. What does the impudent wretch think I see in him, to believe that I will make a sacrifice of so many mortals as good as himself, and all this to his glory forsooth? But hark," says Jupiter, "there is a voice I never heard but in time of danger: 'tis a rogue that is shipwrecked in the Ionian sea. I saved him on a plank but three days ago, upon his promise to mend his manners; the scoundrel is not worth a groat, and yet has the impudence to offer me a temple if I will keep him from sinking.—But yonder," says he, "is a special youth for you; he desires me to take his father, who keeps a great estate from him, out of the miseries of human life. The old fellow shall live till he makes his heart ache, I can tell him that for his pains." This was followed up by the soft voice of a pious lady, desiring Jupiter that she might appear amiable and charming in the sight of her emperor. As the philosopher was reflecting on this extraordinary petition, there blew a gentle wind through the trap-door, which he at first mistook for a gale of Zephyrs, but afterwards found it to be a breeze of sighs. They smelt strong of flowers and incense, and were succeeded by most passionate complaints of wounds and torments, fires and arrows, cruelty, despair, and death. Menippus fancied that such lamentable cries arose from some general execution, or from wretches lying under the torture; but Jupiter told him that they came up to him from the isle of Paphos, and that he every day received complaints of the same nature

from that whimsical tribe of mortals who are called lovers. "I am so trifled with," says he, "by this generation of both sexes, and find it so impossible to please them, whether I grant or refuse their petitions, that I shall order a western wind for the future to intercept them in their passage, and blow them at random upon the earth. The last petition I heard was from a very aged man of near an hundred years old, begging but for one year more of life, and then promising to die contented. "This is the rarest old fellow," says Jupiter; "he has made this prayer to me for above twenty years together. When he was but fifty years old, he desired only that he might live to see his son settled in the world. I granted it. He then begged the same favour for his daughter, and afterwards that he might see the education of a grandson. When all this was brought about, he puts up a petition that he might live to finish a house he was building. In short, he is an unreasonable old cur, and never wants an excuse; I will hear no more of him." Upon which he flung down the trap-door in a passion, and was resolved to give no more audiences that day.'

Notwithstanding the levity of this fable, the moral of it very well deserves our attention, and is the same with that which has been inculcated by Socrates and Plato, not to mention Juvenal and Persius,[x] who have each of them made the finest satire in their whole works upon this subject. The vanity of men's wishes, which are the natural prayers of the mind, as well as many of those secret devotions which they offer to the Supreme Being, are sufficiently exposed by it. Among other reasons for set

[x] Juv. Sat. x. Pers. Sat. ii.

forms of prayer, I have often thought it a very good one, that by this means the folly and extravagance of men's desires may be kept within due bounds, and not break out in absurd and ridiculous petitions on so great and solemn an occasion. I.[y]

No. 392. FRIDAY, May 30, 1712.

Per ambages et ministeria deorum
Præcipitandus est liber spiritus.
PETRON.
By fable's aid ungovern'd fancy soars,
And claims the ministry of heavenly powers.

TO THE SPECTATOR.

The Transformation of Fidelio into a Looking-glass.

'I WAS lately at a tea-table, where some young ladies entertained the company with a relation of a coquette in the neighbourhood, who had been discovered practising before her glass. To turn the discourse, which from being witty grew to be malicious, the matron of the family took occasion from the subject to wish that there were to be found amongst men such faithful monitors to dress the mind by, as we consult to adorn the body. She added, that if a sincere friend were miraculously changed into a looking-glass, she should not be ashamed to ask its advice very often. This whimsical thought worked so much upon my fancy the whole evening, that it produced a very odd dream.

[y] By Addison, dated, it seems, from Islington. See final note to Nos. 7, and 221.

'Methought that, as I stood before my glass, the image of a youth of an open ingenuous aspect appeared in it, who with a shrill voice spoke in the following manner.

"The looking-glass you see was heretofore a man, even I, the unfortunate Fidelio. I had two brothers, whose deformity in shape was made out by the clearness of their understanding. It must be owned, however, that (as it generally happens) they had each a perverseness of humour suitable to their distortion of body. The eldest, whose belly sunk in monstrously, was a great coward; and, though his splenetic contracted temper made him take fire immediately, he made objects that beset him appear greater than they were. The second, whose breasts swelled into a bold relievo, on the contrary, took great pleasure in lessening every thing, and was perfectly the reverse of his brother. These oddnesses pleased company once or twice, but disgusted when often seen; for which reason the young gentlemen were sent from court to study mathematics at the university.

"I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright polite gentleman. I was the confidant and darling of all the fair; and if the old and ugly spoke ill of me, all the world knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No ball, no assembly was attended till I had been consulted. Flavia coloured her hair before me, Celia showed me her teeth, Panthea heaved her bosom, Cleora, brandished her diamond; I have seen Cloe's foot, and tied artificially the garters of Rhodope.

"It is a general maxim, that those who doat upon themselves can have no violent affection for another: but, on the contrary, I found that the women's pas-

sion for me rose in proportion to the love they bore to themselves. This was verified in my amour with Narcissa, who was so constant to me, that, it was pleasantly said, had I been little enough she would have hung me at her girdle. The most dangerous rival I had was a gay empty fellow, who by the strength of a long intercourse with Narcissa, joined to his natural endowments, had formed himself into a perfect resemblance with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that he frequently asked my opinion about matters of the last consequence. This made me still more considerable in her eye.

"Though I was eternally caressed by the ladies, such was their opinion of my honour, that I was never envied by the men. A jealous lover of Narcissa one day thought he had caught her in an amorous conversation: for though he was at such a distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her airs and gestures. Sometimes with a serene look she stepped back in a listening posture, and brightened into an innocent smile. Quickly after she swelled into an air of majesty and disdain, then kept her eyes half shut after a languishing manner, then covered her blushes with her hand, breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious lover; but how great was his surprise to see no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back against the wall betwixt two windows!

"It were endless to recount all my adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my life, and Narcissa her happiness.

"She had the misfortune to have the small-pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her distemper,

and that I should infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole out of her chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with transport to her darling, and without mixture of fear, lest I should dislike her. But, oh me! what was her fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spectacle! She stepped back, swollen with rage, to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill-timed passion had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with all her force stabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preserved my sincerity, and expressed the truth, though in broken words; and by reproachful grimaces to the last I mimicked the deformity of my murderess.

"Cupid, who always attends the fair, and pitied the fate of so useful a servant as I was, obtained of the Destinies, that my body should remain incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had possessed. I immediately lost the figure of man, and became smooth, polished, and bright, and to this day am the first favourite of the ladies."

T.[z]

[z] Spect. No. 392, has the signature T in the original publication in folio, and in the first editions of 1712 in 8vo. and in 12mo. and there can be no good reason for its having been dropt in later copies.

This signature seems to denote that this paper, No. 392, was transcribed; though Mr. Thomas Tickell is supposed to have been concerned in some of the papers lettered T. See No. 324, note *ad finem*, and final note to No. 410.

No. 393. SATURDAY, May 31, 1712.

Nescio quâ præter solitum dulcedine læti.
VIRG. Georg. i. 412.
Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires. [a]

LOOKING over the letters that have been sent me, I chanced to find the following one, which I received about two years ago from an ingenious friend who was then in Denmark.

'DEAR SIR, 'Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.

'THE spring with you has already taken possession of the fields and woods. Now is the season of solitude, and of moving complaints upon trivial sufferings. Now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and their wounds to bleed afresh. I too, at this distance from the softer climates, am not without my discontents at present. You perhaps may laugh at me for a most romantic wretch, when I have disclosed to you the occasion of my uneasiness; and yet I cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region which is the very reverse of Paradise. The seasons here are all of them unpleasant, and the country quite destitute of rural charms. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been blest with the sight of a flowery meadow these two years. Every wind here is a tempest, and every water a turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect a little, you will not think the grounds of my complaint in the least frivolous and unbecoming a man of serious thought; since the love of

[a] P. III. A speculation on vernal delight, the conclusion of the essay on cheerfulness. See Nos. 381 and 387.

woods, of fields and flowers, of rivers and fountains, seems to be a passion implanted in our natures the most early of any, even before the fair-sex had a being. I am, SIR,' &c.[b]

Could I transport myself, with a wish, from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Spain, my spring in Italy, my summer in England, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring for beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same figure among the seasons of the year, that the morning does among the divisions of the day, or youth among the stages of life. The English summer is pleasanter than that of any other country in Europe, on no other account but because it has a greater mixture of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, with those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure, which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his Paradise Lost, and describes it very beautifully under the

[b] This letter, or part of a letter, was probably written by Mr. Ambrose Phillips. See Tat. No. 12. Spect. Nos. 223, 229, 366, and 406. Perhaps by Mr. Molesworth, author of the History of Denmark. See Steele's dedication to him. Steele's Letters, vol. ii.

name of 'vernal delight,' in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it:

'Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue
Appear'd, with gay enamell'd colours mixt:
On which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape: and of pure now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight, and joy able to drive
All sadness, but despair,' &c.

Many authors have written on the vanity of the creature, and represented the barrenness of every thing in this world, and its incapacity of producing any solid or substantial happiness. As discourses of this nature are very useful to the sensual and voluptuous, those speculations which show the bright side of things, and lay forth those innocent entertainments which are to be met with among the several objects that encompass us, are no less beneficial to men of dark and melancholy tempers. It was for this reason that I endeavoured to recommend a cheerfulness of mind in my two last Saturday's papers, and which I would still inculcate, not only from the consideration of ourselves, and of that Being on whom we depend, nor from the general survey of that universe in which we are placed at present, but from reflections on the particular season in which this paper is written. The creation is a perpetual feast to the mind of a good man; every thing he sees cheers and delights him. Providence has imprinted so many smiles on nature, that it is impossible for a mind which is not sunk in more gross and sensual delights to take a survey of them, without several secret sensations of pleasure. The Psalmist has, in several of

his divine poems, celebrated those beautiful and agreeable scenes which make the heart glad, and produce in it that vernal delight which I have before taken notice of.

Natural philosophy quickens this taste of the creation, and renders it not only pleasing to the imagination, but to the understanding. It does not rest in the murmur of brooks and the melody of birds, in the shade of groves and woods, or in the embroidery of fields and meadows; but considers the several ends of Providence which are served by them, and the wonders of divine wisdom which appear in them. It heightens the pleasures of the eye, and raises such a rational admiration in the soul as is little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of every one to offer up this kind of worship to the great Author of nature, and to indulge these more refined meditations of heart, which are doubtless highly acceptable in his sight; I shall therefore conclude this short essay on that pleasure which the mind naturally conceives from the present season of the year, by the recommending of a practice for which every one has sufficient abilities.

I would have my readers endeavour to moralize this natural pleasure of the soul, and to improve this vernal delight, as Milton calls it, into a Christian virtue. When we find ourselves inspired with this pleasing instinct, this secret satisfaction and complacency arising from the beauties of the creation, let us consider to whom we stand indebted for all these entertainments of sense, and who it is that thus opens his hand, and fills the world with good. The apostle instructs us to take advantage of our present temper of mind, to graft upon it such a re-

ligious exercise as is particularly conformable to it, by that precept which advises those who are sad to pray, and those who are merry to sing psalms. The cheerfulness of heart which springs up in us from the survey of nature's works, is an admirable preparation for gratitude. The mind has gone a great way towards praise and thanksgiving, that is filled with such a secret gladness. A grateful reflection on the supreme Cause who produces it, sanctifies it in the soul, and gives it its proper value. Such an habitual disposition of mind consecrates every field and wood, turns an ordinary walk into a morning or evening sacrifice, and will improve those transient gleams of joy which naturally brighten up and refresh the soul on such occasions, into an inviolable and perpetual state of bliss and happiness.

I.[c]

*** At Drury-lane, on the 30th of May, was presented the comedy called The Funeral, or Grief à-la-Mode, &c.—Spect. in folio.

††† At the Theatre-royal in Drury-lane, this present Tuesday, the 11th of March, will be presented a play called The Libertine Destroyed. Spect. in folio. On the 10th of the same month was presented a comedy called The Fair Quaker of Deal, or the Humours of the Navy. By her majesty's commands no persons were to be admitted behind the scenes. *Ibidem.*

[c] By Addison, dated, it is supposed, from Islington, where he had a summer residence. See final note to No. 221, on Addison's signatures, C, L, I, O.

No. 394. MONDAY, June 2, 1712.

Bene colligitur hæc pueris et mulierculis et servis et servorum simillimis liberis esse grata. Gravi verò homini et ea quæ fiunt judicio certo ponderanti probari posse nullo modo.
Tull.

It is obvious to see, that these things are very acceptable to children, young women, and servants, and to such as most resemble servants, but that they can by no means meet with the approbation of people of thought and consideration.

I have been considering the little and frivolous things which give men accesses to one another, and power with each other, not only in the common and indifferent accidents of life, but also in matters of greater importance. You see in elections for members to sit in parliament, how far saluting rows of old women, drinking with clowns, and being upon a level with the lowest part of mankind in that wherein they themselves are lowest, their diversions, will carry a candidate. A capacity for prostituting a man's self in his behaviour, and descending to the present humour of the vulgar, is perhaps as good an ingredient as any other for making a considerable figure in the world; and if a man has nothing else or better to think of, he could not make his way to wealth and distinction by properer methods, than studying the particular bent or inclination of people with whom he converses, and working from the observation of such their bias in all matters wherein he has any intercourse with them: for his ease and comfort he may assure himself, he need not be at the expense of any great talent or virtue to please even those who are possessed of the highest qualifications. Pride, in some particular disguise or other, (often a secret to the proud man himself,) is the most ordinary spring of action among men. You need no

more than to discover what a man values himself for; then of all things admire that quality, but be sure to be failing in it yourself in comparison of the man whom you court. I have heard, or read, of a secretary of state in Spain, who served a prince who was happy in an elegant use of the Latin tongue, and often writ despatches in it with his own hand. The king showed his secretary a letter he had written to a foreign prince, and under the colour of asking his advice, laid a trap for his applause. The honest man read it as a faithful counsellor, and not only excepted against his tying himself down too much by some expressions, but mended the phrase in others. You may guess the despatches that evening did not take much longer time. Mr. Secretary, as soon as he came to his own house, sent for his eldest son, and communicated to him that the family must retire out of Spain as soon as possible; 'for,' said he, 'the king knows I understand Latin better than he does.'

This egregious fault in a man of the world should be a lesson to all who would make their fortunes: but a regard must be carefully had to the person with whom you have to do; for it is not to be doubted but a great man of common sense must look with secret indignation, or bridled laughter, on all the slaves who stand around him with ready faces to approve and smile at all he says in the gross. It is good comedy enough to observe a superior talking half sentences, and playing an humble admirer's countenance from one thing to another, with such perplexity, that he knows not what to sneer in approbation of. But this kind of complaisance is peculiarly the manner of courts; in all other places you must constantly go farther in compliance with the persons you have to do with, than a mere con-

formity of looks and gestures. If you are in a country life, and would be a leading man, a good stomach, a loud voice, and a rustic cheerfulness, will go a great way, provided you are able to drink, and drink any thing. But I was just now going to draw the manner of behaviour I would advise people to practise under some maxim, and intimated that every one almost was governed by his pride. There was an old fellow about forty years ago so peevish and fretful, though a man of business, that no one could come at him: but he frequented a particular little coffee-house, where he triumphed over every body at trick-track and backgammon. The way to pass his office well, was first to be insulted by him at one of those games in his leisure hours; for his vanity was to show that he was a man of pleasure as well as business. Next to this sort of insinuation, which is called in all places (from its taking its birth in the households of princes) making one's court, the most prevailing way is, by what better-bred people call a present, the vulgar a bribe. I humbly conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more gallantry in a billet-doux that should be understood at the Bank than in gross money: but as to stubborn people, who are so surly as to accept of neither note nor cash, having formerly dabbled in chemistry, I can only say that one part of matter asks one thing, and another another, to make it fluent; but there is nothing but may be dissolved by a proper mean. Thus the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper, shall melt away very kindly in a liquid. The island of Barbadoes (a shrewd people) manage all their appeals to Great Britain, by a skilful distribution of citron water[d] among the whisperers about

[d] Then commonly called Barbadoes water.

men in power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and that in great points, where ten thousand times their value would have been rejected with indignation.

But to wave the enumeration of the sundry ways of applying by presents, bribes, management of people's passions and affections, in such a manner as it shall appear that the virtue of the best man is by one method or other corruptible; let us look out for some expedient to turn those passions and affections on the side of truth and honour. When a man has laid it down for a position, that parting with his integrity, in the minutest circumstance, is losing so much of his very self, self-love will become a virtue. By this means good and evil will be the only objects of dislike and approbation; and he that injures any man has effectually wounded the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been to himself. This seems to be the only expedient to arrive at an impartiality; and a man who follows the dictates of truth and right reason, may by artifice be led into error, but never can into guilt.

T.[e]

*** At the Theatre-royal Drury-lane, on this present Monday, June 2, will be revived, the tragedy of Œdipus King of Thebes. The part of Œdipus by Mr. Powell; Adrastus by Mr. Booth; Creon by Mr. Keen; Hamon, Mr. Mills; Teresais, Mr. Foman; the Citizens, Mr. Pinkethman, Mr. Norris, Mr. Bullock, Mr. Pack, and Mr. Leigh. Jocasta, Mrs. Knight; Euridice, Mrs. Bradshaw. By her majesty's command, no person to be admitted behind the scenes.—Spect. in folio.

†‡† At new Tunbridge-wells, by the New River-head, in the dancing-room, is to be seen the famous posture-master of Europe, who far exceeds the deceased posture-masters Clarke and Higgens, &c. at seven in the morning, and six in the evening, &c.—*Ibid.*

[e] Mr. Steele. This paper has the signature T in the original publication in folio; and in both the editions of 1712, in 8vo. and 12mo. See final note to No. 324.

No. 395. TUESDAY, June 3, 1712.

—Quod nunc ratio est, impetus antè fuit.
Ovid.
'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before.

'Beware of the ides of March,' said the Roman augur to Julius Cæsar: 'Beware of the month of May,' says the British Spectator to his fair countrywomen. The caution of the first was unhappily neglected, and Cæsar's confidence cost him his life. I am apt to flatter myself that my pretty readers had much more regard to the advice I gave them,[f] since I have yet received very few accounts of any notorious trips made in the last month.

But though I hope for the best, I shall not pronounce too positively on this point, till I have seen forty weeks well over, at which period of time, as my good friend sir Roger has often told me, he has more business as a justice of peace among the dissolute young people in the country, than at any other season of the year.

Neither must I forget a letter which I received near a fortnight since from a lady, who, it seems, could hold out no longer, telling me she looked upon the month as then out, for that she had all along reckoned by the new stile.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, from several angry letters which have been sent to me by disappointed lovers, that my advice has been of very signal service to the fair sex, who, according to the old proverb, were 'forewarned, forearmed.'

One of these gentlemen tells me, that he would have given me an hundred pounds, rather than I

[f] See Spect. No. 365.

should have published that paper; for that his mistress, who had promised to explain herself to him about the beginning of May, upon reading that discourse, told him that she would give him her answer in June.

Thyrsis acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to take a walk in the fields, she told him the Spectator had forbidden her.

Another of my correspondents, who writes himself Mat Meager, complains that whereas he constantly used to breakfast with his mistress upon chocolate, going to wait upon her the first of May he found his usual treat very much changed for the worse, and has been forced to feed ever since upon green tea.

As I begun this critical season with a caveat to the ladies, I shall conclude it with a congratulation, and do most heartily wish them joy of their happy deliverance.

They may now reflect with pleasure on the dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much satisfaction on the perils that threatened them, as their great grandmothers did formerly on the burning plough-shares, after having passed through the ordeal trial. The instigations of the spring are now abated. The nightingale gives over her 'love-labour'd song,' as Milton phrases it; the blossoms are fallen, and the beds of flowers swept away by the scythe of the mower.

I shall now allow my fair readers to return to their romances and chocolate, provided they make use of them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some progress in the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous than too much confidence and security. The Tro-

jans, who stood upon their guard all the while the Grecians lay before their city, when they fancied the siege was raised, and the danger past, were the very next night burnt in their beds. I must also observe, that as in some climates there is perpetual spring, so in some female constitutions there is a perpetual May. These are a kind of valetudinarians in chastity, whom I would continue in a constant diet. I cannot think these wholly out of danger, till they have looked upon the other sex at least five years through a pair of spectacles. Will Honeycomb has often assured me, that it is much easier to steal one of this species, when she is passed her grand climacteric, than to carry off an icy girl on this side five-and-twenty; and that a rake of his acquaintance, who had in vain endeavoured to gain the affections of a young lady of fifteen, had at last made his fortune by running away with her grandmother.

But as I do not design this speculation for the evergreens of the sex, I shall again apply myself to those who would willingly listen to the dictates of reason and virtue, and can now hear me in cold blood. If there are any who have forfeited their innocence, they must now consider themselves under that melancholy view in which Chamont regards his sister, in those beautiful lines:

> —'Long she flourish'd,
> Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye:
> Till at the last a cruel spoiler came,
> Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
> Then cast it like a loathsome weed away.'

On the contrary, she who has observed the timely cautions I gave her, and lived up to the rules of

modesty, will now flourish like 'a rose in June,' with all her virgin blushes and sweetness about her. I must, however, desire these last to consider how shameful it would be for a general, who has made a successful campaign, to be surprised in his winter-quarters. It would be no less dishonourable for a lady to lose, in any other month of the year, what she has been at the pains to preserve in May.

There is no charm in the female sex that can supply the place of virtue. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into wantonness, and wit into impudence. It is observed, that all the virtues are represented by both painters and statuaries under female shapes; but if any one of them has a more particular title to that sex, it is modesty. I shall leave it to the divines to guard them against the opposite vice, as they may be overpowered by temptations. It is sufficient for me to have warned them against it, as they may be led astray by instinct.

I desire this paper may be read with more than ordinary attention at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster.

X.[d]

No. 396. WEDNESDAY, June 4, 1712.

Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferio, Baralipton.[e]

Having a great deal of business upon my hands at present, I shall beg the reader's leave to present him with a letter that I received about half-a-year

[d] By Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

[e] A barbarous verse, invented by the logicians.

ago from a gentleman at Cambridge, who styles himself Peter de Quir. I have kept it by me some months; and, though I did not know at first what to make of it, upon my reading it over very frequently, I have at last discovered several conceits in it: I would not therefore have my reader discouraged if he does not take them at the first perusal.

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

'SIR, 'From St. John's College, Cambridge, Feb. 3, 1712.

'THE monopoly of puns in this university has been an immemorial privilege of the Johnians;[f] and we can't help resenting the late invasion of our ancient right as to that particular, by a little pretender to clenching in a neighbouring college, who, in application to you by way of letter, a while ago, styled himself Philobrune.[g] Dear Sir, as you are by character a profest well-wisher to speculation, you will excuse a remark which this gentleman's passion for the brunette has suggested to a brother theorist: it is an offer towards a mechanical account of his lapse to punning, for he belongs to a set of mortals who value themselves upon an uncommon mastery in the more humane and polite part of letters.

'A conquest by one of this species of females gives a very odd turn to the intellectuals of the captivated person, and very different from that way of thinking which a triumph from the eyes of another, more emphatically of the fair sex, does generally occasion. It fills the imagination with an assemblage of such ideas and pictures as are hardly any thing

[f] The students of St. John's college.
[g] See Spect. No. 286, let. 2.

but shade, such as night, the devil, &c. These portraitures very near overpower the light of the understanding, almost benight the faculties, and give that melancholy tincture to the most sanguine complexion which this gentleman calls an inclination to be in a brown study, and is usually attended with worse consequences in case of a repulse. During this twilight of intellects, the patient is extremely apt, as love is the most witty passion in nature, to offer at some pert sallies now and then, by way of flourish, upon the amiable enchantress, and unfortunately stumbles upon that mongrel miscreated (to speak in Miltonic) kind of wit, vulgarly termed the pun. It would not be much amiss to consult Dr. T—— W——[h] (who is certainly a very able projector, and whose system of divinity and spiritual mechanics obtains very much among the better part of our undergraduates), whether a general intermarriage, enjoined by parliament, between this sisterhood of the olive-beauties and the fraternity of the people called quakers, would not be a very serviceable expedient, and abate that overflow of light which shines within them so powerfully, that it dazzles their eyes, and dances them into a thousand vagaries of error and enthusiasm. These reflections may impart some light towards a discovery of the origin of punning among us, and the foundation of its prevailing so long in this famous body. It is notorious, from the instance under consideration, that it must be owing chiefly to the use of brown jugs, muddy belch, and the fumes of a certain memorable

[h] Perhaps Mr. Thomas Woolston, whom orator Henley here styles doctor.—See Biog. Brit. vol. vi. part 2d, art. Woolston.—This note, however, is given with great doubt, as Woolston had at this period published nothing that was obnoxious.

place of rendezvous with us at meals, known by the name of Staincoat Hole: for the atmosphere of the kitchen, like the tail of a comet, predominates least about the fire, but resides behind and fills the fragrant receptacle above-mentioned. Besides, it is farther observable, that the delicate spirits among us, who declare against these nauseous proceedings, sip tea, and put up for critic and amour, profess likewise an equal abhorrence for punning, the ancient innocent diversion of this society. After all, Sir, though it may appear something absurd, that I seem to approach you with the air of an advocate for punning, (you who have justified your censures of the practice, in a set dissertation upon that subject,[i]) yet I am confident you will think it abundantly atoned for by observing, that this humbler exercise may be as instrumental in diverting us from any innovating schemes and hypotheses in wit, as dwelling upon honest orthodox logic would be in securing us from heresy in religion. Had Mr. W——n's[k] researches been confined within the bounds of Ramus or Crackenthorp, that learned newsmonger might have acquiesced in what the holy oracles pronounced upon the deluge, like other Christians; and had the surprising Mr. L——y[l] been content with the employment of refining upon Shakspeare's points and quibbles (for which he must

[i] See Spect. No. 61.

[k] Mr. Whiston.—See Biog. Brit. art. vi. vol. 2, art. Whiston [William].

[l] No person occurs in the Biographia Dramatica, or in the list of Cambridge graduates, to whom these letters seem to apply, except John Lacy, who altered one of Shakspeare's plays, was the author of some dramas, and a player, who pleased Charles II. in three characters so much, that he had his picture painted in them.—See Biog. Dram. art. Lacy [John]. But he had been dead more than thirty years before the date of this paper, in Sept. 1681.

be allowed to have a superlative genius), and now and then penning a catch or a ditty, instead of inditing odes and sonnets, the gentlemen of the *bon goût* in the pit would never have been put to all that grimace in damning the frippery of state, the poverty and languor of thought, the unnatural wit, and inartificial structure of his dramas.

'I am, Sir, your very humble servant,

'PETER DE QUIR.'[m]

ADVERTISEMENT.

This day is published, The Steeleids, or the Trial of Wits, a poem in three cantos. By John Lacy.

Quo propius stet, te capiat magis.

Then will I say, swell'd with poetic rage,
That I, John Lacy, have reform'd the age.

Printed and sold by John Morphew, Pr. 1s.—Post-Boy, Aug. 3, 1714.

No. 397. THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1712.

—Dolor ipse disertum
Fecerat—

OVID. Met. xiii. 228.

Her grief inspir'd her then with eloquence.

As the Stoic philosophers discard all passions in general, they will not allow a wise man so much as to pity the afflictions of another. 'If thou seest thy friend in trouble,' says Epictetus, 'thou mayest put on a look of sorrow, and condole with him, but take care that thy sorrow be not real.' The more rigid

[m] Spect. No. 396 has no signature in the original publication in folio. nor in the first editions of 1712 in 8vo. and in 12mo. It was the communication of orator Henley, who was the author of this silly letter, and another signed Tom Tweer; and who was a person of a character as odious as that of a buffoon so contemptible could be.

of this sect would not comply so far as to show even such an outward appearance of grief; but when one told them of any calamity that had befallen even the nearest of their acquaintance, would immediately reply, 'What is that to me?' If you aggravated the circumstances of the affliction, and showed how one misfortune was followed by another, the answer was still, 'All this may be true, but what is it to me?'

For my own part, I am of opinion, compassion does not only refine and civilize human nature, but has something in it more pleasing and agreeable than what can be met with in such an indolent happiness, such an indifference to mankind as that in which the Stoics placed their wisdom. As love is the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but love softened by a degree of sorrow. In short, it is a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends them in the same common lot.

Those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or poetry, advise the writer to work himself up, if possible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to produce in others. There are none, therefore, who stir up pity so much as those who indite their own sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiments than can be supplied by the finest imagination. Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passionate things which cannot be supplied by art.

It is for this reason that the short speeches or sentences which we often meet with in histories, make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader, than the most laboured strokes in a well-written tragedy. Truth and matter of fact sets the person ac-

tually before us in the one, whom fiction places at a greater distance from us in the other. I do not remember to have seen any ancient or modern story more affecting than a letter of Ann of Bologne, wife to king Henry the Eighth, and mother to queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Cotton library, as written by her own hand.

Shakspeare himself could not have made her talk in a strain so suitable to her condition and character. One sees in it the expostulations of a slighted lover, the resentments of an injured woman, and the sorrows of an imprisoned queen. I need not acquaint my reader that this princess was then under prosecution for disloyalty to the king's bed, and that she was afterwards publicly beheaded upon the same account, though this prosecution was believed by many to proceed, as she herself intimates, rather from the king's love to Jane Seymour, than from any actual crime in Ann of Bologne.

Queen Ann Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry.

Cotton Lib. Otho C. 10. 'YOUR grace's displeasure and my imprisonment are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me, (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour,) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy, I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

'But let not your grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a

fault, where not so much as a thought thereof preceded. And to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty and in all true affection than you have ever found in Ann Boleyn: with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as now I find; for the ground of my preferment being on no surer foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other subject. You have chosen me from a low estate to be your queen and companion, far beyond my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of such honour, good your grace, let not any light fancy or bad counsel of mine enemies withdraw your princely favour from me; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain of a disloyal heart towards your good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me have a lawful trial, and let not my sworn enemies sit as my accusers and judges; yea, let me receive an open trial, for my truth shall fear no open shame; then shall you see either mine innocency cleared, your suspicion and conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your grace may be freed from an open censure; and mine offence being so lawfully proved, your grace is at liberty, both before God and man, not only to execute worthy punishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I am now as I

am, whose name I could some good while since have pointed unto, your grace being not ignorant of my suspicion therein.

'But if you have already determined of me, and that not only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you the enjoying of your desired happiness; then I desire of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that he will not call you to a strict account for your unprincely and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat, where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known, and sufficiently cleared.

'My last and only request shall be, that myself may only bear the burden of your grace's displeasure, and that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in straight imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour in your sight, if ever the name of Ann Boleyn has been pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request, and I will so leave to trouble your grace any farther, with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this sixth of May.

'Your most loyal and ever faithful wife,

'Ann Boleyn.'

L.[n]

[n] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See note to No. 7, *ad finem* on Addison's signatures.

No. 398. FRIDAY, JUNE 6, 1712.

Insanire paret certa ratione modoque.
HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 272.

—You'd be a fool
With art and wisdom, and be mad by rule.
CREECH.

CYNTHIO and Flavia are persons of distinction in this town, who have been lovers these ten months last past, and writ to each other, for gallantry sake, under those feigned names; Mr. Such-a-one and Mrs. Such-a-one not being capable of raising the soul out of the ordinary tracts and passages of life up to that elevation which makes the life of the enamoured so much superior to that of the rest of the world. But ever since the beauteous Cecilia has made such a figure as she now does in the circle of charming women, Cynthio has been secretly one of her adorers. Lætitia has been the finest woman in town these three months, and so long Cynthio has acted the part of a lover very awkwardly in the presence of Flavia. Flavia has been too blind towards him, and has too sincere an heart of her own, to observe a thousand things which would have discovered this change of mind to any one less engaged than she was. Cynthio was musing yesterday in the piazza in Covent-garden, and was saying to himself that he was a very ill man to go on in visiting and professing love to Flavia, when his heart was enthralled to another. It is an infirmity that I am not constant to Flavia; but it would be still a greater crime, since I cannot continue to love her, to profess that I do. To marry a woman with the coldness that usually indeed comes on after marriage, is ruining one's self with one's eyes open; besides it is really doing her

an injury. This last consideration forsooth, of injuring her in persisting, made him resolve to break off upon the first favourable opportunity of making her angry. When he was in this thought, he saw Robin the porter, who waits at Will's coffee-house, passing by. Robin, you must know, is the best man in town for carrying a billet; the fellow has a thin body, swift step, demure looks, sufficient sense, and knows the town. This man carried Cinthio's first letter to Flavia, and, by frequent errands ever since, is well known to her. The fellow covers his knowledge of the nature of his messages with the most exquisite low humour imaginable. The first he obliged Flavia to take, was by complaining to her that he had a wife and three children, and if she did not take that letter, which he was sure there was no harm in, but rather love, his family must go supperless to bed, for the gentleman would pay him according as he did his business. Robin, therefore, Cynthio now thought fit to make use of, and gave him orders to wait before Flavia's door, and if she called him to her, and asked whether it was Cynthio who passed by, he should at first be loth to own it was, but upon importunity confess it. There needed not much search into that part of the town to find a well-dressed hussey fit for the purpose Cynthio designed her. As soon as he believed Robin was posted, he drove by Flavia's lodgings in a hackney-coach and a woman in it. Robin was at the door talking with Flavia's maid, and Cynthio pulled up the glass as surprised, and hid his associate. The report of this circumstance soon flew up stairs, and Robin could not deny but the gentleman favoured[o] his master; yet if it was he, he was sure the lady was but his cousin

[o] Resembled.

whom he had seen ask for him; adding, that he believed she was a poor relation; because they made her wait one morning till he was awake. Flavia immediately writ the following epistle, which Robin brought to Will's.

'SIR, 'June 4, 1712.

'IT is in vain to deny it, basest, falsest of mankind; my maid, as well as the bearer, saw you.

'The injured FLAVIA.'

After Cynthio had read the letter, he asked Robin how she looked, and what she said at the delivery of it. Robin said she spoke short to him, and called him back again, and had nothing to say to him, and bid him and all the men in the world to go out of her sight; but the maid followed and bid him bring an answer.

Cynthio returned as follows:

'MADAM, 'June 4, Three afternoon, 1712.

'THAT your maid and the bearer have seen me very often is very certain; but I desire to know, being engaged at piquet, what your letter means by, "'tis in vain to deny it." I shall stay here all the evening.

'Your amazed CYNTHIO.'

As soon as Robin arrived with this, Flavia answered:

'DEAR CYNTHIO,

'I HAVE walked a turn or two in my antichamber since I writ to you, and have recovered

myself from an impertinent fit which you ought to forgive me, and desire you would come to me immediately, to laugh off a jealousy that you and a creature of the town went by in a hackney-coach an hour ago.

'I am your most humble servant,

'FLAVIA.

'I will not open the letter which my Cynthio writ upon the misapprehension you must have been under, when you writ, for want of hearing the whole circumstance.'

Robin came back in an instant, and Cynthio answered:

'Half an hour six minutes after three,
June 4, Will's Coffee-house.

'MADAM,

'IT is certain I went by your lodgings with a gentlewoman to whom I have the honour to be known; she is indeed my relation, and a pretty sort of woman. But your starting manner of writing, and owning you have not done me the honour so much as to open my letter, has in it something very unaccountable, and alarms one that has had thoughts of passing his days with you. But I am born to admire you with all your little imperfections.

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin ran back, and brought for answer:

'EXACT SIR, that are at Will's coffee-house six minutes after three, June 4; one that has had thoughts, and all my little imperfections. Sir, come

to me immediately, or I shall determine what may perhaps not be very pleasing to you.

'FLAVIA.'

Robin gave an account that she looked excessive angry when she gave him the letter; and that he told her, for she asked, that Cynthio only looked at the clock, taking snuff, and writ two or three words to the top of the letter when he gave him his.

Now the plot thickened so well, as that Cynthio saw he had not much more to do, to accomplish being irreconcileably banished; he writ,

'MADAM,

'I HAVE that prejudice in favour of all you do, that it is not possible for you to determine upon what will not be very pleasing to,

'Your obedient servant,

'CYNTHIO.'

This was delivered, and the answer returned, in a little more than two seconds.

SIR,

'Is it come to this? You never loved me, and the creature you were with is the properest person for your associate. I despise you, and hope I shall soon hate you as a villain to

'The credulous FLAVIA.'

Robin ran back with

'MADAM,

'YOUR credulity when you are to gain

your point, and suspicion when you fear to lose it, make it a very hard part to behave as becomes

'Your humble slave,

'CYNTHIO.'

Robin whipped away, and returned with,

'MR. WELLFORD,

'FLAVIA and CYNTHIO are no more. I relieve you from the hard part of which you complain, and banish you from my sight for ever.

'ANN HEART.'

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's work; and this is published to admonish Cecilia to avenge the injury done to Flavia.

T.°

No. 399. SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1712.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!—
PERS. Sat. iv. 23.
None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind.
DRYDEN.

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the show of religion in it, and would be thought en-

° Steele's editorial signature, which seems to denote that this paper No. 398 was transcribed. See final note to No. 324 on the letter T, probably used likewise as his signature sometimes by Mr. Thomas Tickell. See No. 410, note.

gaged in many criminal gallantries and amours which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean, that hypocrisy by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes on himself; that hypocrisy which conceals his own heart from him, and makes him believe he is more virtuous than he really is, and either not attend to his vices, or mistake even his vices for virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy and self-deceit which is taken notice of in those words, 'Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.'

If the open professors of impiety deserve the utmost application and endeavours of moral writers to recover them from vice and folly, how much more may those lay a claim to their care and compassion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue! I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the secret corners of the soul, and to show my reader those methods by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himself. The usual means prescribed for this purpose, are to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that Person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, of those who receive his doctrines. Though these two heads cannot be too much insisted upon, I shall but just mention

them, since they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propose the following methods to the consideration of such as would find out their secret faults, and make a true estimate of themselves.

In the first place, let them consider well what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us, as much as our own hearts. They either do not see our faults, or conceal them from us, or soften them by their representations after such a manner that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into us, discovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and though his malice may set them in too strong a light, it has generally some ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wise man should give a just attention to both of them, so far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the diminution of the other. Plutarch has written an essay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies, and, among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that by the reproaches which it casts upon us we see the worst side of ourselves, and open our eyes to several blemishes and defects in our lives and conversations, which we should not have observed without the help of such ill-natured monitors.

In order likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how far we may deserve the praises and approbations which the world bestow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really

possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, if we consider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourselves by the opinion of others, and to sacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourselves in a point of so much importance, we should not lay too great a stress on any supposed virtues we possess that are of a doubtful nature: and such we may esteem all those in which multitudes of men dissent from us, who are as good and wise as ourselves. We should always act with great cautiousness and circumspection in points where it is not impossible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and persecution for any party or opinion, how praiseworthy soever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature: and yet how many persons eminent for piety suffer such monstrous and absurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues! For my own part, I must own, I never yet knew any party so just and reasonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the same time be innocent.

We should likewise be very apprehensive of those actions which proceed from natural constitution, favourite passions, particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly interest or advantage. In these and the like cases, a man's judgment is easily perverted, and a wrong bias hung upon his mind. These are the inlets of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the mind, by which a thousand errors and secret faults find admission, without

being observed or taken notice of. A wise man will suspect those actions to which he is directed by something besides reason, and always apprehend some concealed evil in every resolution that is of a disputable nature, when it is conformable to his particular temper, his age, or way of life, or when it favours his pleasure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and examine all these dark recesses of the mind, if we would establish our souls in such a solid and substantial virtue, as will turn to account in that great day when it must stand the test of infinite wisdom and justice.

I shall conclude this essay with observing, that the two kinds of hypocrisy I have here spoken of, namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of imposing on ourselves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the hundred and thirty-ninth psalm. The folly of the first kind of hypocrisy is there set forth by reflections on God's omniscience and omnipresence, which are celebrated in as noble strains of poetry as any other I ever met with either sacred or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, whereby a man deceives himself, is intimated in the two last verses, where the Psalmist addresses himself to the great Searcher of hearts in the emphatical petition, 'Try me, O God, and seek the ground of my heart; prove me, and examine my thoughts. Look well if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.' L.[q]

[q] By Addison, dated, it seems, London. See final note to No. 7, on Addison's signatures, C, L, I, O; and No. 221, note *ad finem*.

No. 400. MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1712.

— Latet anguis in herbâ.
VIRG. Ecl. iii. 93.
There's a snake in the grass.
[English Proverb.]

IT should, methinks, preserve modesty and its interests in the world, that the transgression of it always creates offence; and the very purposes of wantonness are defeated by a carriage which has in it so much boldness, as to intimate that fear and reluctance are quite extinguished in an object which would be otherwise desirable. It was said of a wit of the last age,

'Sidley [r] has that prevailing gentle art
Which can with a resistless charm impart
The loosest wishes to the chastest heart;
Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
Between declining virtue and desire,
That the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away
In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day.'

This prevailing gentle art was made up of complaisance, courtship, and artful conformity to the modesty of a woman's manners. Rusticity, broad expression, and forward obtrusion, offend those of education, and make the transgressors odious to all who have merit enough to attract regard. It is in

[r] Sedley, Sir Charles, a writer of verses in the reign of Charles II. with whom he was a great favourite. The nobleman's verses quoted here, allude, it has been said, not to Sir Charles Sedley's writings, but to his personal address; for we are told that, by studying human nature, he had acquired to an eminent degree the art of making himself agreeable, particularly to the ladies. Langhorne's Effusions, &c. Nevertheless, there was, it seems, a softness and art in his verses too, which another nobleman, the duke of Buckingham, calls 'Sedley's witchcraft.'—See an account and a critique on Sir Charles's writings and verses in the Biogr. Brit. art. Sedley.

this taste that the scenery is so beautifully ordered in the description which Antony makes in the dialogue between him and Dolabella, of Cleopatra in her barge:

'Her galley down the silver Cydnus row'd;
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold;
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails:
Her nymphs, like Nereids, round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born Venus, lay.
She lay, and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders' hearts,
Neglecting she could take them. Boys, like cupids,
Stood fanning with their painted wings the winds
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That men's desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought—[8]

Here the imagination is warmed with all the objects presented, and yet there is nothing that is luscious, or what raises any idea more loose than that of a beautiful woman set off to advantage. The like, or a more delicate and careful spirit of modesty appears in the following passage in one of Mr. Phillips's pastorals.

'Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow,
Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs around her grow;
Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by,
My love in yonder vale asleep does lie.'

Desire is corrected when there is a tenderness or admiration expressed which partakes the passion. Licentious language has something brutal in it, which

[8] Dryden's All for Love, Act III. Sc. 1.

disgraces humanity, and leaves us in the condition of the savages in the field. But it may be asked, to what good use can tend a discourse of this kind at all? It is to alarm chaste ears against such as have, what is above called, the 'prevailing gentle art.' Masters of that talent are capable of clothing their thoughts in so soft a dress, and something so distant from the secret purpose of their heart, that the imagination of the unguarded is touched with a fondness which grows too insensibly to be resisted. Much care and concern for the lady's welfare, to seem afraid lest she should be annoyed by the very air which surrounds her, and this uttered rather with kind looks, and expressed by an interjection, an 'ah,' or 'oh,' at some little hazard in moving or making a step, than in any direct profession of love, are the methods of skilful admirers. They are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have not made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning against agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit, and the more to do it, they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without some degree of love. For this reason he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend or a visitant, who is capable of gaining any eminent esteem or observation, though it be never so remote from pretensions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any

treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There may possibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral, but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other no other, I warrant you, than Pylades and Orestes.

'When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest;
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor sleep nor pasture worth my care I find.

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind;
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.'

Such good offices as these, and such friendly thoughts and concern for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between man and woman.

It is the permission of such intercourse, that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband, after the disappointment of four or five passions which she has successively had for different men, before she is prudentially given to him for whom she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do that has lost all her friends? There's Marinet the agreeable has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for lord Welford, which had like to break her heart; then she had so great a friendship for colonel Hardy, that she could not endure any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been disasters between friends who have fallen out, and their resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be:

but in this it happens unfortunately, that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes very often find fatal effects from their unanimity.[t]

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible; and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love: for which reason I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having, to my great concern, observed the waist of a Platonist lately swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy.

T.[u]

No. 401. TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1712.

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia. Injuriæ,
Suspiciones, inimicitiæ, induciæ,
Bellum, pax rursum.—

TER. Eun. Act. I. Sc. 1.

It is the capricious state of love, to be attended with injuries, suspicions, enmities, truces, quarrelling, and reconcilement.

I SHALL publish, for the entertainment of this day, an odd sort of a packet, which I have just received from one of my female correspondents.

[t] Steele, the author of this paper, on reprinting the Spect. in 8vo. in 1712, altered here, with commendable propriety, a passage in the original publication in folio.

[u] Spect. No. 400, is lettered with a T, the signature of Steele, in the original publication in folio, and in both the editions of 1712, in 8vo. and in 12mo. The signature T ought not therefore to have been omitted in any posterior copy. Mr. T. Tickell likewise used the same signature. See final notes to Nos. 324, and 410, supposed to have been written by Mr. Tickell.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'SINCE you have often confessed that you are not displeased your papers should sometimes convey the complaints of distressed lovers to each other, I am in hopes you will favour one who gives you an undoubted instance of her reformation, and at the same time a convincing proof of the happy influence your labours have had over the most incorrigible part of the most incorrigible sex. You must know, Sir, I am one of that species of women, whom you have often characterized under the name of "jilts," and that I send you these lines as well to do public penance for having so long continued in a known error, as to beg pardon of the party offended. I the rather chuse this way, because it in some measure answers the terms on which he intimated the breach between us might possibly be made up, as you will see by the letter he sent me the next day after I had discarded him; which I thought fit to send you a copy of, that you might the better know the whole case.

'I must farther acquaint you, that before I jilted him, there had been the greatest intimacy between us for an year and half together, during all which time I cherished his hopes and indulged his flame. I leave you to guess, after this, what must be his surprise, when, upon his pressing for my full consent one day, I told him I wondered what could make him fancy he had ever any place in my affections. His own sex allow him sense, and all ours good-breeding. His person is such as might, without vanity, make him believe himself not incapable to be beloved. Our fortunes indeed, weighed in the nice scale of interest, are not exactly equal, which by the way was the true cause of my jilting him;

and I had the assurance to acquaint him with the following maxim, that I should always believe that man's passion to be the most violent who could offer me the largest settlement. I have since changed my opinion, and have endeavoured to let him know so much by several letters, but the barbarous man has refused them all; so that I have no way left of writing to him but by your assistance. If we can bring him about once more, I promise to send you all gloves and favours, and shall desire the favour of sir Roger and yourself to stand as godfathers to my first boy.

'I am, SIR,

'Your most obedient most humble servant,

'AMORET.'

'PHILANDER TO AMORET.

'MADAM,

'I AM so surprised at the question you were pleased to ask me yesterday, that I am still at a loss what to say to it. At least my answer would be too long to trouble you with, as it would come from a person, who, it seems, is so very indifferent to you. Instead of it, I shall only recommend to your consideration the opinion of one whose sentiments on these matters I have often heard you say are extremely just. "A generous and constant passion," says your favourite author, "in an agreeable lover, where there is not too great a disparity in their circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befal a person beloved; and, if overlooked in one, may perhaps never be found in another."

'I do not, however, at all despair of being very shortly much better beloved by you than Antenor

is at present; since, whenever my fortune shall exceed his, you were pleased to intimate your passion would increase accordingly.

'The world has seen me shamefully lose that time to please a fickle woman, which might have been employed much more to my credit and advantage in other pursuits. I shall therefore take the liberty to acquaint you, however harsh it may sound in a lady's ears, that though your love-fit should happen to return, unless you could contrive a way to make your recantation as well known to the public, as they are already apprised of the manner with which you have treated me, you shall never more see 'PHILANDER.'

'AMORET TO PHILANDER.

'SIR,

'UPON reflection, I find the injury I have done both to you and myself to be so great, that, though the part I now act may appear contrary to that decorum usually observed by our sex, yet I purposely break through all rules, that my repentance may in some measure equal my crime. I assure you, that in my present hopes of recovering you, I look upon Antenor's estate with contempt. The fop was here yesterday in a gilt chariot and new liveries, but I refused to see him. Though I dread to meet your eyes, after what has passed, I flatter myself that, amidst all their confusion, you will discover such a tenderness in mine, as none can imitate but those who love. I shall be all this month at lady D—'s in the country; but the woods, the fields, and gardens, without Philander, afford no pleasures to the unhappy 'AMORET.'

'I must desire you, dear Mr. Spectator, to publish this my letter to Philander as soon as possible, and to assure him that I know nothing at all of the death of his rich uncle in Gloucestershire.'

X.[w]

No. 402. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1712.

— quæ ∩∩∩∩∩∪∩
Spectator tradit sibi.—[x]
HOR. Ars Poet. 181.
Sent by the Spectator to himself.

WERE I to publish all the advertisements I receive from different hands, and persons of different circumstances and quality, the very mention of them, without reflections on the several subjects, would raise all the passions which can be felt by human mind. As instances of this, I shall give you two or three letters; the writers of which can have no recourse to any legal power for redress, and seem to have written rather to vent their sorrow than to receive consolation.

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of beauty and quality, and suitably married to a gentleman who doats on me. But this person of mine is the object of an unjust passion in a nobleman who is very intimate

[w] By Mr. Eustace Budgell. See Spect. No. 555.

[x] There was no motto to this paper at its first publication: this motto, prefixed to it on its re-publication in volumes, seems to afford a presumption that Steele was the author as well as the editor of some or of all the letters in this paper; but the title Spectator is not solely appropriated to Steele. See No. 413, let. i. and No. 382, paragr. 4.

with my husband. This friendship gives him very easy access, and frequent opportunities of entertaining me apart. My heart is in the utmost anguish, and my face is covered over with confusion, when I impart to you another circumstance, which is, that my mother, the most mercenary of all women, is gained by this false friend of my husband's to solicit me for him. I am frequently chid by the poor believing man, my husband, for showing an impatience of his friend's company; and I am never alone with my mother, but she tells me stories of the discretionary part of the world, and such-a-one and such-a-one who are guilty of as much as she advises me to. She laughs at my astonishment; and seems to hint to me, that as virtuous as she has always appeared, I am not the daughter of her husband. It is possible that printing this letter may relieve me from the unnatural importunity of my mother, and the perfidious courtship of my husband's friend. I have an unfeigned love of virtue, and am resolved to preserve my innocence. The only way I can think of to avoid the fatal consequences of the discovery of this matter, is to fly away for ever, which I must do to avoid my husband's fatal resentment against the man who attempts to abuse him, and the shame of exposing a parent to infamy. The persons concerned will know these circumstances relate to them; and, though the regard to virtue is dead in them, I have some hopes from their fear of shame upon reading this in your paper; which I conjure you to publish, if you have any compassion for injured virtue.

'SYLVIA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM the husband of a woman of merit, but am fallen in love, as they call it, with a lady of her acquaintance, who is going to be married to a gentleman who deserves her. I am in a trust relating to this lady's fortune, which makes my concurrence in this matter necessary; but I have so irresistible a rage and envy rise in me when I consider his future happiness, that, against all reason, equity, and common justice, I am ever playing mean tricks to suspend the nuptials. I have no manner of hopes for myself: Emilia, for so I'll call her, is a woman of the most strict virtue; her lover is a gentleman who of all others I could wish my friend: but envy and jealousy, though placed so unjustly, waste my very being; and, with the torment and sense of a demon, I am ever cursing what I cannot but approve. I wish it were the beginning of repentance, that I sit down and describe my present disposition with so hellish an aspect; but at present the destruction of these two excellent persons would be more welcome to me than their happiness. Mr. Spectator, pray let me have a paper on these terrible groundless sufferings, and do all you can to exorcise crowds who are in some degree possessed as I am.

'CANNIBAL.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE no other means but this to express my thanks to one man, and my resentment against another. My circumstances are as follows: I have been for five years last past courted by a gentleman of greater fortune than I ought to expect, as the market for women goes. You must, to be sure,

have observed people who live in that sort of way, as all their friends reckon it will be a match, and are marked out by all the world for each other. In this view we have been regarded for some time, and I have above these three years loved him tenderly. As he is very careful of his fortune, I always thought he lived in a near manner, to lay up what he thought was wanting in my fortune to make up what he might expect in another. Within a few months I have observed his carriage very much altered, and he has affected a certain art of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty profusion of passionate words, how I am not to be resisted longer, how irresistible his wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such occasions say downright to him, "You know you may make me yours when you please." But the other night he with great frankness and impudence explained to me, that he thought of me only as a mistress. I answered this declaration as it deserved; upon which he only doubled the terms upon which he proposed my yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little use of the unguarded hours we had been together so remote from company, "as indeed," continued he, "so we are at present." I flew from him to a neighbouring gentlewoman's house, and, though her husband was in the room, threw myself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears. My friend desired her husband to leave the room. "But," said he, "there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the affliction; and, be it what it will, she is so much your friend, that she knows she may command what services I can do her." The man sat down by

me, and spoke so like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He spoke of the injury done me with so much indignation, and animated me against the love he said he saw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much reason and humanity to my weakness, that I doubt not of my perseverance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a small time contempt and hatred will take place of the remains of affection to a rascal.

'I am, SIR, your affectionate reader,

'DORINDA.'

'MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAD the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces; and now we are grown up to better acquaintance, they deny me the respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no duty at all due to an uncle. I have a brother-in-law whose son will win all my affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your cognizance, and will be pleased to prescribe some rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It will be worthy the particularity of your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, who was, as it were, born an old man; in which you will much oblige,

'SIR,

'Your most obedient servant,

'CORNELIUS NEPOS.'

T.[y]

[y] By Steele; transcribed. See No. 324, final note on T; and No. 400, *ad finem*.

No. 403. THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1712.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit.
HOR. Ars Poet. 142.
Of many men he saw the manners.

WHEN I consider this great city in its several quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on the one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their ways of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that rise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the king of France's death. As

I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the upper end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I there heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a board of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarque. Those among them who had espoused the whig interest very positively affirmed that he departed this life about a week since, and therefore proceeded without any farther delay to the release of their friends on the galleys, and to their own re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's I saw an *alerte* young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: 'Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's the word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly.' With several other deep reflections of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics

between Charing-cross and Covent-garden. And upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was gone off from the death of the French king to that of monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in a dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the duke of Anjou, the other for his imperial majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute laws of England; but finding them going out of my depth, I passed forward to Paul's Church-yard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man who gave the company an account of the deplorable state of France during the minority of the deceased king.

I then turned on my right hand into Fish-street, where the chief politician of that quarter, upon hearing the news, (after having taken a pipe of tobacco, and ruminated for some time,) 'If,' says he, 'the king of France is certainly dead, we shall have plenty of mackarel this season: our fishery will not be disturbed by privateers, as it has been for these ten years past.' He afterwards considered how the death of this great man would affect our pilchards, and by several other remarks infused a general joy into his whole audience.

I afterwards entered a by coffee-house that stood at the upper end of a narrow lane, where I met with a nonjuror, engaged very warmly with a lace-man

who was the great support of a neighbouring conventicle. The matter in debate was, whether the late French king was most like Augustus Cæsar or Nero. The controversy was carried on with great heat on both sides, and as each of them looked upon me very frequently during the course of their debate, I was under some apprehension that they would appeal to me, and therefore laid down my penny at the bar, and made the best of my way to Cheapside.

I here gazed upon the signs for some time before I found one to my purpose. The first object I met in the coffee-room, was a person who expressed a great grief for the death of the French king; but, upon his explaining himself, I found his sorrow did not arise from the loss of the monarch, but for his having sold out of the Bank about three days before he heard the news of it. Upon which a haberdasher, who was the oracle of the coffee-house, and had his circle of admirers about him, called several to witness that he had declared his opinion above a week before that the French king was certainly dead; to which he added, that, considering the late advices we had received from France, it was impossible that it could be otherwise. As he was laying these together, and dictating to his hearers with great authority, there came in a gentleman from Garraway's, who told us that there were several letters from France just come in, with advice that the king was in good health, and was gone out a hunting the very morning the post came away: upon which the haberdasher stole off his hat that hung upon a wooden peg by him, and retired to his shop with great confusion. This intelligence put a stop to my travels, which I had prosecuted with much satisfaction; not being a little pleased to hear so many different opinions

upon so great an event, and to observe how naturally upon such a piece of news every one is apt to consider it with regard to his own peculiar interest and advantage.

L.[z]

No. 404. FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1712.

—Non omnia possumus omnes.
VIRG. Ecl. viii. 63.*
With different talents formed, we variously excel.

NATURE does nothing in vain; the Creator of the universe has appointed every thing to a certain use and purpose, and determined it to a settled course and sphere of action, from which, if it in the least deviates, it becomes unfit to answer those ends for which it was designed. In like manner it is in the dispositions of society, the civil economy is formed in a chain, as well as the natural: and in either case the breach but of one link puts the whole in some disorder. It is, I think, pretty plain, that most of the absurdity and ridicule we meet with in the world, is generally owing to the impertinent affectation of excelling in characters men are not fit for, and for which nature never designed them.

Every man has one or more qualities which may make him useful both to himself and others. Nature never fails of pointing them out; and while the infant continues under her guardianship, she brings

[z] By Addison, dated London.—See No. 454.

* The quotation, in the folio edition, was from VIRG. Geo. i. 60; but was altered in the first 8vo. and 12mo. editions.

Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera, certis
Imposuit natura locis.—

him on in his way, and then offers herself for a guide in what remains of the journey; if he proceeds in that course, he can hardly miscarry. Nature makes good her engagements; for, as she never promises what she is not able to perform, so she never fails of performing what she promises. But the misfortune is, men despise what they may be masters of, and affect what they are not fit for; they reckon themselves already possessed of what their genius inclined them to, and so bend all their ambition to excel in what is out of their reach. Thus they destroy the use of their natural talents, in the same manner as covetous men do their quiet and repose; they can enjoy no satisfaction in what they have, because of the absurd inclination they are possessed with for what they have not.

Cleanthes had good sense, a great memory, and a constitution capable of the closest application. In a word, there was no profession in which Cleanthes might not have made a very good figure: but this won't satisfy him; he takes up an unaccountable fondness for the character of a fine gentleman; all his thoughts are bent upon this: instead of attending a dissection, frequenting the courts of justice, or studying the Fathers, Cleanthes reads plays, dances, dresses, and spends his time in drawing-rooms; instead of being a good lawyer, divine, or physician, Cleanthes is a downright coxcomb, and will remain to all that knew him a contemptible example of talents misapplied. It is to this affectation the world owes its whole race of coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew such a part; she has sometimes made a fool; but a coxcomb is always of a man's own making, by applying his talents otherwise than nature designed, who ever bears a high

resentment for being put out of her course, and never fails of taking her revenge on those that do so. Opposing her tendency in the application of a man's parts, has the same success as declining from her course in the production of vegetables, by the assistance of art and an hot-bed. We may possibly extort an unwilling plant, or an untimely salad; but how weak, how tasteless and insipid! just as insipid as the poetry of Valerio. Valerio had an universal character, was genteel, had learning, thought justly, spoke correctly; it was believed there was nothing in which Valerio did not excel; and it was so far true, that there was but one: Valerio had no genius for poetry yet he is resolved to be a poet; he writes verses, and takes great pains to convince the town that Valerio is not that extraordinary person he was taken for.

If men would be content to graft upon Nature, and assist her operations, what mighty effects might we expect! Tully would not stand so much alone in oratory, Virgil in poetry, or Cæsar in war. To build upon Nature, is laying the foundation upon a rock; every thing disposes itself into order as it were of course, and the whole work is half done as soon as undertaken. Cicero's genius inclined him to oratory, Virgil's to follow the train of the Muses; they piously obeyed the admonition, and were rewarded. Had Virgil attended the bar, his modest and ingenious virtue would surely have made but a very indifferent figure; and Tully's declamatory inclination would have been as useless in poetry. Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the best course, but will do nothing by compulsion and constraint; and if we are not always satisfied to go her way, we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a production, she al-

ways disposes seeds proper for it, which are as absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being and growth of plants; and I know not by what fate and folly it is that men are taught not to reckon him equally absurd that will write verses in spite of Nature, with that gardener that should undertake to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the fair sex must have suffered by an affectation of this nature, at least as much as the other. The ill effect of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite characters of Cælia and Iras: Cælia has all the charms of person, together with an abundant sweetness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill voice; Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and good sense. If Cælia would be silent, her beholders would adore her; if Iras would talk, her hearers would admire her: but Cælia's tongue runs incessantly, while Iras gives herself silent airs and soft languors, so that it is difficult to persuade oneself that Cælia has beauty and Iras wit: each neglects her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's character; Iras would be thought to have as much beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that men not only lose a good quality, but also contract a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they were designed, but they assign themselves to what they are not fit for; and, instead of making a very good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one another. If Semanthe would have been satisfied with her natural complexion, she might still have been

celebrated by the name of the olive beauty; but Semanthe has taken up an affectation to white and red, and is now distinguished by the character of the lady that paints so well. In a word, could the world be reformed to the obedience of that famed dictate, 'Follow Nature,' which the oracle of Delphos pronounced to Cicero when he consulted what course of studies he should pursue, we should see almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere as Tully was in his, and should in a very short time find impertinence and affectation banished from among the women, and coxcombs and false characters from among the men. For my part, I could never consider this preposterous repugnancy to Nature any otherwise, than not only as the greatest folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Providence, and (as Tully expresses it), like the sin of the giants, an actual rebellion against heaven.

Z.[a]

No. 405. SATURDAY, June 14, 1712.

Οἱ δὲ πανημέριοι μολπῇ θεὸν ἱλάσκοντο,
Καλὸν ἀείδοντες παιήονα κοῦροι Ἀχαιῶν,
Μέλποντες Ἑκάεργον· ὁ δὲ φρένα τέρπετ' ἀκούων.

Hom. Iliad. i. 472.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends,
The pæans lengthen'd till the sun descends;
The Greeks restor'd, the grateful notes prolong,
Apollo listens, and approves the song.

Pope.

I am very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this day, that we are likely to lose the greatest performer

[a] The author unknown. See Nos. 408, 425, and 467. See No. 408, *ad finem*, note.

in dramatic music that is now living, or that perhaps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not acquaint my reader that I am speaking of signior Nicolini.[b] The town is highly obliged to that excellent artist, for having shown us the Italian music in its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I could heartily wish there was the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church-music, as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great incitement to it. They are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not finely expressed in those parts of the inspired writings, which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily that the Hebrew idioms run into the English tongue with a particular grace and beauty. Our language has received innumerable elegances and improvements from that infusion of Hebraisms, which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expressions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic

[b] See Tat. with notes, No. 115, note.

in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in a flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is not heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings! It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the holy scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and examine how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a treasury of words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the airs of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music, which would have its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raised our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation that are awakened in the mind by hymns

and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praiseworthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand, and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music among those who are styled the chosen people was a religious art. The songs of Sion, which we have reason to believe were in high repute among the courts of the eastern monarchs, were nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. The greatest conqueror in this holy nation, after the manner of the old Grecian lyrics, did not only compose the words of his divine odes, but generally set them to music himself: after which, his works, though they were consecrated to the tabernacle, became the national entertainment as well as the devotion of his people.

The first original of the drama was a religious worship consisting only of a chorus, which was nothing else but a hymn to a deity. As luxury and voluptuousness prevailed over innocence and religion, this form of worship degenerated into tragedies; in which however the chorus so far remembered its first office, as to brand every thing that was vicious, and recommend every thing that was laudable, to intercede with Heaven for the innocent, and to implore its vengeance on the criminal.

Homer and Hesiod intimate to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the muses as surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne. I might show, from innumerable passages in ancient writers, not only that vocal and instrumental music were made use of in their religious worship, but that their most favourite diver-

sions were filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate pleasures.

Music, when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions. It strengthens devotion, and advances praise into rapture. It lengthens out every act of worship, and produces more lasting and permanent impressions in the mind than those which accompany any transient form of words that are uttered in the ordinary method of religious worship.

O.[c]

[c] By Addison, dated, as the signature seems to intimate, from his office.—See Spect. No. 555, and notes to Nos. 7, and 221, on Addison's signature, C, L, I, O.—See also Steele's dedication of The Drummer to Mr. Congreve.

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